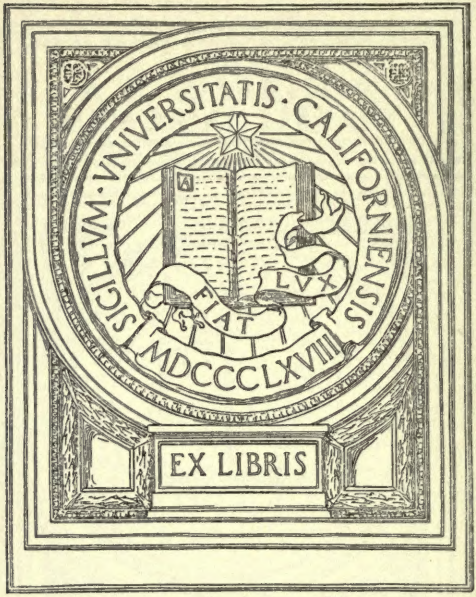
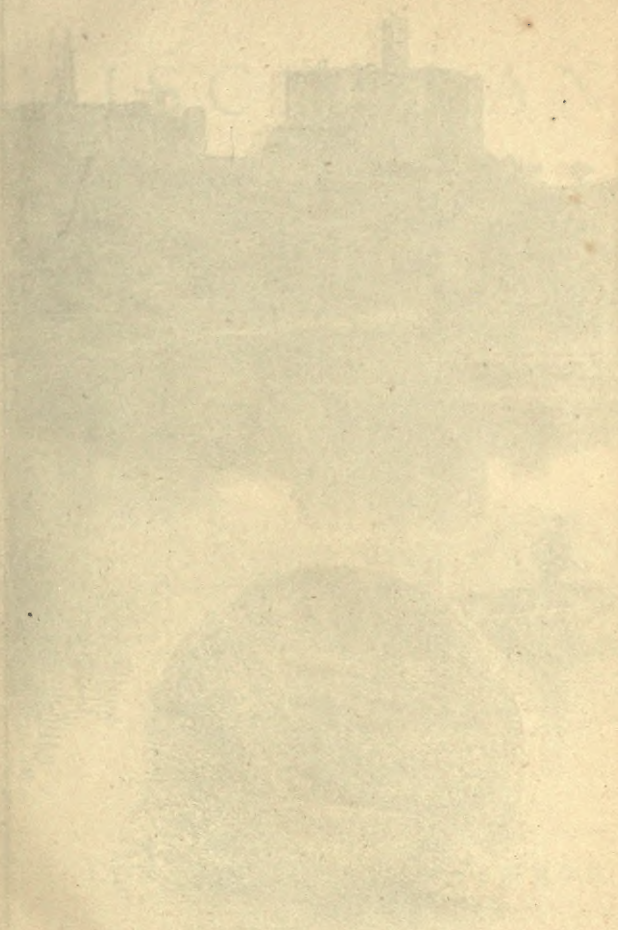
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THE GIFT OF
MAY TREAT MORRISON
IN MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER F MORRISON

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VOL. V.



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WILLIAM OF ORANGE AND THE NETHERLANDS.

IN an easterly direction from England, and separated from it by the German Ocean, lies that part of the continent called by the general name of the Netherlands—a country of comparatively small extent, but exceedingly populous, and possessing a large number of towns and cities. It derives the name of Netherlands from its consisting of a low tract of level ground on the shore of the German Ocean, and, from general appearances, is believed to have been formed of an alluvial deposit from the waters of the Rhine, the Meuse, the Scheldt, and other rivers. In the first stage of its formation, the land was for the greater part a species of swamp, but by dint of great perseverance, it has in the course of ages been drained and embanked, so as to exclude the ocean, and prevent the rivers and canals from overflowing their boundaries.

The industriously disposed people, a branch of the great German or Teutonic family, who have thus rendered their country habitable and productive, did not get leave to enjoy their conquests in peace. They had from an early period to defend themselves against warlike neighbours, who wished to appropriate their country; and in later times—the sixteenth century—after attaining great opulence by their skill in the arts and the general integrity of their character, they were exposed to a new calamity in the bigotry of their rulers. There now ensued a struggle for civil and religious liberty of great

importance and interest; and to an account of its leading particulars we propose to devote the present paper.

Divided into a number of provinces, each governed by its own duke, count, or bishop, a succession of circumstances in the fifteenth century brought the whole of the Netherlands into the possession of the family of Burgundy. But in the year 1477, Charles, Duke of Burgundy, being killed in the battle of Nancy, the Netherlands were inherited by his daughter Mary, who, marrying Maximilian, son of Frederick III., emperor of Austria, died soon after, leaving an infant son, Philip. In 1494, this Philip, known by the name of Philip the Fair, assumed the government of the Netherlands. Shortly afterwards he married Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the joint sovereigns of Spain; and in 1506 he died, leaving a young son, Charles. In this manner, handed by family inheritance from one to another, the Netherlands became a possession of the crown of Spain, although hundreds of miles distant from the Spanish territory. Charles, in whom this possession centered, was, on the death of Maximilian in 1519, elected emperor of Germany, and, under the title of Charles V., became one of the most powerful monarchs in Europe. His sway extended over Spain, Germany, Naples, the Netherlands, and several other minor states in Europe, besides all the colonies and conquests of Spain in Asia, Africa, and America. One might expect that the Netherlands, forming as they did but a very insignificant portion of this immense empire, would suffer from being under the same government with so many other states: but Charles V. had been born in the Netherlands; he liked its people, and was acquainted with their character; and therefore, while he governed the rest of his dominions with a strict and sometimes a despotic hand, he respected almost lovingly the ancient laws and the strong liberty-feeling of his people of the Netherlands. The only exception of any consequence was his persecution of those who had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. As emperor of Germany, he had conceived himself bound to adopt vigorous measures to suppress the opinions promulgated by Luther; and when, in spite of his efforts, the heresy spread all round, and infected the Netherlands, he did his best for some time to root it out there also. The number of those who, in the Netherlands, suffered death for their religion during the reign of Charles V., is stated by the old historians at 50,000. Towards the end of his reign, however, he relaxed these severities.

In 1555, Charles V., worn out by the cares of his long reign, resigned his sovereignty, and retired to a monastery. His large empire was now divided into two. His brother Ferdinand was created emperor of Germany; and the rest of his dominions, including Spain and the Netherlands, were inherited by his son, Philip II.

Philip was born at Valladolid, in Spain, in the year 1521.

Educated by the ablest ecclesiastics, he manifested from his early years a profound, cautious, dissimulating genius; a cold, proud, mirthless disposition; and an intense bigotry on religious subjects. At the age of sixteen he married a princess of Portugal, who died soon after, leaving him a son, Don Carlos. In 1548, Charles V., desirous that his son should cultivate the good-will of his future subjects of the Netherlands, called him from Spain to Brussels; but during his residence there, and in other cities of the Netherlands, his conduct was so haughty, austere, and unbending, that the burghers began to dread the time when, instead of their own countryman Charles, they should have this foreigner for their king. In 1554, Philip, pursuing his father's scheme for adding England to the territories of the Spanish crown, went to London and married Mary, queen of England; but after a residence of fourteen months, he returned to the Netherlands, where his father formally resigned the government into his hands.

Philip spent the first five years of his reign in the Netherlands, waiting the issue of a war in which he was engaged with France. During this period his Flemish and Dutch subjects began to have some experience of his government. They observed with alarm that the king hated the country, and distrusted its people. He would speak no other language than Spanish; his counsellors were Spaniards; he kept Spaniards alone about his person; and it was to Spaniards that all vacant posts were assigned. Besides, certain of his measures gave great dissatisfaction. He re-enacted the persecuting edicts against the Protestants, which his father in the end of his reign had suffered to fall into disuse; and the severities which ensued began to drive hundreds of the most useful citizens out of the country, as well as to injure trade, by deterring Protestant merchants from the Dutch and Flemish ports. Dark hints, too, were thrown out that he intended to establish an ecclesiastical court in the Netherlands similar to the Spanish Inquisition, and the spirit of Catholics as well as of Protestants revolted from the thought that this chamber of horrors should ever become one of the institutions of their free land. He had also increased the number of the bishops in the Netherlands from five to seventeen; and this was regarded as the mere appointment of twelve persons devoted to the Spanish interest, who would help, if necessary, to overawe the people. Lastly, he kept the provinces full of Spanish troops; and this was a direct violation of a fundamental law of the country. Against these measures the nobles and citizens complained bitterly, and from them drew sad anticipations of the future. Nor were they more satisfied with the address in which, through the bishop of Arras as his spokesman, he took farewell of them at a convention of the states held at Ghent previous to his departure for Spain. The oration recommended severity against heresy, and only promised the withdrawal of the foreign troops. The reply of the states was firm and bold, and the

recollection of it must have rankled afterwards in the revengeful mind of Philip. 'I would rather be no king at all,' he said to one of his ministers at the time, 'than have heretics for my subjects.' But suppressing his resentment in the meantime, he set sail for Spain in August 1559, leaving his half-sister, the Duchess of Parma, a natural daughter of Charles V., to act as his viceroy in the Netherlands.

The duchess was to be assisted in the government by a Council of State, consisting of the six following persons: Antony de Granvelle, bishop of Arras, and afterwards a cardinal; the Count de Barlaimont, Viglius de Quichem, the Count Horn, the Count Egmont, and the Prince of Orange. Three of these, Granvelle, Barlaimont, and Viglius, were devoted to the Spanish interest, and were therefore very unpopular in the Netherlands; the others were men of tried patriotism, from whose presence in the council much good might be expected. Granvelle was a man of extraordinary political abilities, and the fit minister of such a king as the moody and scheming Philip; Barlaimont had also distinguished himself; and in all the country there was not so eminent a lawyer as Viglius. Counts Egmont and Horn were two of the most promising men in the Netherlands, and both of them had rendered services of no ordinary kind to Philip by their conduct in the war with France. Of the Prince of Orange, the principal personage in this struggle, and the true hero of the Netherlands, we must speak more particularly.

William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, sometimes called William I., was born at the castle of Dillenburg, in Germany, in 1533. He was the son of William, Count of Nassau, and the heir therefore of the large possessions of the House of Nassau in France and Germany, and in the Netherlands. At the age of eleven years he had succeeded, besides, to the French princedom of Orange, by the will of his cousin René of Nassau; so that before he arrived at manhood, he was one of the richest and most powerful noblemen in Europe. William was educated in the principles of the Reformation; but having entered, when quite a boy, into the employment of the Emperor Charles V., he changed the habits of a Protestant for those of a Roman Catholic; and accordingly, at the time at which we introduce him to our readers, he was conscientiously a Catholic, although by no means a bigoted, nor even perhaps what the Spaniards would have called a sound one. The Emperor Charles, who, like all such men, possessed a shrewd insight into character, and could pick out by a glance the men of mind and talent from among those who came within his notice, had from the first singled out the young Prince of Orange as a person from whom great things were to be expected. Accordingly, in the employment of Charles, Prince William had had ample opportunities of displaying the two kinds of ability then most in request, and which every public man of that age, except he were an ecclesiastic, was required to combine —diplomatic and military talent. While yet scarcely more than

twenty years of age, he had risen to be the first man in the emperor's regard. And this liking of Charles for him was not merely of that kind which an elderly and experienced man sometimes contracts for a fresh-hearted and enthusiastic youth; it was a real friendship on equal terms; for so highly did he value the prudence and wisdom of the young warrior and politician, that he confided to him the greatest state secrets; and was often heard to say that from the Prince of Orange he had received many very important political hints. It was on the arm of William of Orange that Charles had leant for support on the memorable day when, in the Assembly of the States at Brussels, he rose feebly from his seat, and declared his abdication of the sovereign power. And it is said that one of Charles's last advices to his son Philip was to cultivate the good-will of the people of the Netherlands, and especially to defer to the counsels of the Prince of Orange. When, therefore, in the year 1555, Philip began his rule in the Netherlands, there were few persons who were either better entitled or more truly disposed to act the part of faithful and loyal advisers than William of Nassau, then twenty-two years of age. But close as had been William's relation to the late emperor, there were stronger principles and feelings in his mind than gratitude to the son of the man he had loved. He had thought deeply on the question, how a nation should be governed, and had come to entertain opinions very hostile to arbitrary power; he had observed what appeared to him, even as a Catholic, gross blunders in the mode of treating religious differences; he had imbibed deeply the Dutch spirit of independence; and it was the most earnest wish of his heart to see the Netherlands prosperous and happy. Nor was he at all a visionary, or a man whose activity would be officious and troublesome; he was eminently a practical man, one who had a strong sense of what is expedient in existing circumstances; and his manner was so grave and quiet, that he obtained the name of William the Silent. Still, many things occurred during Philip's five years' residence in the Netherlands to make him speak out and remonstrate. He was one of those who had tried to persuade the king to use gentler and more popular measures, and the consequence was, that a decided aversion grew up in the dark and haughty mind of Philip to the Prince of Orange.

PERSECUTIONS COMMENCE.

Having thus introduced the Prince of Orange to the reader, we return to the history of the Netherlands, which were now under the local management of the Duchess of Parma. The administration of this female viceroy produced violent discontent. The persecutions of the Protestants were becoming so fierce that, over and above the suffering inflicted on individuals, the commerce of the country was sensibly falling off. The establishment of a court like the Inquisition

was still in contemplation; Spaniards were still appointed to places of trust in preference to Flemings; and finally, the Spanish soldiers, who ought to have been removed long ago, were still burdening the country with their presence. The woes of the people were becoming intolerable; occasionally there were slight outbreaks of violence; and a low murmur of vehement feeling ran through the whole population, foreboding a general eruption. 'Our poor fatherland,' they said to each other; 'God has afflicted it with two enemies, water and Spaniards: we have built dykes, and overcome the one, but how shall we get rid of the other? Why, if nothing better occur, we know one way at least, and we shall keep it in reserve—we can set the two enemies against each other. We can break down the dykes, inundate the country, and let the water and the Spaniards fight it out between them.' Granvelle was the object of their special hatred: to him they attributed every unpopular measure. At length a confederacy of influential persons was formed to procure his recall; the Prince of Orange placed himself at the head of it; and, by persevering effort, it succeeded in its end, and Granvelle left the Netherlands early in 1564.

The recall of Granvelle did not restore tranquillity. Viglius and Barlaimont continued to act in the same spirit. Private communications from Spain directed the regent to follow their advice, and to disregard the counsels of the Orange party; and the obnoxious edicts against the Protestants were still put in force. About this time, too, the decrees of the famous Council of Trent, which had been convened in 1545 to take into consideration the state of the church and the means of suppressing the Reformation, and which had closed its sittings in the end of 1563, were made public; and Philip, the most zealous Catholic of his time, issued immediate orders for their being enforced both in Spain and the Netherlands. In Spain the decrees were received as a matter of course; but at the announcement that they were to be executed in the Netherlands, the whole country burst out in a storm of indignation. In many places the decrees were not executed at all; and wherever the authorities did attempt to execute them, the people rose and compelled them to desist.

In this dilemma the regent resolved to send an ambassador to Spain, to represent the state of affairs to Philip better than could be done in writing, and to receive his instructions how she should proceed. Count Egmont was the person chosen; because, in addition to his great merits as a subject of Philip, he was one of the most popular noblemen in the Netherlands. Setting out for Spain early in 1565, he was received by Philip in the most courteous manner, loaded with marks of kindness, and dismissed with a thorough conviction that the king intended to pursue a milder policy in the future government of the Low Countries. Philip, however, had but deceived him; and at the time when he was flattering him with hopes of concessions, he was despatching orders to the regent strictly

to put in force the decrees of the Council of Trent, and in all things to carry out the king's resolute purpose of extinguishing heresy in the Netherlands. In vain did the Prince of Orange and the Counts Horn and Egmont protest that a civil war would be the consequence; in vain did the people lament, threaten, and murmur: the decrees were republished, and the inquisitors began to select their victims. All that the three patriotic noblemen could do was to retire from the council, and wash their hands of the guilt which the government was incurring. There were others, however, who, impatient of the inflictions with which Philip's obstinacy was visiting the country, resolved on a bolder, and, as it appeared, less considerate mode of action. A political club or confederacy was organised among the nobility, for the express purpose of resisting the establishment of the Inquisition. They bound themselves by a solemn oath 'to oppose the introduction of the Inquisition, whether it were attempted openly or secretly, or by whatever name it should be called;' and also to protect and defend each other from all the consequences which might result from their having formed this league.

Perplexed and alarmed, the regent implored the Prince of Orange and his two associates, Counts Egmont and Horn, to return to the council and give her their advice. They did so; and a speech of the Prince of Orange, in which he asserted strongly the utter folly of attempting to suppress opinion by force, and argued that 'such is the nature of heresy, that if it rests it rusts, but whoever rubs it whets it,' had the effect of inclining the regent to mitigate the ferocity of her former edicts. Meanwhile the confederates were becoming bolder and more numerous. Assembling in great numbers at Brussels, they walked in procession through the streets to the palace of the regent, where they were admitted to an interview. In reply to their petition, she said that she was very willing to send one or more persons to Spain to lay the complaints before the king. Obliged to be content with this answer, the confederates withdrew. Next day, three hundred of them met at a grand entertainment given to them by one of their number. Among other things, it was debated what name they should assume. 'Oh,' said one of them, 'did you not hear the Count de Barlaimont yesterday whisper to the regent, when he was standing by her side, that she need not be afraid "of such a set of beggars?" Let us call ourselves *The Beggars;* we could not find a better name.' The proposal was enthusiastically agreed to; and, amid deafening uproar, the whole company filled and shattered their glasses to the toast, 'Long live the Beggars!' (*Gueux*). In the full spirit of the freak, the host sent out for a beggar's wallet and a wooden bowl; and slinging the wallet across his back amidst clamours of applause, he drank from the bowl, and declared he would lose life and fortune for the great cause of the Beggars. The bowl went round, and all made the same enthusiastic declaration. From that day the Gueux, or Beggars, became the

name of the faction; and every one wore the wallet, or some other symbol of mendicancy.

While the nobles and influential persons were thus preparing to co-operate, in case of a collision with the Spanish government, a sudden and disastrous movement occurred among the lower classes. In times of general excitement, it frequently happens that malice or accident casts abroad among the people some wild and incredible rumour; such was the case on the present occasion. Intelligence spread with rapidity through the towns and cities of Flanders that the regent had given her permission for the public exercise of the Protestant form of worship; multitudes poured out into the fields after their preachers; congregations of many thousands assembled; and the local authorities found themselves powerless. A great proportion of these congregations were doubtless pious and peacefully-disposed Protestants; but taking advantage of the ferment, many idle and disorderly persons joined them, and by their efforts the general cause was disgraced. In Tournay, Ypres, Valenciennes, and other towns, the mob of real or assumed Protestants broke into the churches, and destroyed the altars and all the symbols of worship in the Roman Catholic ritual. Antwerp was for some time protected from similar outrages by the presence of the Prince of Orange; but when he was summoned by the regent to Brussels, the fury of the people broke out unrestrained. The great cathedral was the principal object of their dislike. Rushing to it in thousands, they shattered the painted windows with stones, tore down the images, and dashed them against the pavement; slit up the splendid pictures, and broke in pieces the large organ, then believed to be the finest in Europe. For many days the Iconoclasts, or Image-breakers, as they were called, continued their ravages in almost all the towns of Flanders and Brabant. The contagion was spreading likewise in Zealand and Holland, and more than 400 churches had been destroyed, when the Prince of Orange, Counts Egmont and Horn, and other patriotic noblemen, then at Brussels in consultation with the regent, both vexed at the outrages themselves, and fearful that the cause of liberty in the Netherlands might suffer from them, hastened into their respective provinces, and partly by force, partly by persuasion, succeeded in restoring order. It is deeply to be regretted that such excesses should have stained the sacred cause of liberty; but this was an age when little was known of religious toleration, the uppermost sect, whatever it was, making it almost a duty to oppress the others. For these outrages, we presume, the Protestants of the Netherlands in the present day are as sorry as are the Roman Catholics for the unjustifiable cruelties perpetrated in their name.

After the interview between the Gueux and the regent mentioned above, an ambassador had been sent to Philip in Spain to detail grievances. Instead of deferring to his representations, Philip and

his counsellors, one of whom was Granvelle, were resolutely preparing means to crush the confederacy, and break the proud spirit of the Netherlands. Secret orders were given for the collection of troops; the regent was to be instructed to amuse the patriots until the means of punishing them were ready; and in a short time, it was hoped, there would no longer be a patriot or a heretic in the Low Countries. It is easy to conceive with what rage and bitterness of heart Philip, while indulging these dreams, must have received intelligence of the terrible doings of the Iconoclasts. But, as cautious and dissimulating as he was obstinate and revengeful, he concealed his intentions in the meantime, announced them to the regent only in secret letters and despatches, and held out hopes in public to the patriots and the people of the Netherlands that he was soon to pay them a visit in person to inquire into the condition of affairs.

It has never been clearly ascertained by what means it was that the Prince of Orange contrived to obtain intelligence of Philip's most secret plans and purposes; but certain it is that nothing passed in the cabinet at Madrid which did not find its way to the ears of the prince. Philip's intentions with regard to the Netherlands became known to him by means of a letter to the regent from the Spanish ambassador at Paris, a copy of which he had procured. The prince had hitherto endeavoured to act as a loyal subject; but this letter made it plain that it was time to be making preparations for a decided rupture. His first step, therefore, was to hold a conference with four other noblemen—namely, his brother, Louis of Nassau, and the Counts Egmont, Horn, and Hoogstraten. He laid the letter before them, and the effect was as might have been expected on all of them, except Count Egmont; for, by some infatuation, this nobleman, mindful of the kindness he had experienced from Philip when visiting him as ambassador, persisted in believing that the king's designs were really conciliatory. In vain the prince argued with him; the count would not be convinced, and the conference was broken up. Meantime the people, warned by the prince of the approach of an army, began to emigrate in great numbers; and, after waiting to the last moment, William himself, in April 1567, withdrew with his family to his estates in Germany. Most earnestly did he try to persuade Count Egmont to accompany him; but his entreaties were to no purpose; and he left him with these words: 'I tell you, Egmont, you are a bridge by which the Spaniards will come into this country; they will pass over you, and then break you down.'

The man whom Philip had sent into the Netherlands at the head of the army as the fit instrument of his purposes of vengeance, was the Duke of Alva, a personage who united the most consummate military skill with the disposition of a ruffian, ready to undertake any enterprise, however base. Such was the man who, at the age

of sixty, in the month of August 1567, made his entry into the Netherlands by the province of Luxemburg, at the head of an army of fifteen thousand men. One of his first acts, after arriving at Brussels, was to seize the Counts Egmont and Horn, and send them prisoners to Ghent. This and other acts convinced the Duchess of Parma that she was no longer the real regent of the Netherlands; and accordingly, having asked and obtained leave to resign, she quitted the country early in 1568, Alva assuming the government instead.

Now that a grand struggle was to ensue in the Netherlands, we trust our readers clearly understand what it was about. On the one hand was a nation of quiet, orderly people, industrious in a high degree, prosperous in their commerce, and disposed to remain peaceful subjects of a foreign monarch: all they asked was to be let alone, and to be allowed to worship God in the way they preferred. On the other hand was a sovereign, who, unthankful for the blessing of reigning over such a happy and well-disposed nation, and stimulated by passion and bigotry, resolved on compelling them all to be Catholics.

CRUELTIES OF ALVA.

Alva was a suitable instrument to work out Philip's designs. Supported by a powerful army, he was unscrupulous in his persecution. Blood was shed like water; the scaffolds were crowded with victims; the prisons filled with men in all the agonies of suspense. He appointed a court, called the Court of Tumults, to investigate with rigour into past offences. The Inquisition also pursued its diabolical vocation without opposition or disguise, covering the land with its black and baleful shadow. Heretics hid their heads, glad if present conformity would save them from the tortures which others were enduring for actions which they had thought forgotten. Above 18,000 persons in all are said to have suffered death by Alva's orders. And thousands more fled from the country, dispersing themselves through France and Germany; many of them also finding an asylum in England, into which, being kindly received by Queen Elizabeth, they carried those arts and habits which had raised the Flemings high among commercial nations, and which at once incorporated themselves with the genial civilisation of England. The Prince of Orange was declared a rebel; and his eldest son, the Count de Buren, then a student at the university of Louvain, was seized and sent a prisoner into Spain. But perhaps the most signal act of cruelty in the beginning of Alva's regency was the execution of the Counts Egmont and Horn. After an imprisonment of nine months, these unfortunate noblemen were brought to a mock trial, and beheaded at Brussels. So popular were they, and so universal was the sympathy for their fate, that even the presence of the executioner,

and of the spies who surrounded the scaffold, could not prevent the citizens of Brussels from dipping their handkerchiefs in the blood, and treasuring them up as relics.

The Prince of Orange, residing on his family estates of Nassau in Germany, was attentively observing all that was going on in the Netherlands, and making diligent preparations for an attempt in their behalf. He entered into communication with Elizabeth, queen of England, with the leaders of the Huguenots in France, and with the various Protestant princes of Germany; and from all of these he received either actual assistance in men and money, or the promise of future support. To meet the expenses of the expedition he was fitting out, he sold his plate and furniture, and incurred debts on his estates. Having at length assembled a considerable force, he divided it into four armies, each of which was to march into the Netherlands by a different route. Before setting out, however, he thought it necessary to publish a manifesto to the world, in justification of a step so serious as engaging in hostilities with the forces of one whom he had hitherto acknowledged, and still wished to acknowledge, as his sovereign. In this manifesto, also, he made it known that he had changed his religious views: although hitherto a Catholic, he was now convinced that the doctrines of the Protestants were more agreeable to Scripture.

The issue of this first attempt was unfortunate. In several engagements with the enemy, the different bands of patriots were successful. In one of them, Count Adolphus, a brother of the Prince of Orange, was killed in the moment of victory; but at last Alva himself hurrying down to the frontier, the provisions of the prince's army beginning to fail, and winter drawing near, they were compelled to retire. The prince and his brother, Count Louis, led the remains of their army into France, to assist the Huguenots in the meantime, until there should be a better opening into the Netherlands. Alva, prouder of this success than he had been of any of his former victories, returned to Flanders, and caused medals to be struck and monuments to be raised in commemoration of it, and, what was most offensive to all the people, a brass statue of himself, in a heroic attitude, to be erected at Antwerp. Delivered now from the fear of any interruption from the Prince of Orange, he resumed his exactions and his cruelties; and for four years he and the Inquisition carried on the work of persecution and blood. To detail the history of these four years of tyranny is impossible; we can but sketch the line of the principal events, and shew how the minds of the people were ripened for the final struggle.

The Duke of Alva was greatly in want of money to pay his troops, maintain the fortifications of the various towns, and carry on his government; and Alva was not the man to respect, even if the times had been less disturbed than they were, the ancient right which the people of the Netherlands claimed of taxing themselves through

their Assembly of States. Accordingly, with a soldier-like impatience of indirect taxation, he determined to accumulate a vast sum of money by a very summary process. He imposed three taxes: the first an immediate tax of one per cent. on all property, personal or real; the second an annual tax of twenty per cent. on all heritable property; and the third a tax of ten per cent. on every sale or transfer of goods. Crushed and broken-spirited by all that they had already endured, the burghers stood utterly aghast at this new infliction. Persecution for religion's sake was hard to bear, and the Inquisition was very obnoxious, still it was but a portion of the population that actually suffered personally in such cases; but here was a visitation which came home to every Fleming and every Dutchman, and seemed but a prelude of utter ruin. Three such taxes as these of Governor Alva were never heard of within the memory of man. Utterly amazed and bewildered at first, the burghers at length tried to argue, and singled out the third of the taxes as the special subject of their representations. A tax of ten per cent. on sales of goods would amount in many cases, they said, to the value of the commodities themselves; since the same commodities were often transferred from one person to another, and from him to a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, before they came into the hands of the consumer. In vain did the states make these remonstrances; in vain did Viglius, the president of the council, second them; in vain even did the states offer to pay a large sum in lieu of the proposed taxes. Alva was inexorable. At length the general convention of the states, after procuring a few paltry concessions, was obliged to yield to the imposition of the taxes: on this condition, however, that all the states, without exception, should give in their adherence. This was a condition, as it proved, of singular importance; for, gifted with greater boldness and resolution than the other provinces, Utrecht refused to comply with the governor's demands; and, by nobly persevering in its resistance, not only raised a more determined spirit in the other provinces, but delayed the collection of the taxes so long, that in the meantime Alva received instructions from Spain to desist from measures calculated to produce such dangerous results. Alva's conduct, however, had already produced its effects; and the people of the Netherlands had come to detest the very name of Spain.

The Prince of Orange, who, after a short period of military service on the side of the Protestants in France, had returned to his estates in Germany, was earnestly intent on the condition of affairs in the Netherlands. All that could be done, however, was to harass the Spaniards as much as possible in the meantime, and enter into negotiations with the Protestant powers of other countries, with a view to obtain the means necessary for a bolder conflict. Both these courses of action were adopted by William; and it is a remarkable characteristic of his whole life, that even when he is

least heard of, he was busy in secret. While others were marching hither and thither, and performing heroic actions, they were but doing the errands on which he had sent them: it was he who, whether living in retirement in his castle in Nassau, or advancing into the Netherlands by the German frontier, or hovering in his ship on the coasts of Holland and Zealand, was really at the centre of affairs, directing all the movements that were going on, arranging everything, foreseeing everything, taking charge of everything. Of William's military actions—his battles by sea and land—we hear much; but his real greatness consisted in his prudence, his decision, his fertility in stratagem, his statesmanlike width of view, his vast knowledge of men and of the state of Europe at the time; and these are qualities which make less noise in history. This peculiarity in the life of the Prince of Orange makes the name of William *the Taciturn*, which his contemporaries gave him, on account of the sparing use he made of speech, doubly significant. The mode of harassing Alva which the prince resolved upon at the period at which we have now arrived, was that of stationing a fleet of cruisers along the coasts of Zealand and Holland, for the purpose not only of capturing Spanish vessels, but also of seizing on advantageous positions along the shore. Nor was it difficult to obtain such a fleet. The unheard-of severities of Alva's regency had driven numbers of merchants with their ships into the ports of England. For some time the politic Elizabeth permitted them safe harbour and free commerce; but at last, to prevent an open rupture with Philip, she forbade their reception. Compelled thus to make the sea their home, the Dutch and Flemish merchants banded together, and placed themselves under the direction of the Prince of Orange, who commissioned them in the service of the Netherlands, authorising them to capture all Spanish vessels for their own profit, except a fifth part of the prize-money, which William was to receive and apply for the good of the Netherlands. As another means of collecting a sufficient sum of money for future necessities, William came to an understanding with the itinerant Protestant preachers, who, even during the fiercest paroxysms of Alva's cruelty and the zeal of the new Inquisition, continued to walk through the country in disguise, teaching and consoling the people. These preachers William converted into civil functionaries, employing them to ask and receive contributions from the Protestant part of the community, now larger in many localities than the Catholic. Thus was William providing, as well as he could, that prime necessary in all enterprises —money.

Alva, enraged at the news he had received of the great damage done to the Spanish shipping by the Dutch and Flemish vessels that swarmed on the coasts of Holland and Zealand, and doubly enraged when he heard that men had actually landed from several of these vessels, and taken a fort on the island of Bommel, issued an

immediate order for the collection of the taxes he had previously imposed, money being now more necessary than ever. The people, however, protested that they were reduced to beggary already, and had no means of satisfying his demands; and he had just erected seventeen gibbets in front of seventeen of the principal houses in Brussels, with the intention of hanging seventeen of the principal burgesses thereon, in order to terrify the rest into submission, when, after all was ready, and the very nooses had been made on the ends of the ropes, the news came into the town that the Dutch and Flemish vessels, under the bold and savage Count de la Marck, had made a descent on the island of Voorn, and taken the town of Brielle, which was reckoned one of the keys of the Netherlands. Alva was amazed: he had not time even to hang the seventeen burgesses. A council was held, and the Count de Bossut despatched with a body of Spanish troops to the island of Voorn. Bossut laid siege to Brielle, and was in hopes of being able to reduce it with his artillery, when one of the townsmen swimming along a canal till he came to a sluice which the Spaniards had overlooked, broke it, and let in such a deluge of water as overflowed the artillery, drowned a number of the Spaniards, and forced the rest to take to their ships, all wet and dripping as they were. This victory roused a determined spirit of resolution among the inhabitants of Holland and Zealand. The town of Flushing set the example; the towns of Dort, Gouda, Haarlem, and Leyden followed. In a short time all the towns of the two maritime provinces, except Amsterdam and Middleburg, had risen up and expelled their garrisons. In the provinces of Utrecht, Friesland, and Overyssel, similar risings took place. In this general movement the Protestants, unable to resist the opportunity of revenging their own past sufferings, were guilty of some atrocities, particularly against the monks.

The scheme of an insurrection in the maritime provinces having turned out according to his wishes, the Prince of Orange now advanced into the Netherlands by the French frontier, having succeeded, by negotiation with Protestant powers, and by the expenditure of money, in assembling an army of about 20,000 men, consisting of Germans, French, English, and Scotch. With the strength of this army he now began to grapple with Alva in the very seat of his power—the southern provinces of Flanders, Brabant, and Antwerp. He first took the town of Mons, an important position near the French frontier; and ere long he had reduced several other important towns. This was the only mode of action by which he could make any impression; for, in all cases of attempts to deliver a conquered country, the only mode of procedure is to root out the foreign garrisons of towns one by one; and a general victory in the open field is only valuable as conducing to that end, by either inducing the towns to surrender in despair, or making the process of besieging them less tedious. But at this time, after so

much success, various circumstances conspired both to diminish and dispirit his army. The most discouraging blow of all was the massacre of St Bartholomew, in which, on the night of the 24th of August 1572, more than 60,000 of the Protestants of France perished. By this event, all hope of assistance from France was destroyed; and, after several fruitless engagements with Alva's army, William was obliged to disband his forces, and to retire from active military operation.

The condition of the Netherlands was now as follows: Alva was nominally their governor; but in the late struggle, no fewer than sixty or seventy towns, principally in Holland, Zealand, and Flanders, had thrown off the yoke, and now bade defiance to the Spanish government. Unless these towns were recovered, Philip could no longer be said to be king of the Netherlands. Alva's exertions were therefore devoted to the recovery of these towns; and his officers were almost all employed in sieges. Mons, Tergouw, Mechlin, Zutphen, and Naarden were successively reduced; and so dreadful were the enormities perpetrated by the Spanish soldiers, that the citizens, after the surrender of other towns, resolved to exhaust every means of resistance rather than submit. The town of Haarlem distinguished itself by the desperate bravery with which for seven months it stood out against a large army under Alva's son. At length, trusting to a truce with the Spaniard, the famished citizens agreed to surrender. The siege, some accounts say, had cost the Spaniards 10,000 men; and now they took a fearful vengeance. Hundreds of the most respectable citizens were executed; and when the four executioners were tired of their bloody work, they tied their victims two by two together, and flung them into the lake of Haarlem. As shewing how deep a hold the great struggle of the sixteenth century has taken of the popular memory, and how many local associations there are connected with it, we may quote the following account of a curious Haarlem custom, the origin of which is traced to the siege of the city in 1572: 'In walking through the streets of Haarlem, we saw a rather curious memorial of these disastrous times. At the sides of the doors of various houses hung a small neatly-framed board, on which was spread a piece of fine lace-work of an oval form, resembling the top of a lady's cap with a border: the object, indeed, on a casual inspection, might have been taken for a lady's cap hung out to dry. Beneath it, to show the transparency of the lace, there was placed a piece of pink paper or silk. On asking the meaning of these exhibitions, I was informed that they originated in a circumstance which occurred at the siege of Haarlem. Before surrendering the town, a deputation of aged matrons waited on the Spanish general to know in what manner the women who were at the time in childbirth should be protected from molestation in case of the introduction of the soldiery; and he requested that at the door of each house containing a female so

situated an appropriate token should be hung out, and promised that that house should not be troubled. This, according to the tradition, was attended to; and, till the present day, every house in which there is a female in this condition is distinguished in the manner I have mentioned. The lace is hung out several weeks previous to the expected birth, and hangs several weeks afterwards, a small alteration being made as soon as the sex of the child is known. I was further assured, that during the time which is allowed for these exhibitions, the house is exempted from all legal execution, and that the husband cannot be taken to serve as a soldier.'*

While Alva was thus engaged in retrieving the revolted districts, his king at Madrid was growing dissatisfied with his conduct. He began to think that he had made an error in sending such a man into the Netherlands, who could scarcely make a discrimination in his cruelties between Protestants and Catholics; and he looked about for a general to succeed him. He found such a person in Don Luis Zanega y Requesens, commander of the order of Malta, a true Catholic, but a man of calm and temperate mind. Requesens accordingly made his entry into Brussels on the 17th of November 1573; and the stern old Alva returned to Spain, to be ill-treated by a master whom he had served too faithfully.

WAR CONTINUED—SIEGE OF LEYDEN.

In the civil government of the country, Requesens pursued quite a different line of policy from his predecessor. He began his rule by breaking down the brass statue which Alva had erected of himself at Antwerp, dissolving the Council of Tumults, abandoning the obnoxious taxes, and publishing an amnesty for past offences committed by the inhabitants of the revolted districts. But while thus changing the whole tone of the government, he was obliged to continue all those military operations which Alva had begun, for the purpose of compelling the rebel cities of Holland and Zealand to reacknowledge the sovereignty of Philip. The first object of his attention was the town of Middleburg in Zealand, which had been kept in a state of close siege by the patriots for about a year and a half, and the loss of which would be a severe blow to the Spanish cause. He caused a large fleet to be collected, and appointing two able admirals to the command of it, he went on board one of the ships himself, and sailed down the Scheldt for the relief of the town. The Prince of Orange, then in Holland, immediately hastened to the critical spot; and by his directions, the fleet of the patriots under Boissot, admiral of Holland, met the Spanish one, and engaging with it on the 29th of January 1574, gained a complete victory, sinking the ship of one of the Spanish admirals, and

* Chambers's *Tour in Holland and Belgium.*

obliging the other to swim for his life. Requesens himself stood on the dyke of Sacherlo, and witnessed the disaster. After this the town of Middleburg surrendered to the Prince of Orange; and the cause of the patriots in the maritime provinces appeared more hopeful than ever. In the meantime, two of the prince's brothers, Count Louis and Count Henry of Nassau, who had for some time been residing in Germany, advanced at the head of an army in the direction of the Maas, with the intention of exciting the inland provinces to assume a position similar to that which Holland and Zealand were so nobly maintaining. The issue of this attempt was fatal. Requesens had despatched a strong force to oppose them; and on the 14th of April a battle was fought between the two armies near the village of Mook; the royalists were victorious, and the two brave princes were killed. This defeat, and the death of two men so eminent and so popular, were indeed a heavy blow to the patriots; but its consequences were far less severe than they might have been. The Spanish troops, who had a long arrear of pay due them, became mutinous and unmanageable after the victory, and threatened to pillage Antwerp. Requesens contrived at length to appease them for the time by raising a hundred thousand florins from the citizens, pledging his own jewels, and melting down his plate to raise more, and granting the mutineers a free pardon. But the interval had been of use to the patriots; for a large fleet having been equipped by Requesens, and having been removed, during the mutiny, from Antwerp, where it was lying, a little way down the Scheldt, to be out of the reach of the soldiers, Boissot, the Zealand admiral, boldly sailed up the river, took forty of the ships, and shattered and sunk many more. At length, however, the mutineers returned to their duty; and Requesens, having vainly tried in the first place to end the war by a proclamation of the king's pardon to all his Catholic subjects in the Netherlands, collected his whole force for the siege of the large and populous city of Leyden.

The story of this siege is one of the most spirit-stirring in the annals of heroism. Leyden stands in a low situation in the midst of a labyrinth of rivulets and canals. That branch of the Rhine which still retains its ancient name passes through the middle of it; and from this stream such an infinity of canals are derived, that it is difficult to say whether the water or the land possesses the greater space. By these canals the ground on which the city stands is divided into a great number of small islands, united together by bridges. For five months all other operations were suspended; all the energy of Requesens, on the one hand, was directed towards getting possession of this city; and all the energy of the Prince of Orange, on the other hand, towards assisting the citizens, and preventing it from being taken. The issue depended entirely, however, on the bravery and resolution of the citizens of Leyden themselves. Pent up within their walls, they had to resist the

attacks and stratagems of the besiegers; and all that the Prince of Orange could do, was to occupy the surrounding country, harass the besiegers as much as possible, and enable the citizens to hold out, by conveying to them supplies of provisions and men.

Nobly, nay, up to the highest heroic pitch of human nature, did the citizens behave. They had to endure a siege in its most dreary form, that of blockade. Instead of attempting to storm the town, Valdez, the Spanish general, resolved to reduce it by the slow but sure process of starvation. For this purpose he completely surrounded the town by a circle of forts, more than sixty in number; and the inhabitants thus saw themselves walled completely in from all the rest of the earth, with its growing crops and its well-filled granaries, and restricted entirely to whatever quantity of provisions there chanced to be on the small spot of ground which they walked up and down in. They had no means even of communicating with the Prince of Orange and their other friends outside, except by carrier-pigeons, which were trained for the purpose. One attempt was made by the citizens to break through the line of blockade, for the sake of keeping possession of a piece of pasture-ground for their cattle; but it was unsuccessful; and they began now to work day and night at repairing their fortifications, so as to resist the Spanish batteries when they should begin to play. Like fire pent up, the patriotism of the inhabitants burned more fiercely and brightly; every man became a hero, every woman an orator, and words of flashing genius were spoken, and deeds of wild bravery done, such as would have been impossible except among 20,000 human beings living in the same city, and all roused at once to the same unnatural state of emotion. The two leading spirits were John Van der Does, the commander, better known by his Latinised name of Dousa, as one of the best writers of Latin verse at that time, when so many able men devoted themselves to this kind of literary exercise; and Peter Van der Werf, the burgomaster. Under the management of these two men, every precaution was adopted that was necessary for the defence of the city. The resolution come to was, that the last man among them should die of want rather than admit the Spaniards into the town. Coolly, and with a foresight thoroughly Dutch, Dousa and Van der Werf set about making an inventory of all that was eatable in the town—corn, cattle, nay, even horses and dogs; calculating how long the stock could last at the rate of so much a day to every man and woman in the city; adopting means to get the whole placed under the management of a dispensing committee; and deciding what should be the allowance per head at first, so as to prevent their stock from being eaten up too fast. It was impossible, however, to collect all the food into one fund, or to regulate its consumption by municipal arrangements; and after two months had elapsed, famine had commenced in earnest, and those devices for mitigating the gnawings of hunger began to be

employed which none but starving men could bear to think of. Not only the flesh of dogs and horses, but roots, weeds, nettles, every green thing that the eye could detect shooting up from the earth, was ravenously eaten. Many died of want, and thousands fell ill. Still they held out, and indignantly rejected the offers made to them by the besiegers. 'When we have nothing else left,' said Dousa, in reply to a message from Valdez, 'we will eat our left hands, keeping the right to fight with.' Once, indeed, hunger seemed to overcome their patriotism, and for some days crowds of gaunt and famished wretches moved along the streets, crying: 'Let the Spaniards in; oh! for God's sake let them in.' Assembling with hoarse clamours at the house of Van der Werf, they demanded that he should give them food, or else surrender. 'I have no food to give you,' was the burgomaster's reply, 'and I have sworn that I will not surrender to the Spaniards; but if my body will be of any service to you, tear me to pieces, and let the hungriest of you eat me.' The poor wretches went away, and thought no more of surrendering.

The thought of the Prince of Orange night and day was how to render assistance to the citizens of Leyden—how to convey provisions into the town. He had collected a large supply; but all his exertions could not raise a sufficient force to break through the line of blockade. In this desperate extremity they resolved to have recourse to that expedient which they kept in reserve until it should be clear that no other was left—they would break their dykes, open their sluices, inundate the whole level country round Leyden, and wash the Spaniards and their circle of forts utterly away. It was truly a desperate resource; and it was only in the last extremity that they could bring themselves to think of it. All that vast tract of fertile land, which the labour of ages had drained and cultivated—to see it converted into a sheet of water! there could not possibly be a sight more unseemly and melancholy to a Dutchman's eyes. The damage, it was calculated, would amount to 600,000 guilders. But when the destruction of the dykes round Leyden was once resolved upon, they set to work with a heartiness and a zeal greater than that which had attended their building. Hatchets, hammers, spades, and pickaxes were in requisition; and by the labour of a single night, the labour of ages was demolished and undone. The water, availing itself of the new outlets, poured over the flat country, and in a short time the whole of the region situated between Leyden and Rotterdam was flooded to a considerable depth. The Spaniards, terror stricken at first, bethought themselves of the fate of the antediluvians; but at last, seeing that the water did not rise above a certain level, they recovered their courage, and though obliged to abandon those of their forts which were stationed in the low grounds, they persevered in the blockade. But there was another purpose to be served by the inundation of the country besides that of washing away the Spaniards, and the Prince

of Orange was making preparations for effecting it. He had caused about 200 large flat-bottomed boats to be built, and loaded with provisions; these now began to row towards the famished city. The inhabitants saw them coming; they watched them eagerly advancing across the waters, fighting their way past the Spanish forts, and bringing bread to them. But it almost seemed as if Heaven itself had become cruel; for a north wind was blowing, and so long as it continued to blow, the waters would not be deep enough to enable the boats to reach the city. They waited for days, every eye fixed on the vanes; but still the wind blew from the north, although never almost within the memory of the oldest citizen had there been such a continuance of north wind at that season of the year. Many died in sight of the vessels which contained the food which would have kept them alive; and those who still survived shuffled along the streets more like skeletons than men. In two days these would to a certainty have been all dead too; when, lo! the vanes trembled and veered round; the wind shifted first to the north-west, blowing the sea tides with hurricane force into the mouths of the rivers; and then to the south, driving the waves exactly in the direction of the city. The remaining forts of the Spaniards were quickly begirt with water. The Spaniards themselves, pursued by the Zealanders in their boats, were either drowned or shot swimming, or fished out with hooks fastened to the end of poles, and killed with the sword. Several bodies of them, however, effected their escape. The citizens had all crowded to the gates to meet their deliverers. With bread in their hands, they ran through the streets; and many who had outlived the famine died of surfeit. That same day they met in one of the churches—a lean and sickly congregation—with the magistrates at their head, to return thanks to Almighty God for his mercy.

The siege of Leyden was raised on the 3d of October 1574, and the anniversary of that day is still celebrated by the citizens. It is the most memorable day in the history of Leyden; and many memorials exist to keep the inhabitants in remembrance of the event which happened on it. Usually, the object which first excites the curiosity of the traveller who visits Leyden is the Stadthouse, or Hotel de Ville, which occupies a conspicuous situation on one of the sides of the Breed Straat, or Broad Street. The date of the erection of the building, 1574, is carved on the front, along with the arms of the town, two cross keys, and several inscriptions referring to the sufferings of the place during the period of its besiegement. The walls of the venerable apartment in which the burgomasters assemble are of dark panelled wood, partly hung with beautiful old tapestry, and ornamented with several paintings. One picture of modern date, by Van Brée of Antwerp, is of a size so large as almost to cover one side of the room, and represents the streets of Leyden filled with its famishing inhabitants, in the midst of whom stands

prominently forward the figure of the burgomaster, Peter Van der Werf, offering his body to be eaten. Another memorial of the siege of Leyden by the Spaniards is the university of that city, so celebrated for the number of great historical names connected with it. 'The Prince of Orange, as a recompense to the inhabitants of Leyden for their heroic conduct, gave them the choice of exemption from taxes for a certain number of years, or of having a university established in the city; and, much to their honour, they preferred the latter. The university of Leyden was accordingly established in 1575.' It attained at one time so high a reputation for learning, that Leyden was styled the Athens of the West.

The fortunate issue of the siege of Leyden changed the face of affairs. Philip consented to hold a conference with the patriots at Breda. Concessions were made on both sides, with a view of coming to an agreement; but on the question of the conduct which the government ought to pursue with reference to religion, the two parties were completely at variance.

'The heretics must be expelled from the maritime provinces,' was the demand of the Spanish deputies.

'If you expel the heretics, as you call them,' said the deputies of the patriots, 'you will expel more than two-thirds of the inhabitants; and if you do so, there will not be enough of men to mend the dykes.'

'The king,' replied the Spaniards, 'would rather lose the provinces than have them peopled with heretics.' The conference accordingly broke up, without having accomplished anything.

Again armies began their marchings and countermarchings through the country. Requesens had succeeded in an attempt which he expected to be of great assistance to him in his design of reducing Zealand, and he was endeavouring to follow up this advantage by laying siege to the town of Zierikzee, when he was seized with a fever, and died after a few days' illness.

PATRIOTIC MEASURES OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

On the death of Requesens, the Council of State, consisting at that time of nine members, among whom were Viglius and Barlaimont, as well as some others less devoted to the Spanish cause, assumed the government, there being no person on the spot authorised by Philip to take upon himself the office of regent. Under the rule of this committee the greatest confusion prevailed; but at length the liberal members of the Council of State took courage, and issued an order for a convention of the states; and at this convention, which was opened on the 14th of September 1576, it was agreed to hold a solemn congress of representatives from the various provinces, in the town-house of Ghent, on the 10th of October.

This remarkable turn of affairs was brought about in a great

measure by the exertions of the Prince of Orange. The war had now lasted nearly ten years. The result was, that the seventeen provinces constituting the Netherlands, which on Philip's accession had acknowledged his sway, were now broken up into two groups, the maritime provinces constituting one group, and the inland provinces another. In the maritime group, of which Holland and Zealand were the most important members, the majority of the inhabitants were Protestants, and consequently they had maintained a more determined attitude during the war; and at this moment, although they had not formally disowned Philip's sovereignty, they were really governing themselves under the administration of the Prince of Orange. In the inland group, the state of matters was very different. The majority of the inhabitants of this group were Catholics, and consequently their opposition to Spanish tyranny had been less vigorous and less enthusiastic. But William was not content with seeing only one part of the Netherlands delivered from Spanish tyranny, even if it had been possible to deliver the maritime provinces without convulsing and agitating the others. His object was to secure liberty to the whole of the Netherlands, whether that were to be accomplished by a judicious compromise with Spain, or by formally casting off all allegiance to Spain whatever, and uniting the various provinces into a new independent European state. It was in consequence, therefore, of his public recommendations to the Council of State, and his secret dealings with influential men, that the States-General had been held, and the congress of Ghent agreed upon.

After sitting for about a month, the congress published the result of its deliberations in the shape of a treaty of confederacy between the maritime and the inland provinces. This treaty is known in history by the name of the *Pacification of Ghent.* It consisted of twenty-five articles, and its principal provisions were, that the maritime provinces, with the Prince of Orange on the one hand, and the inland or Catholic provinces on the other, should mutually assist each other in expelling the Spaniards; that all the tyrannous and persecuting decrees of Alva should be repealed; that in the inland provinces the Catholic religion should still continue to be the legal one; and that in Holland and Zealand all civil and religious arrangements should be permitted to stand until they should be revised by a future assembly of the states.

At the very instant when the Netherlands were beginning to rejoice in the hopes arising from the pacification of Ghent, there arrived a new regent, sent from Spain. This was Don John of Austria, a natural son of Charles V., a man of great talent, both civil and military, and of an exceedingly amiable and winning disposition. By the advice of the Prince of Orange, the Council resolved to conclude a strict bargain with the new regent before admitting him to the government. A meeting of noblemen, ecclesiastics, and other

influential persons was held at Brussels on the 9th of January 1577, at which a compact in support of the late resolutions at Ghent was formed, known by the name of the *Union of Brussels;* and a copy of the deed of union having been transmitted to Don John, the result was a conference between him and certain deputies appointed by the states. At this conference, which was held in a city of Luxemburg, a treaty was agreed upon, dated the 12th of February 1577, and known by the name of the *Perpetual Edict.* It secured for the inland provinces all that they had been so earnestly contending for, all that the *Pacification of Ghent* bound them to demand—the removal of the Spanish troops, the release of prisoners, and a mild and considerate government. The Protestant provinces of Holland and Zealand, however, were dissatisfied with it, and refused their concurrence.

It appeared now as if the long struggle had come to an end; as if Spain and the Netherlands had finally compromised their differences. When Don John made his entry into Brussels on the 1st of May 1577, the citizens congratulated themselves on the skill with which they had managed to limit his authority, and said to each other: 'Ah, it will cost our new regent some trouble to play his game as Alva did.'

No sooner, however, had John taken the reins of government in his hands, than he began to free himself from all the restraints which the inland provinces thought they had imposed on him. Resolved to recover all the prerogatives he had parted with, he despatched letters written in cipher to Philip, urging him to send back the Spanish and Italian forces into the Netherlands; and making a journey from Brussels to the frontier province of Namur, he took possession of the capital of the province, intending to wait there till the troops should arrive. The letters were intercepted by the king of Navarre, and being immediately sent to the Prince of Orange, were by him made public. Enraged at the discovery of the regent's treachery, the authorities of the inland provinces now determined to cast him off; and at the same time they entreated the Prince of Orange to come to Brussels and assume the administration of affairs. Accordingly, leaving his own faithful maritime provinces, the prince sailed up the Scheldt, and thence made his passage by canal to Brussels, amid the cheers of the multitudes who stood lining the banks for miles, anxious to obtain a sight of 'Vader Willem' coming to do for them what he had already done for the Hollanders and Zealanders. He entered Brussels on the 23d of September, and was immediately invested with the office of governor of Brabant, a title which gave him as much power as if he had been a regent appointed by Philip himself. The whole of the Netherlands now, except the two frontier provinces of Luxemburg and Namur, where Don John still maintained his influence, were under the government of William of Orange. His darling scheme of uniting the maritime and the inland

provinces under one system of government, extending to both the blessings of perfect civil freedom, and allowing each group to establish that form of worship which was most conformable to its own wishes—the maritime group the Protestant, and the inland group the Catholic form, while yet neither the Catholics should be persecuted in the one nor the Protestants in the other—this scheme was now all but realised. With respect to the question, how Philip's rights as the sovereign of the Netherlands should be dealt with, this was a point about which, in the meantime, it was unnecessary to give himself much trouble. It would be decided afterwards by the course of events.

This happy aspect of things was not of long duration. William had hardly entered on his office, when he began to be harassed by those petty insect annoyances which always buzz and flutter round greatness, making the life of a man who pursues a career of active well-doing on a large scale very far from a pleasant one to himself. At length a powerful cabal was formed against him by certain Catholic noblemen; and, without the consent of the states, or any other legitimate authority, the Archduke Mathias, brother of the emperor of Germany, was invited to come and assume the government of the southern provinces of the Netherlands. The arrival of this self-announced governor was a decided surprise to the states; but the quick eye of the Prince of Orange saw that it might be turned to advantage. By inviting Mathias to assume the office which Don John considered to be his, the Catholic nobles had given an unpardonable offence to Philip; and if Mathias *did* assume the government, it would set the Spanish king and the German emperor at variance; both of which events were exceedingly desirable as matters then stood. William therefore was the first to recommend his own resignation, and the appointment of Mathias as governor instead—a change which would do no harm, as Mathias was a silly young man whom it would be very easy to manage. On the 18th of January 1578, Mathias therefore was formally installed as governor-general, with the Prince of Orange as his lieutenant in every department; and Don John was at the same time declared a public enemy.

Meanwhile Philip had sent a powerful army to reinstate Don John. At the head of this army was Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, the son of that Duchess of Parma who had been regent before Alva, and though yet young, reputed to be the first military genius of the age. Pushing into the interior of the Netherlands with this army, Don John speedily reconquered a large tract of the country; and the states, defeated in several engagements, were obliged to entreat assistance from foreign powers. After several months of war, they were delivered from all fear of having the treacherous John restored to the regency; for, on the 1st of October 1578, he died suddenly at Bougy. But if delivered of one enemy in

John, they had to contend with another in all respects more formidable in his successor, the matchless Prince of Parma. The prospect of a campaign against a man so eminent in the art of war completely disheartened them; and any chance they might have had of being able to repel the invasion which he conducted, was infinitely lessened by the outbreak of violent dissensions in the southern provinces, especially between the Flemings, or inhabitants of Flanders, and the Walloons, or inhabitants of the south-eastern provinces.

UNION OF THE SEVEN PROVINCES.

In these circumstances, the Prince of Orange thought it best to take precautions for securing the independence of at least a part of the Netherlands. It had long appeared to William that the next best thing to a union of all the provinces of the Netherlands under a free government, would be the union of the maritime provinces by themselves under such a government. These provinces would form a distinct state, thoroughly Dutch and thoroughly Protestant; and the difficulty of governing them separately would be far less than that of governing them in conjunction with the southern or Walloon provinces, whose inhabitants were not only Catholic, but half French in their lineage and their habits. The progress which the Prince of Parma was now making, not only in conquering, but in conciliating the Walloons, decided William to carry into effect his long-cherished idea, and to attempt a formal separation between the northern provinces and the rest of the Netherlands. His efforts succeeded; and on the 29th of January, there was solemnly signed at Utrecht a treaty of union between the five provinces of Holland, Zealand, Guelderland, Utrecht, and Friesland, by which they formed themselves into an independent republic. Thus was a new European state founded, which, being joined afterwards by the two provinces of Overyssel and Groningen, and recognised by the foreign powers, obtained the name of *The Seven United Provinces*, and subsequently of *Holland*.

But while labouring to effect this great object, William by no means ceased to struggle for another which he considered greater still—the independence of the whole Netherlands. If a community of religion, and the enthusiastic attachment of the people to his person, endeared the northern provinces to him in a peculiar manner, the breadth of his intellect, and his general love of liberty, made him take a deep interest in the fate of the southern provinces; and gladly would he devote his best exertions to secure for the Flemings and the Walloons of the south that independence which he had to all appearance secured for the Dutch of the north. Accordingly, both before and after the union of the northern provinces, he continued to act as lieutenant-governor under Mathias, and to superintend the administration of the southern provinces.

Meanwhile an attempt was made by the pope and the emperor of Germany to bring about a reconciliation between Spain and the Netherlands. But Philip's bigotry again interposed a barrier in the way of an agreement: for he declared, that whatever other concessions he might be willing to make, he never would be at peace with heresy. While these negotiations were pending, the Prince of Parma had slackened his military activity; but when the congress broke up its sittings in the end of 1579, he recommenced his campaign in the southern provinces with fresh ardour.

It was evident, however, to the Prince of Orange, that the issue of the struggle could not be decided by one or two battles with the Prince of Parma. His aim all along had been to thwart Philip by engaging some of the principal European powers on the side of the Netherlands. No sooner, therefore, had he seen the Protestant provinces of the north united by the treaty of Utrecht, than he began to mature another scheme by which he hoped to obtain for the union greater strength within itself, and greater estimation in the eyes of foreign nations. This was no other than the formal deposition of Philip from the sovereignty of the Netherlands, and the election of a new sovereign capable of bringing into the field all the power of some foreign nation to counterpoise that of Spain. He hesitated for some time whether the future sovereign of the Netherlands should be Queen Elizabeth of England, or the Duke of Anjou, brother to the French king; but at last decided in favour of the latter. Having finally weighed his scheme, and resolved to adopt it, he procured a meeting of the States-General at Antwerp; and there Philip was deposed as 'a tyrant;' the Netherlands were declared a free and independent state; and the Duke of Anjou, having become bound to use the power of France to expel the Spaniards from his new dominion, entered on the exercise of the sovereignty. At the same time, William of Orange was installed in the government of Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, under the title of Stadtholder, and with the reservation of the right of homage to the Duke of Anjou.

These arrangements were concluded in 1581 and 1582; and for two years after, the history of the struggle is but an uninteresting record of sieges and engagements, important at the time, but too numerous to be detailed in a narrative. We hasten to the concluding act of the drama.

ASSASSINATION OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

Philip, surrounded by the haughty ceremonial of a Spanish court, kept his dark and evil eye ever rolling towards the Netherlands. Foiled, defeated, gaining an advantage only to lose it again, he had watched the course of the struggle with a bitter earnestness. A scowl passed over his brow at every recollection of the manner in which his heretical subjects had resisted his authority and baffled

his purposes. But the last indignity was worst of all. To be openly deposed in the face of all Europe, to be rejected and cast off by a portion of his subjects inhabiting a little corner of his vast dominions, to have another sovereign elected in his stead—this was an insult such as monarch had never experienced before. And all this had been done by that one man, William of Orange. In the course of his life he had already been thwarted, or supposed himself to be thwarted, by one personal enemy after another; and these, if history be true, he had successively disposed of, by sending them prematurely out of the world. The poisoned cup, or the dagger of the hired assassin, had rid him of several blood-relations whom he conceived to be his enemies. His own son, his eldest born, had died by his orders; and now he resolved to rid himself by similar means of the man who had robbed him of the Netherlands. Early in 1580 he issued a proclamation offering a reward of 25,000 golden crowns, with a patent of nobility, and a pardon for all past offences, to any one who should assassinate the Prince of Orange. In reply to this brutal proclamation the prince published a defence of his own conduct, which, under the name of *The Apology*, has been always admired as one of the noblest refutations ever penned. It is believed to have been the composition of a Protestant clergyman, a friend of the prince.

For some time no effects followed the issuing of Philip's proclamation, and William was quietly engaged in consolidating the government under the Duke of Anjou. He had gone to Antwerp to attend the ceremony of the new sovereign's inauguration, and was to stay there some time, until everything was fairly settled. On the 18th of March 1582, he gave a great dinner at the castle of the town to celebrate the duke's birthday. Leaving the hall to ascend to his own chamber, he was met at the door by a silly melancholy-looking young man, who desired to present a petition. While he was looking at the paper, the young man fired a pistol at his head. The ball entered below the right ear, and passing through his mouth, came out at the other side. The prince fell apparently dead, and the assassin was instantly put to death by the attendants. It appeared, from papers found on his person, that he was a Spaniard named John Jaureguay, clerk to Gaspar Anastro, a Spanish merchant in the town. Anastro had engaged to Philip, for a reward of 28,000 ducats, to effect the object which the proclamation had not been able to accomplish; but, unwilling to undertake the assassination in person, he had fixed upon his melancholy half-crazed clerk as his deputy; and the poor wretch had been persuaded by a Dominican monk of the name of Timmerman, that the death he was sure to die in the performance of so glorious an act of duty would be an immediate entrance into paradise. Timmerman, and Venero, Anastro's cashier, who was also implicated in the murder, were seized and executed; but Anastro himself escaped. It was

long feared that the wound was mortal; but it proved not to be so; and in a short time the prince was again able to resume his duties, dearer now than ever to the people of the Netherlands. He had scarcely recovered, when he was summoned to act in a new crisis. The Duke of Anjou began to act falsely towards his subjects. Failing in a treacherous attempt to seize the town of Antwerp, Anjou was obliged to become a fugitive from his own kingdom. Perplexed and uncertain how to act, the states again had recourse to the counsel of the Prince of Orange; and after much hesitation, he gave it as his deliberate opinion, that, upon the whole, in the present state of matters, nothing was so advisable as to readmit the duke to the sovereignty, after binding him by new and more stringent obligations. In giving this advice, William spoke from his intimate knowledge of the state of Europe. The reasons, however, which actuated the Prince of Orange in advising the recall of Anjou, although very satisfactory to men experienced in statecraft, and gifted with the same political insight as himself, were too subtle to be appreciated by the popular understanding; and it began to be murmured by the gossips of Antwerp that the Prince of Orange had gone over to the French interest, and was conspiring to annex the Netherlands to France. Hurt at these suspicions, which impeded his measures, and rendered his exertions fruitless, William left Antwerp, and withdrew to his own northern provinces, where the people would as soon have burned the ships in their harbours as suspected the good faith of their beloved stadtholder 'Vader Willem.' By removing into the north, however, William did not mean to cease taking any part in the affairs of the southern provinces. He continued to act by letters and messengers, allaying various dissensions among the nobility, and smoothing the way for the return of the Duke of Anjou, who was then residing in France. But it was destined that the treacherous Frenchman should never again set his foot within the Netherlands. Taken suddenly ill at the Château-Thierry, he died there on the 10th of June 1584, aged thirty years.

Again were the Netherlands thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion. The northern provinces alone, under the government of William, enjoyed internal tranquillity and freedom from war. The southern provinces were torn by religious dissension; while, to aggravate the evil, the Prince of Parma was conducting military operations within the territory. And now that the sovereign they had elected was dead, what should be done? Who should be elected next? Rendered wise and unanimous by their adversity, the secret wishes of all turned to William; and negotiations were set on foot for electing William, Prince of Orange, and stadtholder of the northern provinces, to the constitutional sovereignty of the Netherlands. He was to accept the crown on nearly the same terms as he had himself proposed in the case of the Duke of Anjou.

These hopes were doomed to be disappointed. William had

gone to Delft, and was there engaged in business, preparatory to his accession to the sovereignty. On the 10th of July, having left his dining-room in the palace, he had just placed his foot on the first step of the staircase leading to the upper part of the house, when a pale man with a cloak, who had come on pretence of getting a passport, pointed a horse-pistol at his breast and fired. The prince fell. 'God have mercy on me and on this poor people,' were the only words he was able to utter, and in a few moments he was dead; his wife, Louisa de Coligni, whose father and first husband had also been murdered, bending over him. The assassin was seized, attempting to escape. His name was Balthasar Gerard, a native of Burgundy. Like Jaureguay, he had been actuated to the crime by the hopes of fame on earth and glory in heaven. Documents also exist which shew that he was an instrument of the Spanish authorities, and had communicated his design to several Spanish monks. He suffered death in the most horrible form which detestation for his crime could devise; his right hand being first burnt off, and the flesh being then torn from his bones with red-hot pincers. He died with the composure of a martyr.

The Prince of Orange was fifty-two years of age at the time of his murder. He had been four times married, and left ten children, three sons and seven daughters.

CONCLUDING HISTORY OF THE NETHERLANDS.

The death of the Prince of Orange left the Netherlands divided into two parts—the northern or Protestant provinces, united in a confederacy, and to all intents and purposes independent of Spain; and the southern or Catholic provinces, either subject to Spain, or only struggling for independence. The subsequent histories of these two portions of the Netherlands are different.

Holland, as the seven united provinces of Holland, Zealand, Utrecht, Guelderland, Friesland, Overyssel, and Groningen came to be called, successfully resisted all the attempts of Spain to re-subjugate it. Prince Maurice inherited his father's abilities and his honours, and for many years he conducted the war in which the determination of Spain to recover its territory involved the provinces. On his death, in 1625, he was succeeded in the government by his youngest brother, Frederic Henry; and before his death, in 1647, the existence of Holland as an independent European state was recognised by almost every foreign cabinet, and Spain saw that it was in vain to continue the war. His son, William II., died, after a short and turbulent reign, in 1650, leaving a widow, who, within a week of her husband's death, gave birth to a son, William III.

On the abdication of James II. of England, this William III., the great-grandson of the hero of the Netherlands, came from Holland to ascend the throne of Great Britain, in conjunction with his wife

Mary, James's daughter. During his reign Great Britain and Holland were under one rule; but when he died childless in 1701, the States-General of the Seven Provinces, instead of appointing a new stadtholder, took the government into their own hands. The title of Prince of Orange, however, did not become extinct; it was inherited by his cousin, Frison of Nassau, who was governor of the single province of Friesland. The activity and energy of this new Prince of Orange and of his son soon gave them an ascendency in all the provinces; and in 1747, in the person of the latter, the House of Orange again acceded to the dignity of the stadtholderate of the United Provinces. At the close of the last century, Holland suffered from the invasion of the French, and was for some time in their hands; but finally, in 1813, the Prince of Orange was restored to power, being admitted to the government as a sovereign prince.

Having thus traced the history of the northern provinces of the Netherlands down to 1815, let us trace that of the southern ones down to the same year.

After the death of William of Orange, the Prince of Parma continued his victorious career in the southern provinces; and if he did not altogether crush the spirit of patriotism, he at least rendered it weak and powerless. Although, therefore, Prince Maurice and Prince Frederic Henry, while repelling the attempts of the Spaniards to reconquer Holland, endeavoured also to drive them out of the rest of the Netherlands, they were never able fully to effect this, and Spain still kept possession of all the southern provinces. In 1713, Philip III. of Spain gave these southern provinces as a marriage-portion to his daughter Isabella, when she espoused Albert, Archduke of Austria; and from that time they ceased to be called the Spanish provinces, and obtained the name of the Belgian provinces, or of the Austrian Netherlands. This arrangement lasted till 1795, when it was swept away by the French Revolution. After a struggle between France and Austria, the Austrian Netherlands and the province of Liege were divided into nine departments, forming an integral part of the French republic; and they continued to be so till the fall of Napoleon in 1815.

At this great epoch, when Europe, recovering from the shock of the French Revolution, had leisure to arrange its various territories according to its own pleasure, separating some countries which had been long joined, and joining others which had been long separated, it was determined once more to unite Holland and the Belgian provinces into one state. Accordingly, in 1815, the Prince of Orange had the southern provinces added to his dominions, and was recognised by the various powers of Europe as king of the whole Netherlands. In 1579, the country had been broken up into two parts; and now, in 1815, they were reunited, with no chance, so far as appearances went, of ever being separated again. But appearances were fallacious. As we have already informed our

readers, there had always been certain marked differences of lineage, religion, language, and habits between the people of the northern and those of the southern provinces of the Netherlands. In 1830, when the second French revolution took place, the Belgians revolted from their allegiance, and insisted on being separated from Holland, and erected into an independent kingdom. The demand was, after some delay, complied with by foreign powers. On the 15th of November 1831 the boundary-line was fixed, and the Netherlands were divided into the two independent states of Holland and Belgium. The crown of the latter was accepted by Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, who, on his decease in 1865, was succeeded by his son, Leopold II., the present sovereign.

The modern kingdom of Holland consists of the following eleven provinces: North Holland, South Holland, Zealand, North Brabant, Guelderland, Utrecht, Friesland, Overyssel, Groningen, Drenthe, and Limburg; its capital is the Hague. The population in 1866 amounted to 3,552,665. The prevailing form of worship is the Calvinistic; but all other forms enjoy perfect toleration. Holland is celebrated for its excellent educational institutions, which are on a liberal footing, and acceptable to all sects and classes.

The kingdom of Belgium consists of nine provinces: Limburg, Liege, Namur, Luxembourg, Hainault, South Brabant, East Flanders, West Flanders, and Antwerp; its capital is Brussels. The population of Belgium in 1865 was 4,984,451. The Belgians are almost altogether Roman Catholics. The ancient Teutonic language, which has taken the form of Dutch in Holland, has become Flemish in Belgium; besides which, there is the language called Walloon, a species of old French mingled with German, and spoken principally in Hainault, on the borders of France. Nevertheless, modern French may be described as the predominating language of Belgium.

We have now shewn how the Netherlands effected their independence; how the country became divided into the two modern kingdoms of Holland and Belgium; and it only remains for us to say that, successful as were the struggles of the people against oppression, the Netherlands, taken as a whole, have not till this hour attained the opulence and prosperity of which they were deprived by the iniquitous aggressions of Philip II. in the sixteenth century. In travelling through the country, we everywhere see symptoms of fallen grandeur. Antwerp, once the most opulent mercantile city in Europe, is now in a state of decay; while Louvain, Mechlin, Utrecht, Leyden, Dort, Delft, all exhibit similar tokens of desertion. To 'the Spaniards' is everywhere ascribed the ruin of trade, the destruction of works of art, and the distresses to which the country has been exposed. Such are the results of the unhappy war which scourged the Netherlands in the sixteenth century. Although advancing by new efforts towards its former condition, three

centuries have not obliterated the traces of this fearful struggle for civil and religious freedom. Considering the services performed by William of Orange in this great effort, no one can look without emotion on the splendid monument erected over his tomb in the New Church of Delft, of which we append a representation. It is a lofty structure of marble, embellished with many figures, one of which is that of the prince, in bronze, sitting with his truncheon of office, and his helmet at his feet; while behind is a figure of Fame sounding with her trumpet the praises of the hero.





ANECDOTES OF THE CAT.

THE cat belongs to the same natural family as the lion, tiger, panther, leopard, puma, serval, ocelot, and lynx. The tribe is perhaps one of the best defined in zoology, all its members having characteristics of structure and habit not to be confounded with those of other animals. Every reader must be familiar with the forms of the tiger and domestic cat, and these may be taken as types of the family. The rounded head and pointed ears, the long lithe body, covered with fine silky hair, and often beautifully marked, the silent stealthy step, occasioned by treading only on the fleshy ball of the foot, the sharp retractile claws, the large lustrous eyes, capable, from the expansive power of the pupil, of seeing in the dark, the whiskered lip, the trenchant carnivorous teeth, and the tongue covered with recurved bony prickles, are common to all.

In their habits and manner of life they are equally akin. They inhabit the forest and the brake, sleeping away the greater part of their time, and only visiting the glade and open plain when pressed by hunger. They are for the most part nocturnal in their habits, being guided to their prey by their peculiar power of vision, by their scent, and by their hearing, which is superior to that of most other animals. Naturally, they are strictly carnivorous, not hunting down their prey by a protracted chase, like the wolf and dog, but by lying in wait, or by moving stealthily with their supple joints and cushioned feet, till within spring of their victims, on which they dart

with a growl, as if the muscular effort of the moment were painful even to themselves. Whether the attack be that of a tiger on a buffalo, or that of a cat on a helpless mouse, the mode of action is the same—a bound with the whole body from the distance of many yards, a violent stroke with the forefoot, a clutch with the claws, which are thrust from their sheaths, and a half-tearing half-sucking motion of the jaws, as if the animal gloated in ecstasy over the blood of its victim.

This mode of life has gained for these animals the common epithets of 'cruel, savage, and bloodthirsty,' and has caused them to be looked upon by the uninformed as monsters in creation. Nothing could be more erroneous. No creature is capable of moral good and moral evil save man; he it is alone that can judge for himself; and he it is upon whom this gift of judgment has imposed the responsibility of right and wrong. The tiger in slaughtering a stag gratifies no evil passion; he merely satisfies an appetite which nature has implanted within him, and which nature has surrounded with the objects for its satisfaction. When these objects shall die out, then also will the tiger cease to exist; and were the whole world equally peopled and cultivated with our own island, the feline family would be limited to a single genus—namely, the humble cat. But as things are at present constituted, the valleys and plains of the tropics are clothed with an excessive vegetation, supporting numerous herbivorous animals, which could only be kept within due limits by the existence of carnivora, such as the lion, tiger, leopard, and panther.

The distribution of the feline animals is governed by those conditions to which we have alluded; and thus the puma inhabits the North American prairie, the jaguar the savannahs of South America, the lion the arid plains of Africa and Asia, the tiger and panther the tropical jungles of the old world; the minor species, as the ocelot and lynx, have a wider range in both worlds; while the domestic cat associates with man in almost every region. With the exception of the latter, none of the other genera have been tamed or domesticated, so that they are strictly 'wild beasts,' against which man wages a ceaseless war of extirpation. It is true that in the East one species of leopard is trained for hunting, but this but very sparingly, and even then he does not follow the game by scent, but is carried by the hunters, and only let loose when he is within a few bounds of the animal. It must not be inferred, however, that they are untamable; for every creature is capable more or less of being trained by man, provided it receives due attention; and we have sufficient evidence, in the wonderful feats performed by the lions and tigers of Mr Carter and Van Amburgh, that the *Felinæ* are by no means destitute of intelligent docility. The truth is, there is no inducement to tame them; and thus the cat—the most diminutive of the family, and the only one of direct utility to civilised man—is likely to continue, as it ever has been, the sole domesticated member.

THE DOMESTICATED CAT.

Respecting the domestication of the cat, of which there are many varieties, differing in size, length of hair, colour, and the like, we have no authentic information. We have no knowledge when it became the associate of man; nor do we know anything concerning its original habitat. It is true that the wild cat has inhabited Great Britain, the continent of Europe, and Asia, from the earliest periods; but that animal presents so many differences, that naturalists generally consider it as belonging to a distinct species. Thus it is a larger and more powerful animal than the domestic one; has longer and shaggier fur; has a more ferocious aspect; has the intestinal canal shorter, which proves it to be more decidedly carnivorous; and has the heart and stomach not quite so like those of the more omnivorous dog. The most of these are transient distinctions, which domestication might obliterate; but we can hardly conceive of the same influence acting so decidedly upon the internal structure. However this may be, the general opinion at present is, that they belong to different species; that the wild cat is strictly an inhabitant of the brake, enduring with admirable fortitude the extremes of heat and cold; and that the domestic animal, from its more delicate constitution, and its fondness of warmth, seems to have sprung from a southern habitat.

Every one is so perfectly familiar with the domestic cat, that any description of the animal is altogether unnecessary; yet one or two of the more obvious varieties may be mentioned, with the remark, that it is quite as difficult, from their present appearance, to refer them all to one stock, as it is to believe that that stock is the wild cat of the British brake. The Cat of Angora, says a recent writer, of whose descriptions we avail ourselves, is a very beautiful variety, with silvery hair of fine silken texture, generally longest on the neck, but also long on the tail. Some are yellowish, and others olive, approaching to the colour of the lion; but they are all delicate creatures, and of gentle dispositions. The Persian Cat is a variety with the hair very much produced, and very silky, perhaps more so than the cat of Angora. It is, however, differently coloured, being of a fine uniform gray on the upper part, with the texture of the fur as soft as silk, and the lustre glossy; the colour fades off on the lower parts of the sides, and passes into white, or nearly so, on the belly. This is probably one of the most beautiful varieties, and it is said to be exceedingly gentle in its manners. The Chinese Cat has the fur beautifully glossed, but it is very different from either of those which have been mentioned. It is variegated with black and yellow, and, unlike the most of the race, has the ears pendulous. The last we shall mention is the Tortoise-shell Cat, one of the prettiest varieties of those which have the fur of moderate length, and without any

particular silvery gloss. The colours are very pure black, white, and reddish orange; and in this country, at least, males thus marked are said to be rare, though they are quite common in Egypt and the south of Europe. This variety has other qualities to recommend it besides the beauty of its colours. Tortoise-shell cats, though very elegant and delicate in their form, are, at the same time, very active, and among the most attached and grateful of the whole race. It may be remarked, however, that there is much less difference in manners than in appearance, and that those which are best fed and most kindly treated are invariably the best natured and the most attached.

It has already been observed that little or nothing is known regarding the history of the domestic cat; and naturally so, since the animal is generally too insignificant to merit much attention. The cat has been known from time immemorial to the Chinese, Hindus, and Persians; was domiciled among the Phœnicians, Egyptians, Jews, Greeks, and Romans; and even figures in the mythology of some of these nations. Among the Egyptians the cat was held in the greatest veneration. If one died a natural death, it was mourned for with certain appointed symbols of grief; and if killed, the murderer was given up to the rabble to be buffeted to death. Cats were thus not only held sacred when alive, but after death were embalmed and deposited in the niches of the catacombs. The story is told that an insult offered to a cat by a Roman was the cause of an insurrection among the Egyptians, even when the fact of their own vanquishment could not excite them to rebel; and it is also told that Cambyses, availing himself of this regard for the animal, made himself master of Pelusis, which had hitherto successfully resisted his arms. The stratagem which he fell upon was in the highest degree ingenious: he gave to each of his soldiers employed in the attack a live cat instead of a buckler, and the Egyptian garrison, rather than injure the objects of their veneration, suffered themselves to be conquered. M. Baumgarten informs us, that when he was at Damascus he saw there a kind of hospital for cats: the house in which they were kept was very large, walled round, and was said to be quite full of them. On inquiring into the origin of this singular institution, he was told that Mohammed, when he once lived there, brought with him a cat, which he kept in the sleeve of his garment, and carefully fed with his own hands—cutting off his sleeve rather than disturb the slumber of his favourite. His followers in this place, therefore, ever afterwards paid a superstitious respect to these animals; and supported them in this manner by public alms, which were very adequate to the purpose.

In the early history of our own country also, cats were of so much importance as to be the subject of special enactments. In the reign of Howel the Good, king of Wales, who died in 948, laws were made to fix the prices of different animals, among which the cat

was included, as being at that early period of great importance, on account of its scarcity and utility. The price of a kitten before it could see was fixed at one penny; till proof could be given of its having caught a mouse, twopence; after which it was rated at fourpence—a great sum in those days, when the value of specie was extremely high. It was likewise required that the animal should be perfect in its senses of hearing and seeing, should be a good mouser, have its claws whole, and, if a female, be a careful nurse. If it failed in any of these qualifications, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer a third of the purchase-money. If any one should steal or kill the cat that guarded the prince's granary, the offender was to forfeit either a milch ewe, with her fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as, when poured on the cat suspended by its tail (its head touching the floor), would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail. This is curious not only as a matter of history, but as shewing that, while the wild cat of the country was so abundant as to be troublesome, the domestic species was apparently an import of great rarity, and of considerable value.

INSTANCES OF ATTACHMENT.

It is a vulgar and erroneous belief that cats are only attached to places: there are hundreds of instances on record where they have shewn the most devoted and enduring attachment to persons who have treated them with kindness. A gentleman in the neighbourhood of London had a tortoise-shell cat, which, though he never fed it, or paid much attention to it, formed an attachment for him equal to that of a dog. It knew his ring at the bell, and at whatever time he came home, it was rubbing against his legs long before the servant came, saw him into the sitting-room, and then walked off. It was a very active animal, and usually went bird-catching during the night; but when its master rose, which was generally early in the morning, the cat was always ready to receive him at the door of his room, and accompanied him in his morning walk in the garden, alternately skipping to the tops of the trees, and descending and gamboling about him. When he was in his study, it used to pay him several visits in the day, always short ones; but it never retired till he had recognised it. If rubbing against his legs had not the desired effect, it would mount the writing-table, nudge his shoulder, and if that would not do, pat him on the cheek; but the moment he had shaken it by the paw, and given it a pat or two on the head, it walked off. When he was indisposed it paid him several visits every day, but never continued in the room; and although it was fond of society generally, and also of its food, it never obtruded its company during meals. Its attachment was thus quite disinterested, and no pains whatever had been taken to train it.

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When M. Sonnini was in Egypt, he had an Angora cat, which remained in his possession for a long time. This animal was one of the most beautiful of its kind, and equally attractive in its manners and dispositions. In Sonnini's solitary moments, she chiefly kept by his side; she interrupted him frequently in the midst of his labours or meditations, by little affecting caresses, and generally followed him in his walks. During his absence, she sought and called for him incessantly, with the utmost inquietude; and if it were long before he reappeared, she would quit his apartment, and attach herself to the person of the house where he lived; for whom, next to himself, she entertained the greatest affection. She recognised his voice at a distance, and seemed on each fresh meeting with him to feel increased satisfaction. Her gait was frank, and her look as gentle as her character. She possessed, in a word, the disposition of the most amiable dog beneath the brilliant fur of a cat. 'This animal,' says M. Sonnini, 'was my principal amusement for several years. How was the expression of her attachment depicted upon her countenance! How many times have her tender caresses made me forget my troubles, and consoled me in my misfortunes! My beautiful and interesting companion at length perished. After several days of suffering, during which I never forsook her, her eyes constantly fixed on me, were at length extinguished; and her loss rent my heart with sorrow.'

Mohammed's cat must have ingratiated herself with her master in no common degree, for the prophet preferred cutting off the sleeve of his garment to disturbing the repose of his favourite, who had fallen asleep on it. It is said that Rousseau esteemed the cat more than the dog; but though few will be inclined to go this length, the former is undoubtedly capable of close personal attachment, and knows how to recommend herself to those for whom she feels an affection. Petrarch was so fond of his cat, that he had it embalmed after death, and placed in a niche of his apartment. Dr Johnson, too, had his feline favourite, of which it is told that it once fell ill, and refused every kind of food that could be thought of, till at last an oyster was offered by accident, which it greedily seized, and seemed to relish. The doctor, thinking that his servants would not be over-attentive to the duties of cat-nurse, undertook the charge himself, went daily for a few oysters, brought them home in his pocket, and administered them to poor Puss till she had quite recovered. The celebrated painter, Godefroi Mind, devoted himself almost exclusively to the painting of cats, in which he gained such celebrity, that he was distinguished by the appellation of the 'Raphael of cats.' He did not view them merely as subjects for art, but his attachment to the animal was unbounded. At one time hydrophobia prevailed to such an extent among the cats of Berne, that 800 were destroyed in consequence of an order issued by the magistrates. Poor Mind was in the deepest grief for the death of the cats, nor was he ever

after completely consoled. He had, however, so successfully secreted his own favourite cat, that she was spared. Minette was always near him when he was at work, and he carried on a kind of conversation with her by gestures and words. Sometimes Minette occupied his lap, while two or three kittens were perched on his shoulder, or on the back of his neck, as he stooped at his occupation; and thus he would remain for hours together without stirring, for fear of disturbing his companions, whose purring soothed and composed him. What made this the more remarkable was, that Mind was not particularly well-tempered, and that he could never be disturbed by visitors. His cat was no doubt equally attached to her master.

It is very common for cats to select one member of a family on whom they lavish all their fondness, while to the others they comport themselves with the utmost indifference. 'I remember,' says a female correspondent, 'there was a cat with her kittens found in a hole in the wall, in the garden of the house where my father-in-law lived. One of the kittens, being a very beautiful black one, was brought into the house, and almost immediately attached himself in a very extraordinary way to me. I was in mourning at the time, and perhaps the similarity of the hue of my dress to his sable fur might first have attracted him; but however this may have been, whenever he came into the room he constantly jumped into my lap, and evinced his fondness by purring and rubbing his head against me in a very coaxing manner. He continued thus to distinguish me during the rest of his life, and though I went with my father-in-law's family every winter to Dublin, and every summer to the country, the change of abode (to which cats are supposed so averse) never troubled my favourite, provided he could be with me. Frequently, when we have been walking home after spending the evening out, he has come running down half the street to meet us, testifying the greatest delight. On one occasion, when I had an illness which confined me for upwards of two months to my room, poor Lee Boo deserted the parlour altogether, though he had been always patted and caressed by every one there. He would sit for hours mewing disconsolately at my door, and when he could, he would steal in, jump upon the bed, testifying his joy at seeing me by loud purring and coaxing, and sometimes licking my hand. The very day I went down, he resumed his regular attendance in the parlour.'

One of the most affecting instances of personal attachment in the cat, is that mentioned by M. Ladoucette. Madame Helvitius had a favourite, which constantly lay at her feet, seemingly always ready to defend her. It never molested the birds which its mistress kept; it would not take food from any hand save hers; and would not allow any one else to caress it. At the death of his mistress, the poor cat was removed from her chamber, but it made its way there the next morning, went on the bed, sat upon her chair, slowly and mournfully paced over her toilet, and cried most piteously, as if lamenting his

poor mistress. After her funeral, it was found stretched on her grave, apparently having died from excess of grief. Another equally remarkable instance is related by Mr Pennant in his *Account of London*. Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, the friend and companion of the Earl of Essex in his fatal insurrection, having been some time confined in the Tower, was one day surprised by a visit from his favourite cat, which is said to have reached its master by descending the chimney of his apartment.

The following anecdote of combined attachment and sagacity rivals anything that has been told of the dog, and places the cat in a much more favourable light than current opinion would allow: In the summer of 1800, a physician of Lyon was requested to inquire into a murder that had been committed on a woman of that city. He accordingly went to the residence of the deceased, where he found her extended lifeless on the floor, and weltering in her blood. A large white cat was mounted on the cornice of a cupboard, at the further end of the apartment, where he seemed to have taken refuge. He sat motionless, with his eyes fixed on the corpse, and his attitude and looks expressing horror and affright. The following morning he was found in the same station and attitude; and when the room was filled with officers of justice, neither the clattering of the soldiers' arms, nor the loud conversation of the company, could in the least degree divert his attention. As soon, however, as the suspected persons were brought in, his eyes glared with increased fury; his hair bristled; he darted into the middle of the apartment, where he stopped for a moment to gaze at them, and then precipitately retreated. The countenances of the assassins were disconcerted; and they now, for the first time during the whole course of the horrid business, felt their atrocious audacity forsake them.

AFFECTION FOR OTHER ANIMALS.

Every one who has observed the deportment of the female cat towards her young, must have admired not only her maternal assiduity, but the playful simplicity she assumes to amuse them. The same tenderness she has been known to bestow on the young of other creatures; nursing them and tending them with the most devoted watchfulness. Books on animal biography abound with instances of this nature. Mr White of Selborne mentions that a friend of his had a leveret brought to him, which his servants fed with milk from a spoon. About the same time his cat kittened, and the young ones were drowned. The little hare was lost, and it was supposed to have been devoured by some dog or cat. However, in about a fortnight after, as the gentleman was sitting in his garden in the dusk of the evening, he observed his cat with tail erect trotting towards him, and calling with short notes of complacency, such as cats use towards their kittens, and something gamboling after,

which proved to be the leveret, which the cat had supported with her milk. The same writer relates a similar anecdote of a boy who had taken three young squirrels from their nest. These creatures he put under a cat which had lately lost her kittens, and found that she nursed and suckled them with the same assiduity and affection as if they had been her own progeny. So many persons went to see the little squirrels suckled by a cat, that the foster-mother became jealous of her charge, and in pain for their safety, and therefore concealed them over the ceiling, where one of them perished.

A similar story is told, in Dodsley's *Annual Register*, of a cat that suckled a couple of young rabbits, which had been thrown to her to devour; and, what is equally wonderful, we have heard of a cat that brought out two chickens, and treated them with the same affection as she did her kittens. A more remarkable instance, however, occurred some years ago in the house of a Mr Greenfield of Maryland. A cat had kittens, to which she frequently carried mice and other small animals for food, and among the rest she is supposed to have carried a young rat. The kittens, probably not being hungry, played with it; and when the cat gave suck to them, the rat likewise sucked her. This having been observed by some of the servants, Mr Greenfield had the kittens and rat brought down stairs, and put on the floor; and in carrying them off, the cat was remarked to convey away the young rat as tenderly as she did any of the kittens. This experiment was repeated as often as any company came to the house, till great numbers had become eye-witnesses of the preternatural affection.

We shall close our instances of the cat's affection towards the young of other animals by the following anecdote from the pages of Marryat, allowing the captain to tell it in his own amusing way: 'A little black spaniel had five puppies, which were considered too many for her to bring up. As, however, the breed was much in request, her mistress was unwilling that any of them should be destroyed, and she asked the cook whether she thought it would be possible to bring a portion of them up by hand before the kitchen fire. In reply, the cook observed that the cat had that day kittened, and that, perhaps, the puppies might be substituted. The cat made no objection, took to them kindly, and gradually all the kittens were taken away, and the cat nursed the two puppies only. Now, the first curious fact was, that the two puppies nursed by the cat were, in a fortnight, as active, forward, and playful as kittens would have been: they had the use of their legs, barked, and gamboled about; while the other three, nursed by the mother, were whining and rolling about like fat slugs. The cat gave them her tail to play with, and they were always in motion: they soon ate meat, and long before the others they were fit to be removed. This was done, and the cat became very inconsolable. She prowled about the house, and on the second day of tribulation fell in with the little spaniel

who was nursing the three other puppies. "Oh," says Puss, putting up her back, "it is you who have stolen my children." "No," replied the spaniel with a snarl; "they are my own flesh and blood." "That won't do," said the cat; "I'll take my oath before any justice of the peace that you have my two puppies." Thereupon issue was joined; that is to say, there was a desperate combat, which ended in the defeat of the spaniel, and in the cat walking off proudly with one of the puppies, which she took to her own bed. Having deposited this one, she returned, fought again, gained another victory, and redeemed another puppy. Now, it is very singular that she should have only taken two, the exact number she had been deprived of.'

Besides these instances where the maternal feeling is the exciting motive, there are many accounts of cats having lived in amity with creatures to whom they are supposed to be naturally averse. A few years since, a collection of wild beasts, birds, &c., was exhibited, in which the most attractive object was a cage inhabited by a cat, a guinea-pig, some white mice, and some birds—all living together in peace and harmony—Puss not only having laid aside her predatory propensities, but actually regarding her companions with looks of complacency and kindness. 'We have at present,' says a correspondent, 'a cat who has formed a very warm friendship with a large Newfoundland dog. She is continually caressing him, advances in all haste to him when he comes in, with her tail erect, then rubs her head against him, and purrs delightedly. When he lies before the kitchen fire, she uses him as a bed, pulling up and settling his hair with her claws to make it comfortable. As soon as she has arranged it to her liking, she lies down and composes herself to sleep, generally purring till she is no longer awake; and they often lie thus for an hour at a time. Poor Wallace bears this rough combing of his locks with the most patient placidity, turning his head towards her during the operation, and merely giving her a benevolent look, or gently licking her.'

We have also met with the following, which shews how the cat will look for assistance in cases of emergency, and that she will hit upon some way of shewing her gratitude for the kindness conferred. We give it in the words of the individual who recounts it: 'I was on a visit to a friend last summer, who had a favourite cat and dog, which lived together on the best possible terms, eating from the same plate, and sleeping on the same rug. Puss had a young family while I was at the Park, and Pincher paid a daily visit to the kittens, whose nursery was at the top of the house. One morning there was a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning; Pincher was in the drawing-room, and the cat was attending her family in the garret. Pincher seemed to be considerably annoyed by the vivid flashes of lightning which continually startled him; and just as he had crept close to my feet, some one entered the drawing-room followed by Puss, who walked in with a disturbed air, and

mewing with all her might. She came up to Pincher, rubbed her face against his cheek, touched him gently with her paw, and then walked to the door; stopped, looked back, mewed—all of which said, as plainly as words could have done, "Come with me, Pincher;" but Pincher was too much frightened himself to give any consolation to her, and took no notice of the invitation. The cat then returned and renewed her application with increased energy; but the dog was immovable; though it was evident that he understood her meaning, for he turned away his head with a half-conscious look, and crept still closer to me; and Puss finding all her entreaties unavailing, then left the room. Soon after this, her mewing became so piteous that I could no longer resist going to see what was the matter. I met the cat at the top of the stairs, close to the door of my sleeping apartment. She ran to me, rubbed herself against me, and then went into the room, and crept under the wardrobe. I then heard two voices, and discovered that she had brought down one of her kittens and lodged it there for safety; but her fears and cares being so divided between the kittens above and this little one below, I suppose she had wanted Pincher to watch by this one while she went for the others; for, having confided it to my protection, she hastened upstairs. I followed her with my young charge, placed it beside her, and moved their little bed further from the window, through which the lightning had flashed so vividly as to alarm poor Puss for the safety of her family. I remained there till the storm had subsided, and all was again calm. On the following morning, much to my surprise, I found her waiting for me at the door of my apartment. She accompanied me down to breakfast, sat by me, and caressed me in every possible way. She had always been in the habit of going down to breakfast with the lady of the house; but on this morning she had resisted all her coaxing to leave my door, and would not move a step till I made my appearance. She went to the breakfast-room with me, and remained, as I have mentioned, until breakfast was over, and then went upstairs to her family. She had never done this before, and never did it again: she had shewn her gratitude for my care of her little ones, and her duty was done.'

COURAGE AND BOLDNESS.

The cat, being naturally carnivorous, may be expected to possess considerable audacity. Every one must have witnessed the boldness with which a cat of ordinary size will stand up against even the largest Newfoundland dog, bristling her hair, and using her claws with the greatest address, so long as she can keep her front to her antagonist. Indeed it is only when the dog can lay hold of the comparatively slender spine of his opponent, that he overcomes her—few dogs having the boldness long to resist the ferocity with

which she assails their faces and eyes with her claws. The following instance of maternal courage and affection, recorded in the *Naturalists' Cabinet*, is worthy of admiration: 'A cat who had a numerous brood of kittens, one sunny day in spring, encouraged her little ones to frolic in the vernal beams of noon about the stable-door. While she was joining them in a thousand sportive tricks and gambols, they were discovered by a large hawk, who was sailing above the barnyard in expectation of prey. In a moment, swift as lightning, the hawk darted upon one of the kittens, and had as quickly borne it off, but for the courageous mother, who, seeing the danger of her offspring, flew on the common enemy, who, to defend itself, let fall the prize. The battle presently became seemingly dreadful to both parties; for the hawk, by the power of his wings, the sharpness of his talons, and the keenness of his beak, had for a while the advantage, cruelly lacerating the poor cat, and had actually deprived her of one eye in the conflict; but Puss, no way daunted by this accident, strove with all her cunning and agility for her little ones, till she had broken the wing of her adversary. In this state she got him more within the power of her claws, the hawk still defending himself apparently with additional vigour; and the fight continued with equal fury on the side of grimalkin, to the great entertainment of many spectators. At length victory seemed to favour the nearly exhausted mother, and she availed herself of the advantage; for, by an instantaneous exertion, she laid the hawk motionless beneath her feet, and, as if exulting in the victory, tore off the head of the vanquished tyrant. Disregarding the loss of her eye, she immediately ran to the bleeding kitten, licked the wounds inflicted by the hawk's talons on its tender sides, purring while she caressed her liberated offspring, with the same maternal affection as if no danger had assailed them or their affectionate parent.'

The cat's dislike to wet her feet has long been proverbial. The saying, 'she likes fish, but won't wet her feet for them,' is, however, not strictly true: the cat has been known to take the water after a fish, just as she will take the brake after a young hare or pheasant. Her dislike to soil her feet arises as much from her natural love of cleanliness, and the desire to keep her fur dry, as from any fear that she has to take the water. A friend of Dr Darwin's saw a cat catch a trout, by darting upon it in a deep clear water, at the mill at Weaford, near Lichfield. The animal belonged to a Mrs Stanley, who had frequently seen her catch fish in the same manner in the summer, when the mill-pool was drawn so low that the fish could be seen. Other cats have been known to take fish in shallow water as they stood on the bank. This may probably be a natural act of taking prey, which acquired delicacy by domestication has in general prevented cats from using, though their desire of eating fish continues in its original strength.

INSTANCES OF MEMORY.

The attachment of the cat to particular persons and places, and the fact of its often returning to its original home after a long absence, and over a great distance, prove the possession of a pretty accurate memory. All the felinæ seem well endowed in this respect, and none more so, perhaps, than the domestic cat. The following surprising instance we transcribe from the *Scotsman* newspaper for 1819: 'A favourite tabby belonging to a shipmaster was left on shore by accident, while his vessel sailed from the harbour of Aberdour, Fifeshire, which is about half a mile from the village. The vessel was about a month absent, and on her return, to the astonishment of the shipmaster, Puss came on board with a fine stout kitten in her mouth, apparently about three weeks old, and went directly down into the cabin. Two others of her young ones were afterwards caught quite wild in a neighbouring wood, where she must have remained with them till the return of the vessel. The shipmaster did not allow her again to go on shore, otherwise it is probable she would have brought the whole litter on board. What makes this the more remarkable is, that vessels were daily entering and leaving the harbour, none of which she ever thought of visiting till the one she had left returned.' How wonderfully accurate must this animal's recollection of the ship have been? The differences, however trifling, between it and other vessels which put in, must have been all closely observed and remembered; or we must suppose the creature to have had its recollections awakened by the voice or figure of some of its shipmates passing near to the wood where its family was located.

We have all heard of cats returning to the homes from which they have been sent, and this we might readily conceive to be the result of accurate observation and retentive memory; but there are many instances, well authenticated, where they could hardly have been aided by their faculties, and where they appear to have been guided by some mysterious instinct. 'We have a cat,' says our lady correspondent already quoted, 'who was a very wild character, often committing depredations in the larder, destroying our young pigeons, and making great havoc among the birds. He was considered so lawless, that, after a consultation on what was best to be done, a decree of banishment was issued against him, and he was sent in a thick linen bag to a cottage at about two miles' distance, where he was offered shelter, as he was an expert mouser. We thought we should never see Mr Tib again, but found ourselves quite mistaken; for late one evening, about three weeks after, he walked into the kitchen, and greeted every one so kindly, that he met with a more favourable reception than his previous conduct could have warranted him in expecting. Whether he has repented of his late

misconduct, whether he is conscious that it was the cause of his banishment, or whether he has passed through scenes which have broken his daring spirit, we cannot say, but all his bad habits are actually conquered, and he is now quite a pattern of domestic propriety.' Still more extraordinary is the instance related by a gentleman who removed his establishment from the county of Sligo to near Dublin, a distance of not less than ninety miles. When about to change his residence, he and his children regretted very much being obliged to leave a favourite cat behind them, which had endeared itself to them by its docility and affection. This gentleman had not been many days settled in his new abode, when one evening, as the family were sitting chatting after tea, the servant came in, followed by a cat so precisely like the one left behind, that all the family repeated his name at once. The creature testified great joy in his own way at the meeting. He was closely examined, and no difference whatever was discernible between the cat in Sligo and that now beside them. Still, it was difficult to believe it was their poor pet; for how could he have travelled after them, or how could he have found them out? And yet the exact resemblance, and the satisfaction which the poor animal evinced as he walked about, seemingly in all the confidence of being among his friends, with his tail erect, and purring with pleasure, left but little doubt upon their minds that this was indeed their own cat. The gentleman took him upon his lap, and examining him closely, found that his claws were actually worn down, which at once convinced him that poor Puss had really travelled the whole ninety miles' journey.

SAGACITY AND INTELLIGENCE.

While we readily admit that the cat is inferior in docility and intelligence to the dog, we are not of those who would exalt the one at the expense of the other, and continue to harbour absurd prejudices against the dispositions and manners of the former. We have seen that it is by no means destitute of attachment, gentleness, courage, memory, and other mental attributes; and if we regard it honestly, we shall also find that it exhibits in many instances no small degree of sagacious ingenuity. 'No experiment,' says an intelligent writer, 'can be more beautiful than that of setting a kitten for the first time before a looking-glass. The animal appears surprised and pleased with the resemblance, and makes several attempts at touching its new acquaintance; and at length finding its efforts fruitless, it looks behind the glass, and appears highly astonished at the absence of the figure. It again views itself, and tries to touch the image with its foot, suddenly looking at intervals behind the glass. It then becomes more accurate in its observations, and begins, as it were, to make experiments, by stretching out its paw in different directions; and when it finds that these motions

are answered in every respect by the figure in the glass, it seems at length to be convinced of the real nature of the image.' If so acute and intelligent in its very infancy, what may we expect when its faculties are matured by observation and experiment?

'A friend of mine,' says the Rev. Mr Bingley, 'possessed a cat and a dog, which, not being able to live together in peace, had several contentious struggles for the mastery; and in the end the dog so completely prevailed, that the cat was driven away, and forced to seek for shelter elsewhere. Several months elapsed, during which the dog alone possessed the house. At length, however, he was poisoned by a female servant, whose nocturnal visitors he had too often betrayed, and was soon afterwards carried out lifeless into the court before the door. The cat, from a neighbouring roof, was observed to watch the motions of several persons who went up to look at him; and when all were retired, he descended and crept with some degree of caution into the place. He soon ventured to approach; and after having frequently patted the dog with his paw, appeared perfectly sensible that his late quarrelsome companion could no more insult him; and from that time he quietly returned to his former residence and habits.' Here there was only a reasoning process exhibited; but in the following instance, related by Dr Smellie, there was ingenuity of performance combined with the sagacity: 'A cat frequented a closet, the door of which was fastened by a common iron latch. A window was situated near the door. When the door was shut, the cat gave herself no uneasiness; for, as soon as she was tired of her confinement, she mounted on the sill of the window, and with her paws dexterously lifted the latch and came out. This practice she continued for years.'

Still more ingenious are several of the instances related by M. Antoine in his *Animaux Cèlèbres*: In a cloister in France, where the hours of meals were announced by the ringing of a bell, a cat was always in attendance as soon as it was heard, that she, too, according to custom, might be fed. One day it happened that Puss was shut up in a room by herself when the bell rang, so she was not able to avail herself of the summons. Some hours after, she was let out, and instantly ran to the spot where dinner was always left for her, but no dinner was to be found. In the afternoon the bell was heard ringing at an unusual hour; when the inmates of the cloister came to see what was the cause of it, they found the cat clinging to the bell-rope, and setting it in motion as well as she was able, in order that she might have her dinner served up to her. In this instance the cat must have been in the habit of observing what went forward, and was therefore led to associate the ringing of the bell with the serving up of dinner; and feeling the want of her meal, very naturally applied herself to perform the act which had always preceded its appearance. Another anecdote, evincing still greater ingenuity and cunning, is related by the same amusing compiler. An Angora cat,

belonging to the Charter-house of Paris, having observed that the cook always left the kitchen upon the ringing of a certain bell, and thus left the coast clear for his depredations, soon acquired the art of pulling the bell, and during the cook's absence regularly made off with some of the delicacies which were left unprotected. This trick he repeated at intervals for several weeks, till one day he was detected by a person who was placed in wait for the purloiner.

The power of observation in the lower animals is much more active and accurate than is generally supposed; and to those who have watched their conduct, they seem not only to observe persons and events, but actually to know days, and if not to understand our language, at least to comprehend the meaning of the tones in which it is uttered. A very curious proof of the observant faculty in the cat is given in the following story: There was a lady who lived at Potsdam with her children, one of whom ran a splinter into her little foot, which caused her to scream out most violently. At first her cries were disregarded, and supposed to proceed from crossness; but at length the eldest sister, who had been asleep, was awakened by the screams, and as she was just getting up to quiet the child, she observed a favourite cat, with whom they were wont to play, and who was of a remarkably gentle disposition, leave its seat under the stove, go to the crying girl, and give her such a smart blow on the cheek with one of its paws, as to draw blood. After this the animal walked back with the greatest composure and gravity to its place, as if satisfied with having chastised the child for crying, and with the hope of indulging in a comfortable nap. No doubt it had often seen the child punished for crossness, and as there was no one near to administer correction, Puss had determined to take the law into her own hand.

It is told that before the conquest of Cyprus by the Turks, a garrison of disciplined cats was kept on that island for the purpose of destroying the serpents wherewith it was infested. So well trained were these feline hunters, that they came into their meals at the sound of a bell, and upon a similar signal returned in order to the chase, which they prosecuted with the most admirable zeal and address.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

The following additional incidents and characteristics of the cat kind are removed from the suspicion, sometimes attaching to unauthenticated stories, of being exaggerated or, it may even be in some cases, fabricated. They are selected from communications sent us by Mrs P——, a lady now living—the sister of a late eminent naturalist, and are exclusively the result of her own observation. 'Having,' she writes, 'now for more than forty-five years made the graceful "Feline" tribe my constant and loved companions,

and objects of study and close observation, I think I may venture to affirm that all the little incidents I am about to relate are strictly true, and what I can personally vouch for. From my childhood, cats were my pets, and I have never found their affection and gratitude fail in one instance.' She first mentions 'a beautiful male white Persian cat named "Ben." I had his mother, so that he was petted and trained from a kitten. His love for me was unbounded; he followed me like a dog, even if I was on my pony; and a severe illness obliging me to leave home for a year, nearly caused his death. He mourned for me, refused his food, and became quite wild and savage, allowing no one to handle him, and always lay on an old dress of mine, which he would suffer no one to remove from him. My mother, by great care and coaxing, induced him to eat a little; but when I returned after a year's absence, he was the shadow of his former self; his soft coat disheveled, and no longer glossy, and his whole aspect changed. The moment I spoke—indeed, before I spoke, he recognised my step the instant I came into the room—he rushed to me, overwhelmed me with caresses, licked my face and hands, and seemed overpowered with joy. He soon regained his former good looks, and has been my faithful companion for many years. I had at that time eight or nine cats, all faithful and fond, but none so intelligent as Ben.'

The feat of lifting the latch mentioned at page 15 is paralleled, if not outdone, by a magnificent cat now in Mrs P——'s possession. 'He is a dark broad-striped tabby, with black soles to the feet, black lips, and light tufts to the ears, like the Nubian or Egyptian cats brought home by the Prince of Wales. He weighs 16¾ lbs, and measures one yard three inches from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail; he answers to his name, Gyp (as indeed mine all do to their respective names), and can open any door when he wishes. If it is an old-fashioned one, fastening with a latch, he puts his paw on the tip of the latch, and opens it. He will turn a button, and open a cupboard door, but never thieves. More strange still: all the lower room-doors, also the bedrooms, open, as such doors usually do, with a brass knob; Gyp will stand on his hind-legs, take the knob in his paws, and rattle and turn it until he gets it open. He sleeps on a cushion by the fire with the other cats; but about two or three o'clock in the morning, when the fire goes out, and he is cold, he always comes up-stairs, opens the bedroom door, and comes to bed to me, or lies on one of my dresses. While on this topic, I may add the case of a poor little stray kitten I have taken in. It is so fearful of being shut out, that the moment you put it out of doors, it returns, and flies up at the handle, to open it. Another cat my husband knew as a boy, used always to open a cottage-door, clinging with one paw to the handle of the door, and putting the other on the top of the latch.'

Mrs P—— laughs at the idea of its being thought strange for a

cat to know its name. 'Why, I never had one that did not. It is only because people call them "Puss," and never treat them as if they were the sensible, loving animals they are, that they do not always do so. My five cats at present always answer to their several names, and come when called; and if, when they are asleep, I call "Gyp," he looks up, but not one of the others. If I call "Star," or "Lily," or "Tiger," whichever I speak to gives an intelligent look, or a pur of recognition, if too sleepy to move at first, unless I repeat the call. They would follow as well as dogs, were it not for fear of strangers; for are they not always hooted and stoned? My home is in a remarkably secluded situation, close to the river Blythe, amid water-meadows, surrounded by deep ditches, and happily there are no game-preservers near. When I put on my shawl for my evening stroll by the river, the pussies all muster and follow me, and gambol about me—running by my side and before me. They go as far as I do, and return with me. They do the same by my kind husband, who happily likes animals, and indulges me in my tastes; they follow him in the same way into the boat, or anywhere. We have only one neighbour; and if either or both of us go there, particularly if it is night, the cats follow us, and wait outside for our return, and escort us home.'

Mrs P—— gives a still more striking instance of this propensity to follow, in the case of a little tabby cat belonging to one of the coast-guard at the neighbouring village. It 'always follows him on his beat; and all last winter, in quite bitter weather, would not be left at home, but used to go out with him on the beach for nearly two miles, where he had to meet the other man, remain with him all his watch, and return in the morning.

'When we were moving from our former place, twelve miles off, to our present cottage, Gyp, then a young cat, used to ride backwards and forwards with his master and myself in the gig, sitting between us. Now, when we go out for a drive, either or both of us, with our tiny pony, when we return, the cats always come to meet us, and jump up into the gig before almost it stops. If they hear another vehicle approaching, they hide; so they must know the sound of ours.

'It is universally said that cats like places better than persons. Such, indeed, is their nature; but something is also due to the circumstance that they are never treated as rational companions, and in conformity with their delicate refined natures. They do prefer known localities, because of their timid and retiring character; but treat them as they should be treated, and their love for their master or mistress is stronger than their dislike to changes. I have never had any difficulty in removing mine.'

A poor little kitten rescued by Mrs P—— from cruel boys, and brought up by hand, proved a model of affection. 'Her favourite place was on my shoulder; she would lick my face, my hands, and

always knew if I was ill. I am subject to violent headaches at times, which confine me to my bed while they last; Tiny's place was my pillow, and by every gentle endearment did she try to express her sorrow at my pain, and try to soothe it. Another peculiarity of hers was her "philoprogenitiveness." She had the most extraordinary love of kittens; no matter whose they were, she would take, nurse, and mother them. It seemed as if she remembered her own helpless condition. She and my other female cat (who is so shy, and unlike Tiny) had kittens together: Tiny would have all; so the real mother compromised the matter by sharing the cares, and both lay in one basket with the kittens between them. One day Tiny brought home a neighbour's kitten, and brought it up; and some children having called and brought two kittens to look at, Tiny took possession of them, and when they were taken away, actually followed the children some way, to get the kittens again. Now, generally, though such affectionate parents, they do not like other cats' kittens.'

Mrs P—— protests against the current opinion that cats are born thieves. If almost all cats are so in fact, it is 'because they are never properly fed. I can leave my breakfast or dinner table with milk, butter, meat, and the whole five cats in the room, without their ever offering to touch anything. They have their own saucers of milk under the table, which they can go to; and when I give them their proper meals, they come regularly at my call to be fed. They eat nothing raw, or unless quite clean and nicely cut up.

'Cats, it is said, so fed and petted, are not good mousers. Nothing is farther from the truth. When we came to this place, it swarmed with water-rats, and other rats too, out of vessels which come to the small quay; now, you scarcely ever see one. I have known my great Gyp bring in seven or eight of a morning, and the young ones follow in his steps. They have no fear of water, watch along the edge of the ditches, and plunge in after the water-rats. They will catch shrew-mice too, which cats generally will not touch. My neighbour's cat has not half the heart to attack its prey, though left, as cats usually are, to find its living as it can. One summer evening, we were, along with some friends, on the green close to our little cottage, when Gyp presented himself with a great rat in his mouth, and set it down in the centre of the green for the younger cats. One of them, quite a kitten, attacked it, but got bitten, and shrank back. Gyp walked gravely into the ring, lifted his paw, knocked down the rat, and then retired, as much as to say: "There; I have shewn you how to proceed; go on." And so they did: the young pussies finished him. Poor Tiger, the young kitten who attacked the rat, grew, without exception, to be the handsomest cat I ever saw: he was dark, narrow-striped like a tiger, with a beautiful ringed, black-tipped tail; and he was a "Tiger" to all but me. Rats he used to bring to my feet —great ones. He would sit at the window and look out, and I knew in a moment if a stranger came in sight; he would growl and set up

his back, notwithstanding that he was so loving to me, and so intelligent. Having had the misfortune to break his leg, he suffered me to set it and bind it up without any resistance. I grieve to say somebody stole or killed him, I fear for his splendid skin. I have a son of his, a young Tiger; he is a handsome, intelligent cat, but nothing to equal his father. One thing, however, I must tell you about him, which proves that cats know what you say—a faculty usually denied them. I comb my cats every day; the others don't dislike it, but that is all; they submit; but Tiger delights in it. If I comb one of the others first, he pushes himself in between; and if he sees me combing my own hair, he comes, and by all his arts begs to share in the operation. And at any time if I say: "Come, where is Tiger's comb?" and put my hand towards where I keep it, he will come running, and jump up to my hand, and ask as plainly as he can for what he wishes.

'As a proof that cats also know time as well as dogs, I may mention the case of a cat belonging to the same coast-guardsman already spoken of. Having been brought up as a kitten with his children, it was devotedly attached to one of his little boys, and when the child was at school, it always knew when it was four o'clock in the afternoon; and if they did not let it out at the door, would have flown through the window, to go up the lane, more than half a mile, to meet him returning from school.'

According to Mrs P——, it is owing to the refined and sensitive organisation of the cat, that its capability of attachment to persons has been so commonly denied. Its affection is a kind of hot-house plant; the least harsh usage, like ungenial weather, checks it in the bud. 'There is something refined and delicate in the love and affection of a cat; a harsh word, an unkind action, is enough to break their hearts, they are so sensitive. There is always to me a coarseness in the dog's affection; harsh words, blows even, do not seem to affect them much: it is not so with the Felinæ; their organisation and their feelings are more delicate. They are also retiring and secretive, and are shy in manifesting their affection, except when alone with those they trust. Nor is it mere cupboard love, as is often said; I will engage to make a cat love me without feeding. In any house I frequently enter, if there is a cat, it soon knows me, and takes to me. I never give my cats away, for fear of their having unhappy homes; but I have made one exception in the case of a neighbouring gardener here, who is fond of cats; he has had one of my cats from a kitten, and it knows his footstep, nay, more, his ring at the door-bell, or his knock at the door. If asleep on his master's chair, he jumps up the moment he hears either, although he does not stir if another person rings or knocks. This fact I vouch for.'

Long and careful observation has made Mrs P—— and her husband firm believers in the powers commonly ascribed to the cat

of forecasting the weather. 'No barometer can foretell changes of weather better than they do; I never fail to know what is coming; it is now blowing and raining, as I said it would do twenty-four hours ago. When the pussies fly about and jump and play, it is a sure sign of wind; if they wash their faces, and lick their feet much, there will always be rain or snow before long; if there is a great deal of electricity in their fur when you stroke or comb them—if it crackles and sparkles—then be sure, if it is summer, there will be a thunder-storm; if winter, severe frost, hail, and stormy weather. No doubt it is their extreme sensitiveness of constitution that makes them so easily affected by changes in the atmosphere.'

The following incident, shewing remarkable sagacity in a cat, was brought to light at an inquest held, April 1869, at Hartlepool, on the body of Isabella Joyce, who met her death by drowning in the sea. The deceased, who was in her twenty-eighth year, had been living with a brother-in-law, named Charles Dent, a fitter. She left the house about nine o'clock on Tuesday night, saying that she was going into the yard, and as she did not return, her sister searched for her at some neighbours' houses, but without result; and an hour later, when her husband came in from work, they renewed the search—at first without result; but as they were re-entering their home, a favourite cat manifested peculiar evidences of affection towards Mrs Dent, and then ran off towards the sea—the cat all the way now and again returning to caress her mistress, as if to encourage her forward. They both followed their feline guide, who soon brought them to the object of their search, lying just on the brink of the waves, the sea washing over her.

THE RAT.

ALTHOUGH not a domestic animal in the sense that the cat is, yet the rat is intimately associated with man—more intimately, in fact, than is pleasant. Whatever man does, it has been observed, rat always takes part in the proceeding; whether it be building a ship, erecting a church, storing a stackyard or a pantry, or planting a distant colony; man and his gear can no more get transported from place to place without him, than without the ghost in the wagon that 'flitted too.'

There are a great many species of rats, but the only two found in Europe are the Black Rat (*Mus rattus*) and the Brown Rat (*Mus decumanus*). What is called the water-rat is not properly a rat at all; it is more nearly allied to the beavers, and its right name is the water-vole. Widely spread and numerous as rats now are everywhere, their appearance in Europe took place in modern times.

Both species appear to be natives of the central parts of Asia, where other nearly allied species are also found. The black rat found its way to Europe about the beginning of the sixteenth century; the brown rat first appeared at Astrakhan in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and reached Britain and the rest of Western Europe about the middle of the century. The Jacobites of Britain were accustomed to delight themselves with the notion that it came with the House of Hanover, and chose to call it the *Hanoverian Rat.* It also received the name of *Norway Rat*, from a belief, unquestionably erroneous, that it was introduced from Norway, a country which it did not reach until long after it was fully established in Britain.

These two species are like one another, and very similar in their habits. The brown rat is the larger and more powerful of the two, and has waged war against the other with such success as to cause its total, or almost total, disappearance from many places where it was once very abundant; so that in many parts of Britain, where the black rat was once plentiful and troublesome, it would now be difficult, perhaps impossible, to obtain a single specimen. Rats, when pressed by hunger, do not scruple to devour the weaker even of their own kind. The extirpation of the black rat does not, however, always follow from the introduction of the brown rat, each probably finding situations more particularly suited to itself. In their native regions, they exist together; and in some parts of Europe the black rat is still the more plentiful of the two. Both infest ships, and are thus conveyed to the most distant parts of the world, some of them getting ashore at every port, and establishing new colonies, so that they are now common—and particularly the brown rat—almost wherever commerce extends.

The disappearance of the black rat before the brown, has been accounted for by a difference in their habits, conjoined with a change which has been gradually taking place in the circumstances of their existence. The black rat is hardly a burrowing animal, and in old-fashioned country houses used to live chiefly in holes of the thatch or turf, of which the roofs in those days were usually formed. The brown rat, on the other hand, burrows deep in the earth, and often seeks security for its nest beneath the very foundation-stones of houses. The quantity of earth, stones, and rubbish which they will cast up in forming one of these dens of refuge, is quite incredible; and it often seems impossible to eradicate them without taking down the wall. Their habits lead them also to take refuge in the sewers of towns, the drains made under gentlemen's houses, and other concealed places, particularly where there is foul water. The female occasionally brings forth nineteen at a litter.

In the style of building now generally adopted, and which extends even to the meanest farm-offices, there are none of those thatched roofs, stone and turf walls, or clay cottages, which were the favourite

haunts of the black rat; and this species is therefore deprived of almost every resource for lodging. The same circumstance which has had this effect has been favourable to the accommodation of their congeners, the brown rat, who find additional sewers, drains, and conduits of water in every new erection, and who avail themselves instantly of them all to find lodging for their numberless progeny. This circumstance, together with the astonishing fertility of the brown rat, has decided the fate of the two races. We have thus an illustration of the Darwinian theory, that in the struggle for existence the possession of the field remains with the plant or animal best fitted to maintain itself on it.

Since the irruption of the browns, they have had a century and a half in which to increase and multiply, and have carried out that injunction at such a rate, that a rat-census for 1870 would make rather an alarming blue-book. The females breed at three months old, live in a state of polygamy, add to the vermin population five or six times in the year, and produce eight, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, and sometimes as many as eighteen young in a litter. It has been calculated that in three years there will spring no less than six hundred and fifty-one thousand rats from a single pair.

The voracity of rats is no less remarkable than their fecundity. Their taste is universal; nothing comes amiss to their palate. Their love for free-trade in corn makes it necessary to floor our Thames granaries with concrete and glass, and panoply their walls in sheet-iron. They swarm in the sewers near the slaughter-houses, for the sake of the offal; they undermine stacks of cheeses in warehouses, often falling victims to their unskilful engineering, by being crushed by them. To the careful housewife, rats are a perpetual annoyance; supping off her best yellow or mottled soap, making light of her moulds and dips, defying her to save her bacon, or preserve her jams and pastry, poaching her eggs, licking her butter, dipping their tails in flasks of oil, and even devouring boots and shoes. In spring, the country rat, forsaking the stack in which he has been snugly housed during the winter, takes to the fields; he burrows like the rabbit, and makes cruel war upon young leverets and game of all kinds. Not content with eating his fill of grain in the fields, he lays by a store for future use. With the arrival of autumn, the majority of barn-rats return to their old homes; some, however, prefer the wild life of the woods, and become regular poachers.

The wholesale larceny with which the rat is too justly charged, is criminal enough, in all conscience, but worse remains behind. He has been known to make a meal of the fingers and toes of a living baby. There is one dish that is more tempting to the rat's palate than any other, and for which he will desert anything else in the eatable world, and that is, a defunct relative. Should two rats agree to settle their differences by a mortal combat, their friends and

acquaintances look on as complacently as distinguished amateurs contemplate a fight for the championship. But immediately the affair is concluded by the death of one of the combatants, the spectators break up the ring, and incontinently set upon victor and vanquished, and eat them up then and there. Woe, too, to any unfortunate meeting with an accident, or becoming infirm, for he is gobbled up without remorse. When a rat's leg is found in a trap, instead of its being a proof of his resolution in preferring to leave a limb behind rather than remain in captivity, the chances are that some of his kith and kin have eaten him alive. In consequence of this propensity for cannibalism, when Mrs Rat becomes a mother, she is obliged to hide her offspring, lest papa or some old gentleman of his acquaintance should make his dinner of them, which he would certainly do if he found them unprotected.

When rats once establish themselves in a ship, it is next to impossible to dislodge them. When the plague becomes intolerable, suffocation is had recourse to; the hatches are closed, and the hold is filled with the fumes of sulphur or of charcoal; steam is sometimes used. We have heard of an American captain who adopted a very ingenious but less creditable plan. Having been almost eaten up by these creatures in his ship for some years, he took an opportunity one voyage, after delivering his cargo in Holland, to lay a plank from his own vessel to that of a countryman, who had just finished loading a cargo of cheese; the greedy sagacity of the rats led them instantly to discover the communication, and before morning next day, there was not one of them remaining in his ship. By removing the plank, he of course took care they should not resume their old quarters; and so by a cruel trick he rid himself of this voracious colony of rats.

In justice to an object of such universal dislike, it is but fair to mention the good qualities of the rat. He is not quite devoid of all feeling and affection; both Mr Jesse and Mr Cotton attest having seen blind rats being led by their companions to a place of security. Nor are instances rare of the rat becoming tame, and shewing its attachment to those who pet and fondle it. An interesting case of this kind is given in the Memoirs of M. de La Tude, of whose cruel detention for thirty-five years in the Bastille and other prisons, an account will be found in another number of this series.

'For a long time I had enumerated amongst my greatest annoyances the presence of a crowd of rats, who came continually hunting for food and lodging in my straw. Sometimes, when I was asleep, they ran across my face, and more than once, by biting me severely, occasioned the most acute suffering. Unable to get rid of them, and forced to live in their society, I conceived the idea of forming a friendship with them.

'The dungeons of the Bastille are octagonal; the one where I was confined had a loophole two feet and a half above the floor. On

the inside, it was two feet long, and about eighteen inches wide; but it gradually diminished towards the exterior, so that on the outside wall it scarcely exceeded three inches in size. From this loophole alone I derived the only light and air I was permitted to enjoy: the stone which formed the base of it served me also for chair and table. When tired of reclining on a foul and infected pallet, I dragged myself to the loophole to imbibe a little fresh air. To lighten the weight of my chains, I rested my elbows and arms on this horizontal stone. Being one day in this attitude, I saw a large rat appear at the other extremity of the loophole; I called him to me; he looked at me, without shewing any fear; I gently threw him a piece of bread, taking care not to frighten him away by a violent action. He approached, took the bread, went to a little distance to eat it, and appeared to ask for a second piece: I flung him another, but at a less distance; a third, nearer still, and so on by degrees. This continued as long as I had bread to give him: for, after satisfying his appetite, he carried off to a hole the fragments he had not devoured. The following day he came again. I treated him with the same generosity, and added even a morsel of meat, which he appeared to find more palatable than the bread; for this time he ate in my presence, which before he had not done. The third day he became sufficiently familiar to take what I offered him from my fingers.

'I have no idea where his dwelling-place was before, but he appeared inclined to change it, to approach nearer to me; he discovered, on each side of the window, a hole sufficiently large for his purpose; he examined them both, and fixed his abode in the one to the right, which appeared to him the most convenient. On the fifth day, for the first time, he came to sleep there. The following morning he paid me a very early visit: I gave him his breakfast; when he had eaten heartily, he left me, and I saw no more of him till the next day, when he came according to custom. I saw, as soon as he had issued from his hole, that he was not alone. I observed a female rat peeping from it, and apparently watching our proceedings. I tried to entice her out, by throwing her bread and meat; she seemed much more timid than the other, and for some time refused to take them; however, at last she ventured out of the hole by degrees, and seized what I threw half-way towards her. Sometimes she quarrelled with the male, and when she proved either stronger or more skilful, ran back to the hole, carrying with her what she had taken. When this happened, the male rat crept close up to me for consolation, and, to revenge himself on the other, ate what I gave him too far from the hole for her to venture to dispute it with him, but always pretending to exhibit his prize, as if in bravado. He would then seat himself on his haunches, holding the meat or bread between his fore-paws, like a monkey, and nibbling it with an air of defiance.

'One day, the pride of the female conquered her shyness. She sprang out, and seized between her teeth the morsel which the other was beginning to munch. Neither would let go, and they rolled over each other to the hole, into which the female, who was the nearest to it, dragged the male after her. This extraordinary spectacle relieved, by contrast, the monotony of my ordinary sufferings and recollections. In the bustle of the world, it is difficult to conceive the pleasure I derived from such a trifling source, but there are sensitive minds who will readily understand it.

'When my dinner was brought in, I called my companions: the male ran to me directly; the female, according to custom, came slowly and timidly, but at length approached close to me, and ventured to take what I offered her from my hand. Some time after, a third appeared, who was much less ceremonious than my first acquaintances. After his second visit, he constituted himself one of the family, and made himself so perfectly at home that he resolved to introduce his comrades. The next day he came, accompanied by two others, who in the course of a week brought five more; and thus, in less than a fortnight, our family circle consisted of ten large rats and myself. I gave each of them names, which they learned to distinguish. When I called them, they came to eat with me, from the dish or off the same plate; but I found this unpleasant, and was soon forced to find them a dish for themselves, on account of their slovenly habits. They became so tame that they allowed me to scratch their necks, and appeared pleased when I did so; but they would never permit me to touch them on the back. Sometimes I amused myself with making them play, and joining in their gambols. Occasionally, I threw them a piece of meat scalding hot: the most eager ran to seize it, burned themselves, cried out, and left it; whilst the less greedy, who had waited patiently, took it when it was cold, and escaped into a corner, where they divided their prize. Sometimes I made them jump up, by holding a piece of bread or meat suspended in the air.

'There was among them a female whom I had christened Rapino-Hirondelle, on account of her agility. I took great pleasure in making her jump; and so confident was she of her superiority over all the others, that she never condescended to take what I held up for them; she placed herself in the attitude of a dog pointing at game—allowed one of the rats to spring at the morsel offered to him, and at the moment when he seized it, would dart forward, and snatch it out of his mouth. It was unlucky for him if she missed her spring; for then she invariably seized him by the neck with her teeth, as sharp as needles; the other, yelling with pain, would leave his prey at the mercy of Rapino-Hirondelle, and creep into a corner to cure the wounds she had inflicted on him.

'With these simple and innocent occupations, I contrived, for two years, to divert my mind from constantly brooding over my miseries;

and now and then I surprised myself in a sensation of positive enjoyment. A bountiful Deity had no doubt created this solace for me; and when I gave myself up to it, in those happy moments, the world disappeared. I thought no longer of men and their barbarities but as a dream. My intellectual horizon was bounded by the walls of my prison; my senses, my reason, and my imagination were centered within that narrow compass. I found myself in the midst of a family who loved and interested me; why, then, should I wish to transport myself back into another hemisphere, where I had met with nothing but oppressors and executioners.'

SAGACITY OF RATS.

In the indulgence of their predilection for eggs, rats display great judgment. It would appear almost impossible for them to carry off such fragile spoil without breakage, but they do contrive to do so. If the theft is achieved without a confederate, the rat stretches out its fore-leg underneath the egg, steadies it above with its cheek, and hops away cautiously upon three legs. To convey an egg from the bottom to the top of a house is a still more difficult affair, and probably an impossibility for a single rat to perform. With the aid of a partner, the operation is thus managed: the male rat stands upon his head, and lifts up the egg with his hind-legs; the female taking it thence in her fore-paws, secures it till her lord ascends a step higher; and so they proceed from stair to stair, till their booty is deposited safely in their hole. A London pastry-cook had some fine eggs which he prized highly, but the number of which was mysteriously diminished night after night. Suspicion of course fell upon the domestics. One of them, a maid-servant, hearing one night a noise on the stairs, stole out on the landing, fancying she might be fortunate enough to detect the egg-pilferer. She was not mistaken, although she was considerably astonished at discovering who the real offenders were. She saw two rats, one larger than the other, busily engaged in carrying the cherished eggs down-stairs, and felt too interested in watching their proceedings to think of disturbing them. The big rat stood on his hind-legs, with his fore-paws and head resting on the step above; the lady-rat rolled the egg gently towards her spouse; clasping it gently, but firmly, he lifted it carefully on the step upon which he stood, holding it there until she came and took charge of it, when he descended a step lower; till the clever pair reached the lowermost floor with their prize uninjured.

The following we have on the authority of an eye-witness. Our informant observed several of them one morning gathered about a hen's nest where there were some eggs; and imagining that they intended in some way to make these their prey, or perhaps to carry them off, as they are frequently said to do, he resolved to watch their motions: in a short time he saw one of them lay himself down

beside an egg, where, folding his body round it lengthwise, he held it as firm as he could; after which, the better to secure his grasp, he took his tail between his teeth; the others then approached, and, seizing him by the neck, fairly dragged off the rat and the egg together.

We know a gentleman who, in the summer of 1867, took quarters for his family for two months in a country manse. The first night of their arrival, various stores—rice, eggs, butter, loaves of bread, &c. —were left exposed in the kitchen; in the morning, everything had utterly disappeared. A few days after, our friend, who is a fisher, brought home upwards of two dozen of good trout. The lid of the basket was fastened with a padlock; and the whole was left standing on the kitchen floor. In the morning, the usual oblong hole in the lid was found gnawed into something of a round shape (we have seen it as the rats left it), and the trouts were gone—not a fin left. The basket would not have held enough rats at once to eat the fish; had they waited and each taken a turn? or had a slim rat entered and handed, or *mouthed* out the trouts to the others?

Mr Jesse, in his *Gleanings in Natural History*, relates the following anecdote, which he had from a person of the strictest veracity, who was a witness of the fact: 'A box containing some bottles of Florence oil was placed in a storeroom which was seldom opened, the lid of the box having been taken away. On going to the room for one of the bottles, the pieces of bladder and the cotton which were at the mouth of each bottle had disappeared, and a considerable quantity of the contents of the bottles had been consumed. This circumstance having excited surprise, a few bottles were filled with oil, and the mouth of them secured as before. The next morning, the coverings of the bottles had been removed, and some of the oil was gone. On watching the room, which was done through a small window, some rats were seen to get into the box and insert their tails into the necks of the bottles, and then withdrawing them, they licked off the oil which adhered to them.'

What follows is illustrative both of the sagacity and courage of the rat. A medical friend of Mr Jesse's 'having entertained a great deal of surprise that the ferret, an animal *of such slow locomotive powers*, should be so destructive and obnoxious to the rat tribe, determined to bring both these animals fairly into the arena, in order to judge of their respective powers; and having selected a fine specimen of a large and full-grown male rat, as also an equally strong buck ferret, which had been accustomed to the haunts of rats, accompanied by his son, he turned these two animals loose in a room void of furniture, in which there was but one window, determined to await patiently the whole process of their encounter. Immediately upon being liberated, the rat ran round the room as if searching for an exit. Not finding any means of escape, he uttered a piercing shriek, and, with the most prompt decision, took up his

station directly under the light, thus gaining over his adversary (to use the language of pugilists) the advantage of the sun. The ferret now erected his head, sniffed about, and seemed fearlessly to push his way towards the spot where the scent of his game was strongest, facing the light in full front, and preparing himself with avidity to seize upon his prey. No sooner, however, had he approached within two feet of his watchful foe, than the rat, again uttering a loud cry, rushed at him, and in a violent attack inflicted a severe wound on the head or neck of the ferret, which soon discovered itself by the blood which flowed from it; the ferret seemed astonished at the charge, and retreated with evident discomfiture; while the rat, instead of following up the advantage he had gained, instantly withdrew to his former station under the window.

'The ferret soon recovered the shock he had sustained, and erecting his head, once more took the field. This second rencontre was in all its progress and results an exact repetition of the former, with this exception, that on the rush of the rat to the conflict, the ferret appeared more collected, and evidently shewed an inclination to get a firm hold of his enemy: the strength of the rat, however, was prodigiously great, and he again succeeded in not only avoiding the deadly embrace of the ferret, but also inflicted another severe wound on his neck and head. The rat again returned to his retreat under the window, and the ferret seemed less anxious to renew the conflict. These attacks were resumed at intervals for nearly two hours, generally ending in the failure of the ferret, who was evidently fighting to a disadvantage from the light falling full on his eye whenever he approached the rat, who wisely kept his ground, and never for a moment lost sight of the advantage he had obtained.

'In order to prove whether the choice of this position depended upon accident, my friend managed to dislodge the rat, and took his own station under the window; but the moment the ferret attempted to make his approach, the rat, evidently aware of the advantage he had lost, endeavoured to creep between my friend's legs, thus losing sight of his natural fear of man under the danger which awaited him from his more deadly foe. The ferret by this time had learned a profitable lesson, and prepared to approach the rat in a more wily manner by creeping insidiously along the skirting, and thus avoiding the glare of light that heretofore had baffled his attempts. The rat still pursued with the greatest energy his original mode of attack, namely, inflicting a wound, and avoiding at the same time a close combat; whilst it was equally certain that his foe was intent upon laying hold of and grasping his intended victim in his murderous embrace.

'The character of the fight, which had lasted more than three hours, was now evidently changed, and the rat appeared conscious that he had lost the advantage he originally possessed, and, like the Swedish hero, had taught his frequently beaten foe to beat himself

in turn. At last, in a lengthened struggle, the ferret succeeded in accomplishing his originally intended grapple; the rat, as if conscious of his certain ruin, made little further effort of resistance, but sending forth a plaintive shriek, surrendered himself quietly to his persevering foe.'

Many stories are told of rats migrating from places on the eve of danger; but they are seldom authenticated as they ought to be. In the following instance, this property is averred to have been shewn both by rats and a cat; and we consider the authentication to have been all that could be wished. At four o'clock in the morning of the 19th of October 1854, the mill of Peebles was found on fire, and it was completely burned down. Two hours before the conflagration, a man passing the neighbouring bridge over the Tweed observed a moving mass of something which appeared to him like a shoal of salmon taking a stream, and the sight was accompanied by a pattering as of small feet. He considered the mystery as cleared up next morning, when the mill was burned, and four stacks in a field near the far end of the bridge were found to have been taken possession of by a huge colony of rats! Eighteen months before, a female cat, declining to accompany its owner's family to another part of the town, and not choosing to remain with a new family in the house in which it had hitherto lived, volunteered itself as an inmate of the mill, where it had since remained, notwithstanding many attempts of its original owner to wile it to his new home. Invariably, when left free—even though one of her kittens was used as a decoy—she left his house, and returned to the mill. On the evening before the burning, and fully seven hours before it took place, she came up to her old master as he was standing with some friends on the street, accosted him with friendly rubbings on his ankles, and contentedly accompanied him on his return to his house, from which she never after attempted to remove.

EXTIRPATION OF RATS.

It has been calculated that, at the very moderate allowance of a wine-glassful of wheat a day for each, a thousand rats will consume nearly three hundred pounds worth a year. At this rate, what a bill of damages the agricultural and other produce destroyed in this way all over the United Kingdom would exhibit! How to extirpate, or, at all events, abate this wasteful nuisance, becomes thus a matter of serious import both individually and nationally. In a handbook on *The Rat*, by James Rodwell (Routledge & Co.), this subject is entered into at large, and a great variety of expedients are described; we can only give a few of the more general suggestions. For farm-steadings and large establishments, it is common to employ professional rat-catchers. When this is done, the man employed should get a sufficient yearly retaining fee, and not be

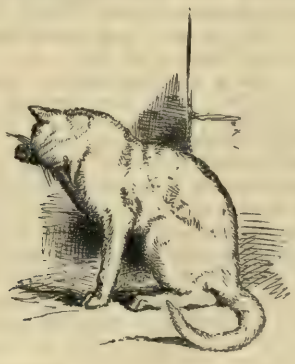
called in for an occasional battue. If you tell him that you have no rats now, and therefore do not need his services more, he will take care that before six months are past you shall have plenty. He can lure the rats from all the farms round about on to yours, so that soon you will be swarming alive. Rat-catchers are popularly believed to have some mysterious power of bewitching rats. The charms in common use we are told are four—'namely, a red herring, some old rags, a small bottle of the oil of aniseed, and a calf's tail. These are the witches! and the method of using them is simply thus: If you prefer the red herring, all you have to do is to tie it by the tail with a piece of string; but be careful to handle it as little as possible. Then, after dark, when all is quiet, just trail it on the ground round the barn or rick where the rats are, and then strike off, trailing it all the way to the place where you wish them to go, and there leave it; or, if you know the place where they drink, it is only necessary to trail it across their path to the place you would have them go, and that will have the same effect. The consequence is, when the rats come out to drink at the nearest pond, ditch, or river, they will catch the scent of the herring; off they will go, nosing it all the way like hounds; and when there, it is a hundred to one they do not go back, but quietly take up their abode where they are. This method of drawing them mostly proves successful; but either of the others I think better, which is, to fasten a string to the old rags or calf's tail; then pour some of the oil of aniseed upon them, and trail them the same as the herring to the place where you wish the rats should go.'

The principal agents in the destruction of rats are ferrets, dogs, traps, nets, and poisons; but the last should never be used where the others are available. The work should be set about in earnest, and a vigorous effort made at the outset. 'With ferrets, dogs, sticks, traps, and guns, kill all you can, and poison the remainder.' In setting a trap of whatever kind, never touch trap or bait with naked hands, as the scent has a repelling effect. The trap should be made clean with brush and water; then the bait—which may be a piece of cheese, herring, liver, or bacon—should be toasted on a fork, and put into the trap without touching it with the fingers. The trap itself should be handled only with a thick glove scented with two or three drops of the oil of aniseed. It improves the bait to put a single drop of the oil on a piece of writing-paper, and rub the bait on it; more than one drop would make it smell rank. If, while baiting a trap, you rub your hands from time to time with a handful of oatmeal scented with three or four drops of this oil, you may dispense with gloves, and even render the trap more attractive.

Of poisons for the destruction of rats, the most usual is arsenic, and one of the simplest ways of using it is as follows: At first put slices of bread and butter, sprinkled with lump-sugar, from time to time, near their holes or haunts; and then, when they have come to

devour this readily, sprinkle it with arsenic as well as sugar. With all precautions, however, the danger of accidents from arsenic is so great that it ought to be abandoned, and recourse had to phosphoric poisons, which human beings instantly detect by their smell. The following recipe is highly recommended: 'Melt hog's lard in a bottle plunged in water heated to about 150° Fahrenheit; introduce into it half an ounce of phosphorus for every pound of lard; then add a pint of proof-spirit or whisky; cork the bottle firmly after its contents have been heated to 150°; take it at the same time out of the water, and agitate smartly, till the phosphorus becomes uniformly diffused, forming a milky-looking liquid. The liquid, being cooled, will afford a white compound of phosphorus and lard, from which the spirit spontaneously separates, and may be poured off to be used again; for none of it enters into the combination, but merely serves to comminute the phosphorus, and diffuse it in very fine particles through the lard.

'This compound, on being warmed very gently, may be poured out into a mixture of wheat-flour and sugar, incorporated therewith, and then flavoured with the oil of rhodium or not, at pleasure. The flavour may be varied with the oil of aniseed. This dough being made into pellets, is to be laid in the rat-holes. By its luminousness in the dark, it attracts their notice, and being agreeable to their palates and noses, it is readily eaten, and proves certainly fatal. They soon are seen issuing from their lurking-places, in quest of water to quench their burning thirst, and they commonly die near the water. They continue to eat it as long as it is offered to them, without being deterred by the fate of their fellows, as is known to be the case with arsenical doses.'



THE SUN.*

I. THE SUN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE.

OUR glorious luminary, the fountain of light and heat, and the source of all our energy, without whose beams the earth would be a frozen wilderness, is a star—the star nearest to us. Our earth, on the other hand, is one of many planets which, like so many children of the sun, depend upon him for everything; and these planets pursue their regulated courses round the central luminary at different distances. We may readily believe that very many other stars are thus accompanied.

Now, just as it is necessary, in order to get an idea of the earth's place in nature, to compare its mass, motions, &c. in the solar system with those proper to other planets, so, in order to gain an idea of the sun's place in nature, it is necessary to find out his position among the stars, and all those characteristics which distinguish him now from one and now from another among his compeers in the host of heaven. First, then, as to his position among the stars.

Imagine yourself carried away from earth and sun to the very confines of the visible universe. Gradually, as you are being carried along, the sun will grow dim in the distance; and probably, in your journey, you will in turn come near other suns, whose brilliancy will far surpass that of the luminary you had left behind. But on you will speed, until a time will come at which the last star of our galaxy will appear to have been left behind; and from this moment these stars will all appear to close up, until your eye, in the depths of space, will be enabled to regard our star system as a whole. You will see a cluster of stars of curious form, round and flat like a disc, with its edge very irregular, and doubled or split for about one-half of its circumference.

Such, then, would you find our own peculiar universe or firmament, the position of our sun in it being very near the centre of the disc, where the two surfaces, so to speak, begin to fork. The appearance of the galaxy is represented in fig. 1, where S denotes the place of the sun.†

* By Balfour Stewart, LL.D., F.R.S., and J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S.

† These remarks are based on the researches of Sir William Herschel. They have, however, been called in question.

Astronomers have evidence that, compared with the other stars, our sun is by no means to be looked upon as either a large or a bright one. There is, for instance, reason to believe that Sirius is much larger than it. But although we cannot speak with certainty on the absolute quantity of light emitted by the sun as compared with other stars, the relative amount which reaches us

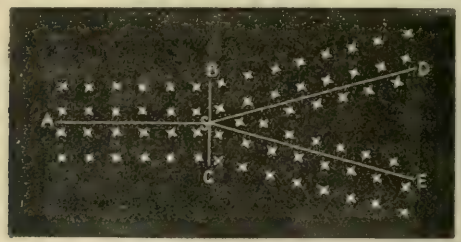


Fig. 1.

has been calculated with some approach to accuracy; thus α Lyræ gives us 10,000,000,000 less light than our sun does; and this brings us at once to another consideration. The light which reaches the eye from a luminous object varies with its distance; and α Lyræ, for instance, would give us as much light as the sun if it were as near, but it is more than a million times farther off; and, generally speaking, the distances of the stars from the earth, and therefore from the sun, are so inconceivably great, that the only wonder is that we can see them at all, not that they appear so faint and so different from our own luminary.

The earth travels round the sun once a year at a distance of 91,000,000 miles, more or less; and across this space light travels in eight and a half minutes, going, as we know, at the rate of 186,000 miles in one second of time. What, then, compared with this distance, is the distance from the sun to the nearest fixed star? Astronomers have been able to answer this question. If we take the average distance from, say, a dozen of the brightest stars in the sky, we find it to be such, that light travelling at the speed we have mentioned, would require fifteen and a half years to reach the sun, or what amounts nearly to the same thing, our earth! and this period is gradually increased for the fainter stars, until we reach the fearful one of 3500 years for the faintest.

Our readers ought by this time to have a pretty good idea of the sun's place in our universe: a word now as to its weight and size. When once we have determined the distance of a thing, it is easy to find its real size from its apparent size—that is, the angle it subtends at the eye in seconds of arc. It forms no part of our present

intention to shew how the sun's distance has been measured, as the proceeding is complicated, and requires a detailed statement, although the method adopted is merely the extension of that used by an ordinary land-surveyor, who measures the breadth of a river which he cannot cross, or the distance of a tower which he cannot reach. We may, however, give the simple proportion by which the sun's diameter is determined when the distance and angular diameter are known, for the distance is nothing more nor less than the radius of the circle on which the angle is measured. There are 1,296,000 seconds of arc in an entire circumference; there are, therefore, $\frac{1,296,000}{3.1416}$ seconds in that part of the circumference equal to the diameter, and $\frac{1,296,000}{3.1416 \times 2} = 206,265''$ in that part of the circumference equal to the radius; so that we have—The diameter of the body in miles : the distance in miles : : the angular diameter : 206,265″. Now, the diameter of the sun, at the earth's mean distance, is a trifle over 32′—that is, a little over half a degree, so that we have 206,265″ : 91,000,000 miles : : 1920″ : 842,702. More accurately, it is 852,584 miles.

Having, then, this diameter, we can determine the size or volume of the sun; it is 1,200,000 times greater than our earth. Thanks to Newton's universal law of gravitation, we can determine his weight or mass from the motions of the planets around him, their orbits being curved because they are continually being deflected from a straight path by the action of the sun's attraction, just as a projectile shot from a cannon is deflected from its straight path by the action of the earth's attraction. In this way it has been found that the *weight* or *mass* of the sun is 300,000 times greater than that of our earth. Here, then, it is at once evident that the materials of which the sun is built up are lighter, bulk for bulk, than those of which our earth is composed, for, otherwise, being 1,200,000 times as large, it would be 1,200,000 times as heavy; but as it is only 300,000 times as heavy, it follows that, bulk for bulk, it is only one-quarter as dense $\left(\frac{300,000}{1,200,000} = \frac{1}{4}\right)$ as the earth. We shall shew further on how this great lightness may probably be accounted for.

Our account of the sun would be incomplete did we not refer to the system of bodies which revolve round it, including the earth. We find *planets*—of which the Earth is one—differing greatly in size, and situated at various distances from the sun. We find again a ring of little planets, clustering in one part of the system, called *asteroids*, or *minor planets:* and we already know of at least two masses or rings of smaller planets still, some of them so small that they weigh but a few grains; these give rise to the appearances called *meteors*, *bolides*, or *shooting-stars*. We find also *comets*, some of which break in, as it were, upon us from all parts of space, and then, passing round our sun, rush back again; we find others so

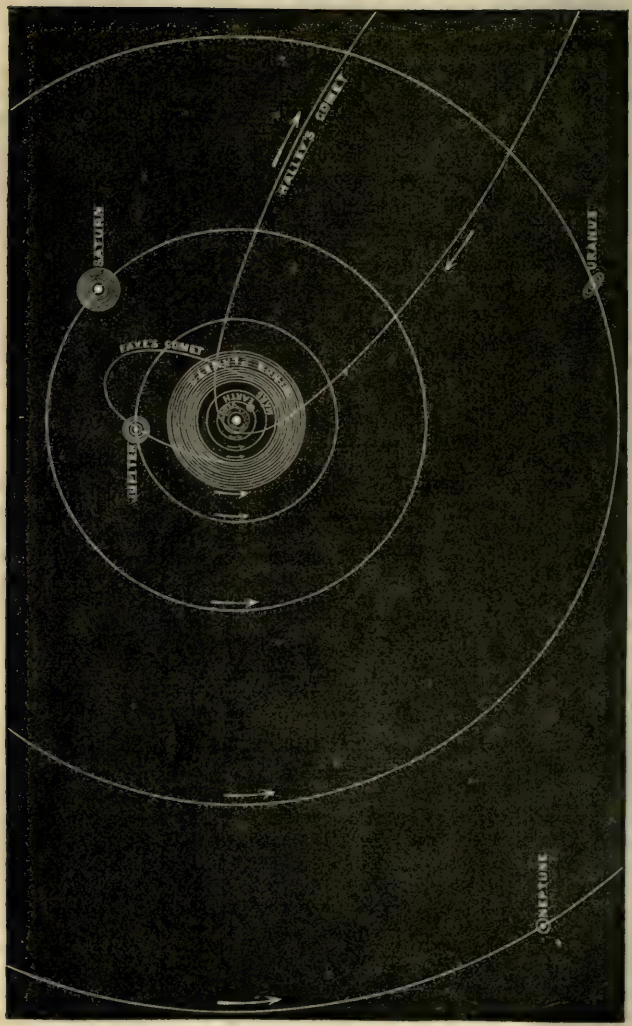


Fig. 2.—General Sketch of the Solar System.

little erratic that they may be looked upon as members of the solar household. We have then

Eight large Planets, as follow, in the order of distance from the sun: 1. Mercury; 2. Venus; 3. EARTH; 4. Mars; 5. Jupiter; 6. Saturn; 7. Uranus; 8. Neptune.

One hundred and six small Planets revolving round the sun, between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

Meteoric bodies, which at times approach near the earth's orbit, and occasionally reach the earth's surface.

Comets.

The Zodiacal Light.—A ring of apparently nebulous matter, the exact nature and position of which in the system are not yet determined.

Let us next inquire into the various *distances* of the planets from the sun, bearing in mind, that as the orbits are elliptical, the planets are sometimes nearer to the sun than at other times. The average or mean distances are as follow; the *sizes* and *times of revolution* are also given:

	Distance in Miles.	Diameter in Miles.	Period of Revolution round the Sun. D. H. M.
Mercury	35,393,000	2,962	87 23 15
Venus	66,130,000	7,510	224 16 48
EARTH	91,430,000	7,901	365 6 9
Mars	139,312,000	4,000	686 23 31
Jupiter	475,693,000	85,390	4,332 14 2
Saturn	872,135,000	71,904	10,759 5 16
Uranus	1,752,851,000	33,024	30,686 17 21
Neptune	2,746,271,000	36,620	60,118 0 0

Such, then, is the sun and his system, taken as a whole—a point of view not to be passed over in any general description of the sun. We now pass on to the telescopic appearance of the great central luminary.

II. WHAT THE SUN IS LIKE.

Having now got an idea of the sun's place in the universe, and his size, mass, and density, compared with our own earth, we may begin to scrutinise him somewhat more closely. One of the first triumphs of the telescope was the discovery of spots in the sun—a discovery which sent a thrill through the world of schoolmen, for they imagined that the fundamental Aristotelian doctrine of the immutability and incorruptibility of the heavens was thereby contravened. It is doubtful whether this discovery is to be attributed to the great Galileo, or to Fabricius, or even to our own countryman Harriot; it is certain, however, that they observed sun-spots about the years 1610 and 1611. It is not surprising that the strangest explanations of these curious solar phenomena were hazarded in those early times with the imperfect instruments then

in use. It was at length, however, suspected by Galileo that they really belonged to the sun, and were not planets revolving

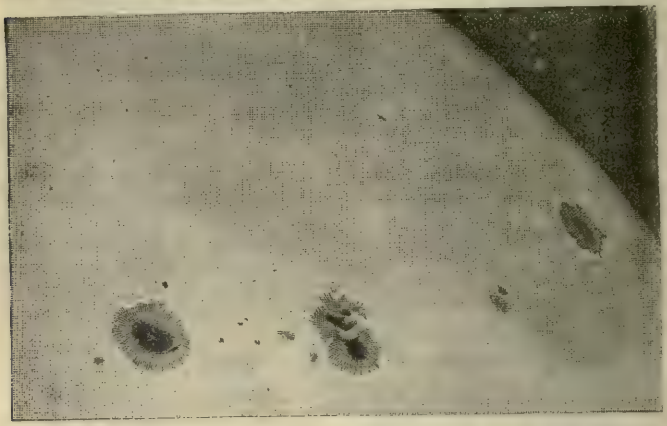


Fig. 3.—General Telescopic Appearance of the Sun, shewing spots and faculæ.

round him; and from their motions he at once inferred that the sun turned on his axis like our own earth—some 25 days or so being required for a complete rotation. It needed, however, a period of

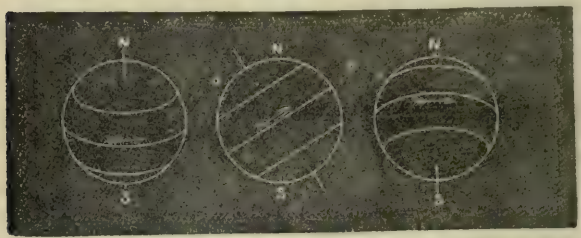


Fig. 4.—Position of the Sun's Axis, and apparent paths of the spots across the disc, as seen from the Earth at different times of the year. The arrows shew the direction in which the sun turns round.

150 years to make any great step in advance on the work done by Galileo and his contemporaries, and this step we owe to Dr Wilson of Glasgow, who in the year 1769 shewed it to be very probable



Fig. 5.—Sun-spots (the great sun-spot of 1865): 1. The spot entering the sun's disc, October 7 (foreshortened view). 2. October 10. 3. October 14, central view, shewing the formation of a bridge, and the nucleus. 4. October 16.

that the spots were really cavities in the sun's outer shining surface, which is called the *photosphere*. This proof was based upon the change of appearance which a spot undergoes when seen near the sun's edge, called in astronomical language the *limb*, and when seen near the centre of the sun's disc; for it will readily be perceived that, owing to the sun's rotation, a spot first appears at one side, then travels across the visible disc, and finally disappears at the other side. Now, when we observe a spot in the centre of the sun, what we generally see is this: in the centre of the spot, a more or less regular patch of blackness, called the *umbra*, or shade; and surrounding this, and separating the umbra from the photosphere, a half-tone, called the *penumbra*. Sometimes in the umbra we get a still darker shade, called the *nucleus*, and surrounding the penumbra are often masses brighter than the general surface of the photosphere, which are called *faculæ* (Latin, torches).

When, however, a spot is seen close to the border or limb of the sun, we only see the *penumbra* on the side farther from the centre. Now, it is only possible to explain these appearances by supposing the umbra of a spot to be nearer the sun's centre than the penumbra; and if our readers will take the trouble to look a common flower-pot or any similar object full in the face, and then look along the top of it sideways, first on one side of them, then on the other, they will see the force of this reasoning. The truth of Wilson's observations has been since abundantly confirmed by an examination of Mr De La Rue's solar photographs taken at Kew.

Spots are regions of incessant change; sometimes in a day we may observe changes taking place which must have resulted from movements of almost incredible velocity, and, indeed, very careful observations reveal changes of less magnitude from hour to hour; and when we recollect that spots 50,000 miles across are not uncommon, and that, with our most powerful telescopes, we can only see what is going on as if the sun were situated some 180,000 miles away, we at once recognise that changes, to be seen at all, must be of a stupendous magnitude, to judge by our planetary standard.

From the spots we next come to the general surface. In a good telescope, the faculæ, which, as we have already stated, often surround a spot, are seen to be irregularly distributed all over the sun, appearing most distinctly when near the limb. The whole solar surface, including the faculæ, but excluding, of course, the spots, appears to be coarsely mottled, and to be made up of bright roundish patches with soft edges, sprinkled, without any approach to regularity, on a less luminous background. These roundish patches, when they are observed near a spot and in the penumbra, are seen to be drawn out as if by currents (like our clouds sometimes); and one is driven to the conclusion that the photosphere of the sun is really of a cloudy nature.

In what has gone before, we have merely alluded to the sun as

usually seen ; but there are other occasions—precious moments for the astronomer—when the sun is eclipsed, when the dark body of

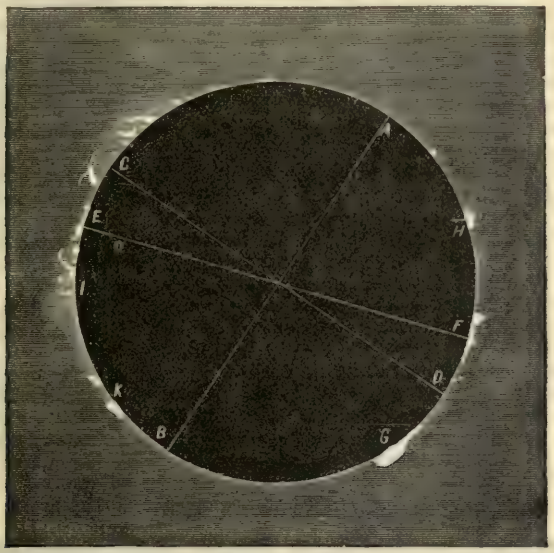


Fig. 6.—Total Eclipse : the Eclipse observed in America, August 1869.

the moon, interposed between us and the sun, cuts off all his light, and allows our eyes to observe his surroundings. 'A total eclipse of the sun is at once one of the grandest and most awe-inspiring sights it is possible for man to witness. All nature conspires to make it strange and unearthly. The sky first grows of a livid, or purple, or yellowish crimson colour, which gradually darkens, and the colour appears to run over large portions of the sky, irrespective of the clouds : the sea turns lurid red ; and finally the moon's shadow sweeps across the surface of the earth, and is even seen in the air ; all sense of distance is lost ; the faces of men assume a livid hue ; flowers close, cocks crow, the animal world sharing in the general excitement. Soon the stars burst out, and surrounding the dark moon on all sides is seen a glorious halo, generally of a silver-white light : this is called the *corona*. It is slightly radiated in structure, and extends sometimes beyond the moon to a distance equal to her diameter. Besides this, rays of light, called *aigrettes*, diverge from the moon's edge, and appear to be shining through the light of the

corona. . . . . When the totality has commenced, apparently close to the edge of the moon, and therefore within the corona, are observed fantastically shaped masses, full lake-red, fading into rose-pink, variously called red flames and red prominences.' This quotation (*Macmillan's Magazine*, 1868, page 254) will give our readers a good idea of the eclipse teachings; their importance, and the great additions to our knowledge which have lately been gained by means of them, will come out fully in the next division of our subject; we shall in this content ourselves with a notice of the way in which the fact that they are really solar appendages has grown upon us.

The halo of light called the corona seems to have been observed from the earliest times, but our knowledge of the existence of the red prominences only dates from 1706, when they were seen by a Captain Stannyan at Bern; and they were at first attributed to the effect of a mirage produced by the moon's atmosphere. In the years 1842 and 1851, however, very careful observations of them were made by many astronomers in the total eclipses which happened in those years, the first in Italy and the south of France, the last in Sweden.

The observers seem to have been entranced with the exceeding beauty of these strange objects, which were likened in colour to that of the Alps illuminated by the setting sun, and of peach blossom, and in shape to such objects as 'cimeters' and boomerangs. In the latter eclipse, Mr Airy detected, besides the higher prominences, a lower level (scarlet in colour), which he termed a 'sierra.' This was situated along the sun's edge, where it was just covered by the edge

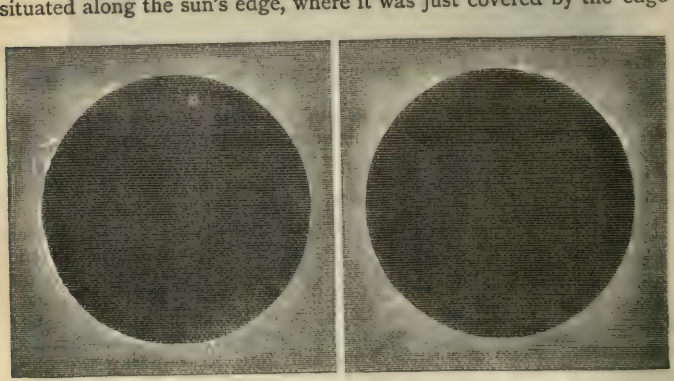


Fig. 7.—The Total Eclipse of 1860, shewing the prominences.

of the moon. The changes observed seemed so obviously connected with the passage of the moon over the sun—the prominences were

eclipsed and uncovered in a way so closely resembling that in which the sun itself went through similar phases—that the astronomer-royal remarked: 'It was impossible to see the changes which took place in the prominences, without feeling the conviction that they belonged to the sun, and not to the moon.' Here, then, was a great point almost gained—we say almost, because the evidence that they really belonged to the sun was not accepted on all sides: but we had not long to wait. The year 1860 brought another total eclipse—this time visible in Spain—and an expedition of astronomers, sent by the government in the famous *Himalaya*, settled the question definitely, for the prominences were now *photographed* by Mr Warren De La Rue of this country, and Father Secchi, the director of the observatory attached to the Roman College; and there was no mistaking the evidence of the photographic plates taken near the beginning and end of the totality, the totality denoting the time during which the sun was covered by the moon. We reproduce two of the photographs in question (fig. 7), which will give an idea of the curious shapes of the prominences observed at such moments, and of the manner in which all round the sun, in regions where the part just beyond the edge is visible, the larger prominences are connected by a lower continuous level of the same class of objects, and how the moon travelled over them.

Here we may conveniently pause, and sum up what we have stated respecting the telescopic appearance of our great luminary. With an uneclipsed sun we see the shining photosphere darkened here and there by spots in which tremendous changes take place, and brightened here and there by faculæ. With an eclipsed sun, a new field of phenomena is laid open to us, and we know that these phenomena really indicate to us, that outside the sun, as ordinarily visible to us, strange red objects make their appearance, which, as will be shewn in the sequel, indicate an outer transparent envelope.

III. THE SUN'S PHYSICAL CONSTITUTION.

By the sun's physical constitution we mean the manner in which the sun is built up, what it is composed of, and what are the conditions under which matter exists on our great central luminary.

Long before the invention of the telescope, there was a very definite and wide-spread notion as to the sun's physical constitution. It was accepted on all hands as a globe of fire, and this ancient idea was not shaken till the time of Sir William Herschel, who, from his own observations and those of Dr Wilson of Glasgow, to which we have alluded, came to the conclusion that the sun, after all, might be a cool habitable globe like our own, with populous cities and vine-clad slopes, verdant valleys, and, in fact, everything to make life enjoyable upon it. He arrived at this conclusion in the following way. In a spot, said he, we have in the centre a dark region;

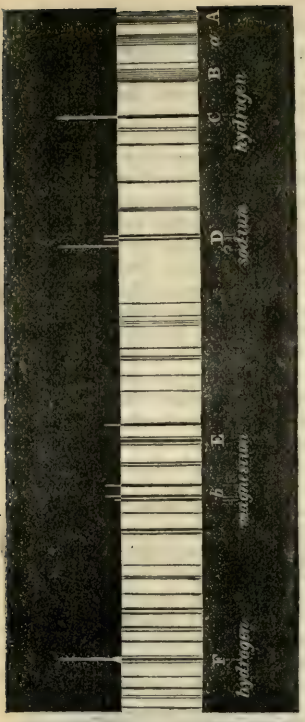


Fig. 8.—Spectrum of Sun's Disc and of his Chromosphere.

surrounding this we have another less dark than the region of the spot and less luminous than the photosphere, represented by the penumbra of a spot; and, last of all, we have the photosphere itself. According to him, then, the photosphere was a region of light-and-heat-giving cloud high up in the sun's atmosphere, radiating its light both earthwards and sunwards. The penumbræ were nothing more nor less than the indications of another highly reflecting stratum of cloud, which acted as a shield, and kept off the bright radiation of the photosphere from the sun, represented by the black portion of a spot. So a spot was nothing more nor less than the cool body of the sun duly seen through openings in these two cloudy envelopes, the opening in the outer envelope being larger than that in the inner reflecting one.

But just about the time when Mr De La Rue was photographing the total eclipse in Spain, Kirchhoff at Heidelberg was examining spectroscopically the light of the sun. Our readers are no doubt well aware that white-light or sun-light is composed of a great many differently coloured rays, so blended together as to reach the eye without impressing it with one colour more than another. They are also aware that the spectroscope is that instrument whose office it is to separate all such rays from one another. Now, if we examine a slit illuminated by the sun's rays by means of a spectroscope, we see the red of the light from this slit to our

right, and the blue from it to our left; in fact, what we see is no longer a slit, but a band gradually passing from red at the right, through orange, yellow, green, and blue to indigo and violet at the left. The reason of this is, that the spectroscope enables us to see each individual component of the light from the slit in a different position, so that we have, as it were, a great multitude of differently coloured images of the slit placed side by side, forming a many-coloured band, which is called the spectrum. Now, Kirchhoff and Bunsen found that in general all solid or liquid bodies at a very high temperature give out almost every variety of light, being in this respect very much like the sun. But, on the other hand, metallic vapours at a high temperature give out only a very few definite rays of light—the position of these rays in the spectrum serving to distinguish one vapour from another, since no two vaporous elements give out the same rays. But there is yet another very remarkable law. It had been previously shewn by Stokes and Stewart, and it was independently discovered by Kirchhoff, that substances, when comparatively cold, absorb the very same rays that they give out when heated. Thus, the vapour of sodium, when highly heated, gives out two peculiar rays of yellow light, known spectroscopically as the double line D. But this same vapour of sodium, if comparatively cold, and placed in front of a highly heated solid or liquid substance (which, as we have seen, gives out all the rays of the spectrum), will absorb precisely those very two yellow lines which itself gives out—in such a case we shall have an otherwise continuous spectrum with the double line D comparatively dark. If, therefore, we have an otherwise continuous spectrum with a number of dark lines in it, we may conclude that, while the source of light is some solid or liquid body, there is placed between us and it certain comparatively cold vapours, which cause the black lines, and the position of which in the spectrum serves to determine the chemical nature of these vapours. Now, the solar spectrum is a continuous spectrum intersected by such black lines, and thus Kirchhoff was enabled to state that the sun itself was a solid or liquid body in a state of incandescence, thereby coming back very much to the original notion, and entirely negativing Sir William Herschel's hypothesis; and furthermore, he could affirm that in the sun's atmosphere, which was supposed to be the corona seen in total eclipses, we have, between the source of light and ourselves, in a comparatively cold state (observe, only comparatively cold) the vapours of sodium, magnesium, hydrogen, iron, barium, and some other substances.

Let us now endeavour to realise the gain to science made by the German philosopher.

1. The photosphere of the sun no doubt consists of an incandescent solid or liquid body (most probably a liquid, according to Kirchhoff).

2. There is above it a comparatively cold absorbing atmosphere,

containing hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, barium, iron, and other bodies in the state of vapour. This is indicated by the corona during eclipses.

It has been previously stated that the photosphere of the sun is always in a state of violent agitation, and we have thus great difficulty in believing that, if liquid or solid, it represents either an ocean or a continent. The natural alternative is to suppose it of the nature of a cloud. May it not, in fact, represent the cloud plane, or plane of deposition of solid and liquid particles, from an intensely heated gaseous medium?

Viewing the subject in this light, it will be seen that we do not know how much of the sun is solid or liquid, and how much gaseous, but we may readily believe that a comparatively large portion is in the latter state. If we add to this the fact, that the temperature is very high, we have an easy explanation of the comparatively small specific gravity of our luminary.

We shall now proceed to another part of our subject. It is hardly more than ten years since the attention of men of science began to be turned to the nature of sun-spots, or at least so turned as to afford some hope of the true explanation of these phenomena being arrived at.

Mr Carrington, in his large and remarkable treatise, shewed, among other things, that there was no doubt a proper motion attributable to spots; and from his observations, we may suppose that these phenomena have a greater or less forward motion of their own—that is to say, a motion in the direction of the sun's rotation—in addition to their motion owing to that rotation. It was afterwards shewn by Messrs Warren De La Rue, Stewart, and Loewy (the Kew observers), that the faculæ, or bright patches which accompany a spot, are for the most part found behind it (the word behind having reference to the direction of rotation). These gentlemen agreed that the lagging behind of the faculæ, taken in conjunction with the forward motion of the spots, observed by Carrington, might be accounted for by supposing that the faculæ denote an up-rush of matter from below, which, going from a region of smaller to a region of greater velocity of rotation, would thus fall behind. On the other hand, they conceived the spots to denote the down-rush of matter from above, which, coming from a region of greater velocity of rotation, would thus move forward. Now, Kirchhoff, as we have seen, had previously shewed that the upper atmosphere of the sun is lower in temperature than the photosphere; and it was therefore argued by the Kew observers, that where we have a down-rush of such an atmosphere, we ought to expect a deficiency of luminosity; so that probably all the gradations of luminosity on the sun's surface may be due to one and the same cause—namely, the presence, to a greater or less extent, of a *comparatively cold*, absorbing atmosphere. The evidence in favour of this hypothesis was shortly afterwards

increased by means of an observation of Lockyer, who saw a piece of facula in the act of descending into a spot, during which process it gradually lost its brightness, becoming at last like the spot itself. Nevertheless, the above hypothesis, although probable, was not universally received; but the recent observations of Lockyer have gone far to complete the proof. In March 1866, this observer attached a small spectroscope to his telescope, and derived evidence in favour of the blackness of spots being due to a greater absorption being at work in a spot than elsewhere. Here we have an entirely new method of research, which we shall proceed to shew has already been fruitful of result. Kirchhoff questioned the sunbeam as a whole, regardless of the part of the sun from whence it came. Lockyer, on the other hand, questioned each part of the sun separately, and has even included the regions round the sun in which the red flames and corona are visible during total eclipses.

It should here be remarked that in the year 1865 two very important memoirs dealing with all the telescopic and photographic observations accumulated up to that time on the subject of solar physics were given to the world. One of them was privately printed in this country, the other appeared in the *Compte Rendu* of the Paris Academy of Sciences.

English science, represented by Messrs De la Rue, Stewart, and Loewy, said that a spot is dark because the solar light is absorbed by a cool, non-luminous, absorbing atmosphere, pouring down there on to the photosphere. French science, on the other hand, represented by M. Faye, said that a spot is dark because the interior of the sun is composed of feebly illuminating gases, and because we have in a sun-spot a hole in the photosphere, through which these feebly luminous interior gases of the sun are there alone visible.

This was a clear issue, which probably the spectroscope, and possibly nothing else, could solve; for the spectroscope is an instrument whose special *métier* it is to deal with radiation and absorption. It tells us that the light radiated from different bodies gives us spectra of different kinds, according to the nature of the radiating body—continuous spectra without bright lines in the case of solids and liquids, and bright lines, with or without continuous spectra, in the case of gases and vapours. It tells us also that absorption dims the spectrum throughout its length when the absorption is *general*, and dims it here and there only when the absorption is *selective*, the dark lines—the Fraunhofer lines in the solar spectrum—affording an instance of the latter kind. So that we have general and selective radiation, and general and selective absorption.

Let us see how this applies to Lockyer's observation stated above. With regard to the English theory, if there were more absorption in a spot than elsewhere, we might expect evidences of absorption; that is, the whole solar spectrum would be visible in the spectrum of a spot, but it would be dimmed, either throughout the length of the

spectrum or in places only. With regard to the French theory, having radiating gaseous matter only to deal with, we should, according to the then generally received idea, get bright lines only in the spot spectrum. What was seen was in favour of the English theory. There *was* abundant evidence of absorption in the spots, and there *was not* any indication of gaseous radiation.

The question which he next put to himself was the following one, to use his own words: 'Assuming an absorbing atmosphere to encircle the sun, in accordance with the general idea and Kirchhoff's hypothesis, what are those strange red flames seen apparently in it at total eclipses, jutting here and there from beyond the sun's hidden periphery, and here again hanging cloudlike?'

'The enormous atmosphere, which apparently the spectroscope had now proved to be a cool absorbing one, was supposed to be indicated during eclipses by a halo of light called the *corona*, in which corona the red flames are visible. Now, as the red flames are always observed to give out more light than the corona, they were probably hotter than it; and reasoning thus on the matter with my friend Dr Balfour Stewart one day, we came to the conclusion that they were most probably masses of glowing gas. Now, this being so, the spectroscope *could* help us, and in this way. The light from solid or liquid bodies is scattered broadcast, so to speak, by the prism into a long band of light, called a continuous spectrum, because from one end of it to the other the light is persistent. The light from gaseous and vaporous bodies, on the contrary, is most brilliant in a few channels; it is *husbanded*, and, instead of being scattered broadcast over a long band, is limited to a few lines in the band—in some cases to a very few lines. Hence, if we have two bodies, one solid or liquid, and the other gaseous or vaporous, which give out exactly equal amounts of light, then the bright lines of the latter will be brighter than those parts of the spectrum of the other to which they correspond in colour or refrangibility.

'Again, if the gaseous or vaporous substance gives out but few lines, then, although the light which emanates from it may be much less brilliant than that radiated by a solid or liquid, the light may be so localised, and therefore intensified, in the one case, and so spread out, and therefore diluted, in the other, that the bright lines from the feeble light source may in the spectroscope appear much brighter than the corresponding parts of the spectrum of the more lustrous solid body. Now, here comes a very important point: supposing the continuous spectrum of a solid or liquid to be mixed with the discontinuous spectrum of a gas, we can, by increasing the number of prisms in a spectroscope, dilute the continuous spectrum of the solid or liquid body very much indeed, while the dispersion will not seemingly reduce the brilliancy of the lines given out by the gas; as a consequence, the more dispersion we employ, the brighter relatively will the lines of the gaseous spectrum appear. The reason

why we do not see the prominences every day in our telescopes is, that they are put out by the tremendous brightness of our atmosphere near the sun, a brightness due to the fact, that the particles in the atmosphere reflect to us the continuous solar spectrum. There is, as it were, a battle between the light proceeding from the prominences and the light reflected by the atmosphere, and, except in eclipses, the victory always remains with the atmosphere.

'You will see, however, after what I have said, that there was a possibility that if we could bring a spectroscope on the field we might turn the tide of battle altogether, assuming the prominences to be gaseous, as the reflected continuous spectrum might be dispersed almost into invisibility, the brilliancy of the prominence lines scarcely suffering any diminution by the process. The first attempt was made in 1866, a Herschel-Browning spectroscope being attached to my telescope, and the first and many succeeding attempts failed; there was not dispersion enough to dilute the spectrum of the regions near the sun sufficiently, and, as a consequence, the tell-tale lines still remained veiled and invisible. Nature's secrets were not to be wrested from her by a *coup de main*.' *

While this observer was preparing a spectroscope of great power, having found his first insufficient, the total eclipse of 1868 took place in India; and it was shewn by the various distinguished observers who utilised the precious five minutes of totality on that occasion, that the red flames certainly consist of incandescent gas, as their spectrum consists of a few bright lines. One of the observers, M. Janssen, was so struck with the brightness of the prominences rendered visible during the eclipse, that he conceived the idea of looking for them during the ordinary state of the sun, and next morning put his design into execution with complete success. He was then sure that the lines of the prominences were those of incandescent hydrogen. But before the news of this discovery had reached our country, Lockyer's spectroscope had been completed, and the bright lines perceived by this observer.

We now proceed to the subsequent results obtained by this new method of research.

When Lockyer was first able to obtain results in this country similar to those previously obtained by M. Janssen, though unknown to him, his instrument was incomplete; when other adjustments had been added, he found that at whatever part of the sun's edge he looked, he could not get rid of the newly discovered lines; shewing that for some five thousand miles in height all round the sun there was an envelope of which the prominences were but the higher waves. This envelope he has named the 'Chromosphere,' as it is the region in which all the variously coloured effects are seen in total eclipses, and because it is of importance to distinguish between

* *Proceedings, Royal Institution*, 1869.

its discontinuous spectrum and the continuous one of the photosphere. And now another fact came out. The bright line F took the form of an arrow-head, the dark Fraunhofer line in the ordinary solar spectrum forming the shaft, the corresponding chromospheric line forming the head; it was broad close to the sun's edge, and tapered off to a fine point, an appearance not observed in the other lines.

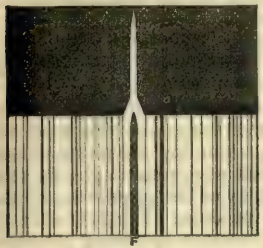


Fig. 9.—Shape of the F line in the Spectrum of Chromosphere: A, chromosphere spectrum; B, sun spectrum.

Nature is always full of surprises, and here was a surprise and a magnificent help to further inquiry lurking in this line of hydrogen; shewing, moreover, that in the largest questions progress in modern science depends upon careful observations of details. It had already been recorded that, under certain conditions, the green line of hydrogen widened out; and it at once struck Lockyer that the 'arrow-head' was nothing but an indication of this widening out as the sun was approached.

Hereupon researches on the radiation and absorption of hydrogen and other gases and vapours were undertaken by Lockyer, in conjunction with the eminent chemist Frankland, and at once an important modification of Kirchhoff's theory presented itself. They soon came to the conclusion that the principal, if not the only cause of the widening of the F line was *pressure;* that the gaseous medium of which the higher prominences are composed exists in a condition of *excessive tenuity;* and that even at the lower surface of the chromosphere, that is, on the sun itself, in common parlance, the pressure is very far below the pressure of the earth's atmosphere. The determination of the above-mentioned facts obviously leads us necessarily to several important modifications of the theory which we owe to Kirchhoff, who based it upon his examination of the solar spectrum. According to his hypothesis, the photosphere itself is either solid or liquid, and it is surrounded by an extensive comparatively cool and non-luminous atmosphere composed of gases and the vapours of the substances incandescent in the photosphere. Lockyer and Frankland found, however, instead of this compound cool and non-luminous atmosphere outside the photosphere, one which is in a state of incandescence, is therefore luminous, and which gives merely, or at all events mainly, the spectrum of hydrogen; and the tenuity of this incandescent atmosphere is such *that they considered it extremely improbable* that any considerable atmosphere, such as the corona has been imagined to indicate, exists outside it.

Here already, then, we find the 'cool absorbing atmosphere' of the theorists considerably reduced, and apparently much more simple in its composition than had been imagined by Kirchhoff and others; and the new method has rapidly accumulated facts which indicate that the absorption to which the reversal of the spectrum and the Fraunhofer lines are due, mainly takes place in the photosphere itself, or extremely near to it, instead of in an extensive outer absorbing atmosphere.

This theory of the sun's constitution is moreover strengthened by other facts. As a rule, the chromosphere rests conformably, as geologists would say, on the photosphere, but the atmosphere (as just defined) is tremendously riddled by convection-currents; and where these are most powerfully at work the *upper layers of the photosphere are injected into the chromosphere.* Thus the lines due to the vapour of sodium, magnesium, barium, and iron have been seen in the spectrum of the chromosphere, appearing there as very short and very *thin lines*, generally much thinner than the black lines due to their absorption in the solar spectrum. These injections are nearly always accompanied by prominences, in which tremendous changes are observed at such times, for the new method enables us to see the actual forms of the prominences every day. Lockyer attempted to accomplish this in the first instance by means of an oscillating slit—a method which has since perfectly succeeded—but hearing that Mr Huggins had succeeded in doing the same thing by means of absorptive media, using an open slit and a peculiar arrangement of his observing telescope, it struck him at once that an open slit was quite sufficient, and this he finds to be the case. By this method the smallest details of the prominences and of the chromosphere itself are rendered perfectly visible and easy of observation, so that now we are quite independent of eclipses, even in the matter of the *form* of these strange solar appendages. Lockyer writes: 'I have been perfectly enchanted with the sight which my spectroscope has revealed to me. The solar and atmospheric spectra being hidden, and the image of the wide slit and the part of the prominence under observation alone being visible, the telescope or slit is moved slowly, and the strange shadow-forms flit past, and are seen as they are seen in eclipses. Here one is reminded, by the fleecy, infinitely-delicate cloud-films, of an English hedgerow with luxuriant elms; here of a densely intertwined tropical forest, the intimately interwoven branches threading in all directions, the prominences generally expanding as they mount upwards, and changing slowly, indeed almost imperceptibly. It does not at all follow that the largest prominences are those in which the intensest action, or the most rapid change is going on—the action as visible to us being generally confined to the regions just in, or above, the chromosphere; the changes arising from violent up-rush or rapid dissipation—the up-rush and

dissipation representing the birth and death of a prominence. As a rule, the attachment to the chromosphere is narrow, and is not often single; higher up, the stems, so to speak, intertwine, and the prominence expands and soars upward until it is lost in delicate filaments, which are carried away in floating masses.' By these means Lockyer has observed prominences, many tens of thousands of miles in height, disappear in a few minutes.

Frankland and Lockyer have been able to connect together the thin lines seen in the chromosphere spectrum with the thick lines seen in the spot spectrum, by observing the absorption line due to the vapour of sodium in a closed tube, when metallic sodium is slowly reduced to vapour, the absorption line of which is in one part as thin as it is in the ordinary solar spectrum; in another, almost if not quite as thick as it appears in a spot. As the sodium vapour rises in the tube the dark line of absorption makes its appearance as an extremely fine line, and finally the light which traverses the upper layer of the sodium vapour scarcely suffers any absorption—the line is thin; while, on the contrary, the light which traverses the lower, denser layers suffers tremendous absorption: the line is inordinately thick, such as we see it in the spectrum of a spot.

Bearing in mind the grand generalisation by which Kirchhoff accounted for the Fraunhofer lines—namely, that if we have a gas or a vapour of a lower temperature than another light-source, and view that light-source through the gas or vapour, we shall observe absorption of those particular rays which the gaseous vapour would emit if incandescent—other facts are revealed by the new method of the greatest importance. When the chromosphere is observed on the sun's limb, with no brighter light-source behind it, its characteristic lines are seen *bright*. But when the chromosphere on the sun itself is observed—that is, when the brighter sun is on the other side of the hydrogen envelope, then, as a rule, its function is reduced—is toned down—the envelope acts as an absorber—the lines are observed black as a rule, and this is the secret of the Fraunhofer lines; but it is almost impossible to observe the sun for an hour without observing the hydrogen lines, every now and then, *bright upon the sun itself!* Not only are the lines observed bright, but the strongly luminous hydrogen *is carried up* by tremendous convection-currents at different pressures; and under these circumstances the bright line is seen to be expanded on both sides of its normal position. Moreover, at times there is a dim light on both sides of the black line, and the line itself is thinned out, shewing that, although there is an up-rush of strongly luminous material, the column is still surmounted by some less luminous hydrogen, possibly separated from the other portion, which still performs the functions of an absorber. This idea seems strengthened by another fact—namely, that at times the lines, still black, expand on both sides, as if, in fact, in these regions there were a depression in the

chromosphere; the pressure being greater, and the hydrogen lines therefore thicker, at the base of the chromosphere than at the summit.

There is a new field of discovery opened out by this method which seems more startling than all the rest—we refer to the movements of the hydrogen envelope and prominences at which we have before hinted. All observations with powerful telescopes indicate that tremendous changes are always going on in spots. Now, change means movement, and as spot phenomena occur immediately below the level of the chromosphere, we may easily imagine that the chromosphere and its higher waves, the prominences, will also partake of the movements, be they up or down rushes, cyclones, or merely lateral motions. The spectroscope enables us to determine the velocities of these movements with a considerable approach to accuracy; and at times they are inconceivably great.

Let us first endeavour to give an idea how this result is arrived at, and here we must beg indulgence for a gross illustration of one of the most supremely delicate of nature's operations. Imagine a barrack out of which is constantly issuing with measured tread and military precision an infinite number of soldiers in single or Indian file; and suppose yourself in a street seeing these soldiers pass. You stand still, and take out your watch, and find that so many pass you in a second or minute, and that the number of soldiers, as well as the interval between them, is always the same. You now move slowly *towards* the barrack, still noting what happens. You find that more soldiers pass you than before in the same time, and, reckoned in time, the interval between each soldier is less. You now move still slowly *from* the barrack—that is, with the soldiers. You find that fewer soldiers now pass you, and that the interval between each is longer. Now suppose yourself at rest, and suppose the barrack to have a motion now towards you, now from you. In the first case the men will be paid out, so to speak, more rapidly. The motion of the barrack-gate towards you will plant each soldier nearer the preceding one than he would have been if the barrack had remained at rest. The soldiers will really be nearer together. In the second case, it is obvious that the interval will be greater, and the soldiers will really be further apart. So that, generally, representing the interval between each soldier by an elastic cord, if the barrack and the eye approach each other by the motion of either, the cord will contract; in the case of recession, the cord will stretch. Now let the barrack represent the hydrogen on the sun perpetually paying out waves of light, and the elastic cord represent one of these waves; its length will be changed if the hydrogen and the eye approach each other by the motion of either. Particular wave-lengths with the normal velocity of light are represented to us by different colours. The long waves are red. The short waves are violet. Now let us fix our attention on the green wave, the

refrangibility of which is indicated by the F line of hydrogen. If any change of wave-length is observed in this line, *and not in the adjacent ones*, it is clear that it is not to the motion of the earth or sun, but to that of the hydrogen itself and alone that the change must be ascribed. If the hydrogen on the sun is approaching us, *the waves will be crushed together;* they will therefore be shortened, and the light will incline towards the violet—that is, towards the light with the shortest waves; and if the waves are shortened only by the $\frac{1}{10000000}$th of a millimètre, we can detect the motion. If the hydrogen on the sun is receding from us, the waves will be drawn out; they will therefore be longer, and the green ray will incline towards the red.

We must next point out, that there are two different circumstances under which the hydrogen may approach or recede from the eye. If we take a globe, as representing the sun, and fix our attention on the centre of this globe, it is evident that an up-rush or a down-rush is necessary to cause any alteration of wave-length. A cyclone or lateral movement of any kind is powerless; there will be no motion to or from the eye, but only at right angles to the line of sight. Next let us fix our attention on the edge of the globe—the limb, in astronomical language: here it is evident that an upward or downward movement is as powerless to alter the wave-length as a lateral movement was in the other case; but that, should any lateral or cyclonic movement occur here of sufficient velocity, it might be detected. So that we have the centre of the disc for studying upward and downward movements, and the limb for studying lateral or cyclonic movements, if they exist.

Here is a diagram shewing the strange contortions which the F hydrogen line undergoes at the centre of the sun's disc. Not only have we the line bright, but the dark one is twisted in places,

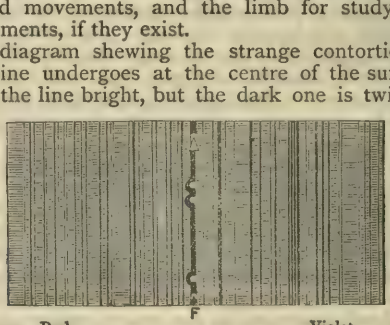


Fig. 10.

generally inclining towards the red; and often when this happens we have a bright line on the violet side. It is seen, sometimes, stopping short of one of the small sun-spots; swelling out prior to disappearance; invisible in a facula between two small spots; changed into a bright line, and widened out on both sides two or

three times in the very small spots; becoming bright near a spot, and expanding over it on both sides; very many times widened out near a spot, sometimes considerably, on the less refrangible side; and, finally, extended as a bright line without any thickening over a small spot. Now the other Fraunhofer lines on the diagram may be looked upon as so many milestones telling us with what rapidity the up-rush and down-rush take place; for these twistings are nothing more nor less than alterations of wave-length, and, thanks to Ångström's map, we can map out distances along the spectrum from F in $\frac{1}{10000000}$ths of a millimètre from the centre of that line; and we know that an alteration of that line, $\frac{1}{10000000}$th millimètre towards the violet, means a velocity of thirty-eight miles a second towards the eye—that is, an up-rush; and that a similar alteration towards the red means a similar velocity from the eye—that is, a down-rush. The fact that the black line inclines to the red, shews that the less bright hydrogen descends; the fact that the bright line—where both are visible side by side—inclines to the violet, shews that the more vivid hydrogen ascends; and the alteration of wave-length is such that twenty miles a second is very common. Now, observations of the lateral motions at the limb are of course made by the chromospheric bright lines seen beyond the limb. Here the velocities are very much more startling; not velocities of up-rush and down-rush, but swinging and cyclonic motions of the hydrogen. What we shall see will be this. The portion of the prominence at rest will give us no alteration of wave-length; its bright line will be in a line with the corresponding black one in the spectrum. The portion moving towards the eye, however, will give us an alteration of wave-length towards the violet. We are now in a position to grasp the phenomena revealed to Lockyer by his spectroscope, when at times the F line is seen double and even triple! the alteration of wave-length being such that the motion of that part of the prominence giving the most extreme alteration must have exceeded 120 miles per second, if we are to explain these phenomena by the only known possible cause which is open to us. By moving the slit it is possible to see in which part of the prominence these great motions arose, and to follow the change of wave-length to its extremest limit.

In connection with this new method it may be remarked that we have two very carefully prepared recent maps of the solar spectrum, one by Kirchhoff, the other by Ångström, made a few years apart, and at different epochs with regard to the sun-spot period. In these maps we see a vast difference in the relative thicknesses of the C and F lines, and great differences in the relative darkness and position of the lines; and in these different thicknesses of the lines we may be supplied with a barometer, so to speak, to measure the varying pressures in the solar and stellar chromospheres; for every star has, has had, or will have a chromosphere. It was suggested

by Lockyer in 1866 that possibly a spectroscopic examination of the sun's limb might teach us somewhat of the outburst of the star in Corona, and we now see that all that is necessary to get just such an outburst in our own sun is to increase the power of his convection-currents, which we know to be ever at work. Here, then, is one cataclysm the less in astronomy—one less 'World on Fire,' and possibly also a bright light thrown on the past history of our own planet. This new method, moreover, gives us a more or less firm hold on the strange phenomena presented by variable stars, and an application of the facts already referred to opens out generalisations of the highest interest and importance; and having at length fairly grappled with some of the phenomena of the nearest star, we may soon hope for more certain knowledge of the distant ones.

To recapitulate: (1) The upper layer of the sun's chromosphere consists of hydrogen. (2) Below this we have the photosphere, a region containing metallic vapours, along, probably, with numerous deposited cloud-particles of these vapours, which form, as it were, small centres of radiation. (3) The appropriate machinery by means of which the radiation of the sun is kept up would appear to be convection-currents carrying down the cooled particles, and supplying fresh ones. This perhaps explains the granulated or mottled appearance of the general surface of the sun. (4) Under certain circumstances, these convection-currents assume a larger size, and are rendered visible as faculæ and sun-spots. We have only now to ask the question, under what circumstances do convection-currents swell into sun-spots? and here we come to a region of the greatest interest, but also of the greatest obscurity. We shall briefly indicate the results which appear to be proved. In the first place, Hofrath Schwabe of Dessau has shewn, as the result of forty years' observations of sun-spots, that these phenomena attain a maximum of size and frequency (speaking roughly) every ten years. Next, General Sir E. Sabine has shewn that the years of maximum sun-spots are also years of peculiarly great disturbance in the magnetism of our earth and of frequent auroræ boreales. Thirdly, Carrington has shewn that sun-spots confine themselves to the equatorial region of our luminary, and are never found at its poles. Fourthly, Messrs De La Rue, Stewart, and Loewy have rendered it very probable that the behaviour and frequency of sun-spots are regulated by the position of the planets—the influential planets being, as might naturally be supposed, Jupiter, Venus, and Mercury. To test the truth of this hypothesis, these gentlemen have measured the area of every spot which has appeared on the sun's surface from the year 1832 to the present date, making use, for this purpose, of the observations of Schwabe and Carrington, as well as of those taken at Kew. From these measurements they have obtained the following table, which exhibits the excess or deficiency of the whole spotted area of the

sun's surface, according to the relative positions of these three influential planets.

EXCESS OR DEFICIENCY.

Angular separation between	Jupiter and Venus.	Venus and Mercury.
0° and 30°	+ 881	+ 1675
30 " 60	— 60	— 139
60 " 90	— 452	— 1665
90 " 120	— 579	— 2355
120 " 150	— 705	— 2318
150 " 180	— 759	— 1604
180 " 210	— 893	— 481
210 " 240	— 752	+ 547
240 " 270	— 263	+ 431
270 " 300	+ 70	+ 228
300 " 330	+ 480	+ 1318
330 " 0	+ 1134	+ 2283

From this table it will be seen that the united result of 54 conjunctions of Venus and Jupiter exhibits an excess of 1134 when these two planets are together, and a deficiency of 893 when they are apart. And we see also that the united result of 90 conjunctions of Venus and Mercury exhibits in like manner an excess of 2283 when the two planets are together, and a deficiency of 2355 when they are apart. With these remarks, let us now proceed to the last division of our subject.

IV. RELATIONS SUBSISTING BETWEEN THE SUN AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE SYSTEM.

1. *The sun is the centre of motion of the system.*—While the earth and the other planets move round the sun each in its period with a great velocity, the sun himself is fixed, or, to speak more precisely, has a very slight motion round the centre of gravity of the system. But the sun being by far the heaviest and most massive body in the system, the centre of this system is not far from the sun's centre; hence his motions are small, and he may with propriety be called a fixed body, compared to the planets, which are wandering or movable bodies. It is well known to our readers in what manner the motion of the earth round its axis in one day joined to its motion round the sun in one year procures us that pleasing and necessary variety of day and night, summer and winter, without something analogous to which we cannot imagine organised beings to exist. We need not, therefore, enter more largely into this relation between the sun and planets, but go on to consider the next.

2. *The sun is the source of light and heat of the system.*—Without the sun, everything on the surface of the earth would be dark and frozen. When we set ourselves to calculate the amount of heat

which the sun gives out, we are quite bewildered with the magnitude of the figures with which we have to deal. We have only to bear in mind that the amount of heat received by the earth in one year from the sun would be sufficient to melt a layer of ice 100 feet thick, covering the whole surface of the earth, to appreciate our own indebtedness; but we have further to reflect that the sun is supposed to give out *two thousand million times* more heat than that which reaches us, to obtain an idea, however inadequate, of the enormous radiation of light and heat from the surface of our luminary. Now, we have reason to believe that this light and heat are given out by cloud-like particles, forming what is called the photosphere of the sun, and we therefore see prominently the necessity for some machinery by which these particles may be constantly recruited.

The work which they have to do is so amazingly great, that we cannot wonder if they speedily become exhausted; and we are led to recognise the enormous convection-currents of the sun as the machinery by which one set of particles is withdrawn from view, while a fresh and hot set from beneath is pushed upwards to do duty: no wonder, then, that these convection-currents are so vast.

We ought here to say a few words regarding the heating of various parts of the earth by the sun's rays.

In the first place, it must be borne in mind, that when a beam of light and heat falls upon a surface in a slanting manner, it loses a great deal of its effect.

If a beam of light coming in the direction of the arrow-heads fall upon a surface, AB, at right angles to this direction, this surface will then receive as much as it possibly can of the beam of light; but if the surface is inclined to the beam, as at AB′, it will evidently receive fewer rays; if still more inclined, as at AB″, it will receive still fewer; and so on, until the rays will merely graze the surface.

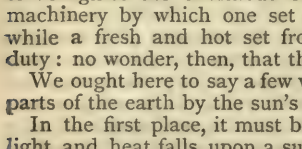


Fig. 11.

Applying these principles to the earth, it will be easily seen, by aid of the subjoined figure (fig. 12), which represents the position of our globe with reference to the rays of the sun at midsummer and at mid-winter, that these rays will fall with most effect on the equatorial regions, and with least effect on the polar. In the one figure, the position of the earth indicates that it is winter in the northern hemisphere, in which the sun's rays are not able to reach the pole. But in the other figure it is summer in the northern regions, and winter in the southern, and the south pole is now in darkness.

Thus we see that the difference in climate between equatorial and polar regions is due to the obliquity of the sun's rays, and that the difference between summer and winter is due to the same cause.

We may add that we can account in the same way for the manifest difference in the sun's strength between morning or evening and mid-day. At morning and at evening the sun's rays are very oblique, and the shadow of anything is greatly increased in size;

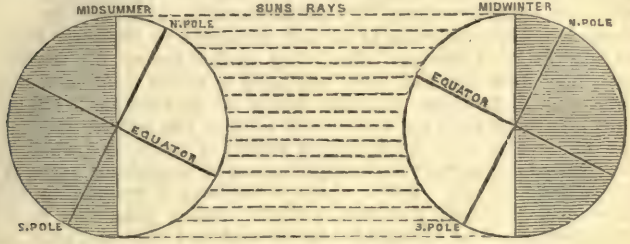


Fig. 12.

now the shadow covers that portion of ground which would be illuminated by the sun's rays if the object giving the shadow were removed; we therefore conclude that at evening and morning a small vertical object receives as much light and heat as a long strip of ground; in fact, the ground is then rather grazed than struck by the rays of our luminary.

Let us now describe an important property of our atmosphere, in virtue of which the sun's rays are economised. Its principle of action is the same as that of the forcing-frame, or glass-house. The glass which covers the house allows the rays of the sun to penetrate freely into the interior, which becomes heated in consequence; but the rays are now converted into another kind of heat, which cannot pass through glass; they can get in, but they cannot get out, and a frame of this kind is in fact a *trap to catch a sunbeam.* Now, the earth's atmosphere enjoys properties similar to the glass of the frame; that is to say, it allows the sun's rays freely to reach and heat the earth, but it does not allow the heat which the earth gives out to pass freely away into empty space. It catches this heat on its way out; and if it were not for this property of our atmosphere, the earth would probably be uninhabitable, and the nights would be intensely cold.

So much for the use we make of the heat and light of the sun; now, whence has our luminary derived this enormous supply of heat? The sun supplies us. What has supplied the sun? One conceivable answer to this question is that the sun has been created hot, just as it is conceivable to suppose that a diamond or a nugget of gold has been formed originally as we find it. Nevertheless, the man of science, when he sees any appearance or state of being, endeavours, if he possibly can, to deduce it from some other previous state of

being, acted upon by the operation of natural laws. We are therefore led to inquire if there be not some natural process going on possibly in other regions at the present moment, which might, ages ago, have acted upon our luminary, so as to generate in its mass the enormous amount of heat which it possesses. This question has been very much discussed by philosophers of late, and the only tenable hypothesis appears to be that advanced by Professor Helmholz and Sir W. Thomson. According to this theory, the particles which now form our sun were originally a widely diffused chaotic mass, endued, however, with the power of gravitation. The sun might then have been not very unlike some of the nebulæ which the telescope reveals to us in the distant realms of space, and which the spectroscope pronounces to be large masses of incandescent gas, in a state of great tenuity. But in virtue of the force of gravitation, such masses will gradually condense, and the motion generated by this condensation will be ultimately transformed into light and heat, just as by percussion or friction we may at any moment transform motion into light and heat. Conceive, for instance, that there is a large number of stones on the top of a mountain, and that they are all hurled downwards to the earth. They will acquire during their descent a great velocity, which will ultimately disappear, through friction and percussion, when the stones have reached the limit of their fall. An equivalent will, however, be left behind to represent this velocity, in the shape of heat, for the stones, by means of their friction against the earth, and by the final blow which they gave it, will generate heat. Thus we see how, through these stones having come nearer to the earth's centre, a certain measurable quantity of heat has been produced. Now, if the enormous number of particles which form our sun may be supposed to have fallen towards their present position from the extremities of space during the course of ages, or, in other words, to have become condensed, we have every reason to believe that in this case, just as in the former, the energy of motion towards the central mass will ultimately disappear as motion, and take the form of heat; and it has been calculated that this cause, and this only, is competent to account for the vast amount of heat possessed by our luminary.

We now see how, by the operation of the same law, the centre of motion of a system must also be the centre of light and heat; for the force of gravitation, which we have supposed to pull the outlying chaotic particles together, depends upon mass; hence, a large quantity of matter, such as that which forms a sun, will exert a very strong pulling force, and the quantity of heat ultimately generated will be very great. Add to this the fact, that a large body will retain its heat longer than a small one, and we see at once why the large masses of the universe, which are necessarily the centres of motion, are also the sources of light and heat. We may even expand this thought still further, for we can hardly imagine that the sun's surface

could continue to give out for any length of time such an enormous mass of heat, unless its particles were constantly recruited by convection-currents. But in order that convection-currents may be strong, two things must happen together. We must, in the first place, have a substance which expands greatly through heat; and secondly, we must have a great gravitating force. The surface must, in fact, be gaseous, and the body of enormous size. Now, the gaseous nature of the sun's surface is due directly to his heat, and this heat, again, is probably owing to his great mass, while the great gravitating force is caused directly by his mass. To recapitulate, mass, according to the condensation theory, causes high temperature indirectly; it also causes great gravitation directly. High temperature causes a gaseous surface; a gaseous surface and great gravitation cause powerful convection-currents; and such currents, by bringing a continually varying set of particles to the surface, keep up the luminosity. *Mass* would therefore appear to be the indirect cause, not only of the great temperature of large bodies, but of that peculiar machinery which insures to them a continuously luminous surface. We have thus two classes of bodies in the universe: one we call suns, which may be characterised as large, hot, and fixed; and the other we call planets, which may be characterised as small, cold, and wandering.

Let us now pass on to the next relation subsisting between the sun and the planets.

3. *The sun is the origin of the energy which is displayed on the surface of the earth.*—Energy means the power of doing work, and work may be measured very conveniently thus: If we raise a one-pound weight one foot high, we may be said to do one unit of work; if two feet high, two units; and so on. Or, doubling the weight, if we raise a two-pound weight one foot high, we may be said to do two units; if two feet high, four units; and so on—the law of measurement being obvious. Inasmuch, therefore, as a man has the power of raising many pounds many feet high, and thus doing a large amount of work, he may be said to have stored in his frame a large amount of energy.

But the amount of energy is not unlimited, for, after the man has done a good day's work, he begins to feel tired and hungry. He must rest, in order to repair the machinery of his frame; but he must do something more—he must eat; and a man who does very little work will exist upon less food and worse diet than a man who does much. It is thus abundantly obvious that a man, in order to do work, must have food; and in putting so much food into his system, he is in reality putting into it so much energy, or capacity for doing work, whether that work be carrying a certain weight up a certain height, or any other recognised species of labour. Let us, therefore, go back a step farther, and endeavour to ascertain whence this food derives its energy. If the man has eaten vegetable

food, we need not go back any farther; but if he has eaten animal food, say part of an ox, and has transferred the energy of the ox into his own system, we inquire whence the ox derives his energy, and answer clearly, from the food which he consumes—and that food is a vegetable. We are thus led to regard the vegetable kingdom as being the source of that energy which our frames possess in common with those of the inferior animals; and we have now only to go back one step more, and ask whence vegetables derive the energy which they possess.

The leaf of a vegetable is a laboratory in which chemical change is constantly going on. In the leaves, carbonic acid is decomposed, being changed into oxygen, which is given out, while carbon in some shape is retained and assimilated. Thus we see that the leaf of a vegetable does the very reverse of what we do in our fires: we burn carbon, or cause it to unite with oxygen, becoming carbonic acid gas; but the leaf of a vegetable decomposes carbonic acid gas back again into carbon and oxygen. Now, oxygen has a great attraction for carbon, and unites with it intimately; it therefore requires (as may well be imagined) the application of a great deal of energy to pull these two bodies asunder when once they have been united, or, in other words, to decompose carbonic acid; and we naturally ask whence the leaves of plants derive this energy. The reply is, from the sun's rays. The energy of certain rays from the sun is spent in producing this species of decomposition in the leaves of plants, throwing off the oxygen, and working the carbon into the tissue of the plant, where it forms food for man and beast, and also woody fibre. There has thus been a transmutation of the energy of the sun's rays into the substance of the plant, and from the plant into the substance of the ox, and from the ox into our frames; and our energy is thus seen to be ultimately due to the sun's rays.

But we can make another use of vegetable products—we can use them as fuel to our steam-engines, and by means of these we can accomplish a great deal of work without the necessity of expending our personal energy. But this does not lessen our obligation to the sun, for, as stated above, the woody-fibre of plants is formed through the intervention of his rays. Coal may be used as a substitute for wood, but coal was once woody fibre ages ago, and coal-beds form a store of energy upon which man may draw; not, however, without a sense of his indebtedness to the sun, whose rays in past ages have been influential in producing that woody fibre which has now assumed the shape of coal.

When we come to investigate our other sources of energy, we find them all, with the one exception of tidal energy, directly or indirectly due to the sun's rays. Thus, the force of the wind may be used in driving windmills and the sails of ships, but our atmospheric currents are caused by the sun; or a head of water may be used as in

a water-mill, but this very water has been carried up to its present height by the sun's beams, first in the form of vapour, and then descending in the form of rain. We think that we have entered into this subject sufficiently to convince our readers that the energy which is displayed on the earth's surface is mainly due to the sun's rays, and we now pass on to the next head.

4. *The sun is the source of the delicacy of construction displayed in organised beings.*—An animal must be able to do work, and must therefore possess a store of energy, which, as we have seen, is derived ultimately from the sun. But something more than the mere power of doing work must be possessed, for in whatever way life, will, and intelligence act, there is, in the first place, and preceding every voluntary motion, some exceedingly minute change in the structure of the brain. It is there, so to speak, that the trigger is pulled, and an extremely small impulse communicated to a very delicate organism, which results in some visible motion. Our forms, and those of other animals, are, in fact, very delicate pieces of mechanism, and the smallest conceivable impulse at the nervous centre of the system may produce the most astonishing result. We think that this delicacy of organisation depends upon the fact, that the substances which enter into the structure of the body are in a chemically delicate or even unstable state. In our opinion, delicacy of structure is inseparably connected with liability to change, so that there may be a physical basis for that belief which associates together the beautiful with the evanescent. The poet no doubt spoke out a scientific truth, though he knew it not, when he said:

> 'How small a part of time they share
> That are so wondrous sweet and fair.'

Now, this delicate tissue which enters into the human frame, as well as into the frames of animals, is originally derived from the vegetable world. Plants are, in fact, the great manufacturers of organic tissue, but in order to do so they require the rays of the sun. An unstable substance is continually changing, in order to get into a more stable condition; it requires, therefore, a continuous effort, involving an expenditure of energy, to keep up that constant supply of unstable forms which we behold, and this energy comes ultimately from the sun. But if the sun may be said to be in one sense the source of all life and vigour and delicacy of being, he is not himself exempt from the great law of evanescence. Sir W. Thomson, in his beautiful theory of the dissipation of energy, has shewn that while in *quantity* this constituent of the universe remains always the same, in *quality* it is gradually becoming degraded, so that the sun himself will in the course of ages grow old and unfit for work, as well as we who write this article and those who read it. The fire will die out. It matters not whether its diameter be 800,000 miles or the half-inch of a tallow candle. We must, however, here pause, otherwise we may

be led into a train of thought foreign to the object of this paper, which is to look at things from the physical standpoint merely.

5. *Other relations.*—Late researches have pointed out that other very obscure but very interesting relations probably subsist between the head and the various members of our system. In the first place, the sun himself possesses very great molecular delicacy of construction. When we find that sun-spots are variable in amount, and have a period of maximum recurring every ten or eleven years, we are naturally led to associate this with some other phenomenon known to be periodical. This would point at once to planetary positions as somehow connected with spot-frequency, but the length of the spot-period is not yet known with sufficient accuracy to enable us to determine whether it corresponds with any evident planetary period. It would, however, appear, when investigating more closely the behaviour of spots, that they have a tendency, on the average, to break out on that part of the sun's disc which is removing by rotation from the immediate neighbourhood of Venus, and to attain their maximum on that portion of the disc which is farthest away from that planet. Jupiter and Mercury have also, it has been conjectured, a similar action; but that of Venus appears to be more marked, probably because she remains for a longer time closer to the earth, or point of view, than any other planet. It has also been shewn by General Sir Edward Sabine, who has investigated the magnetic state of our own earth, that disturbances in terrestrial magnetism take place to a greater extent in those years which are also the epoch of maximum sun-spots. These magnetic disturbances are again accompanied by displays of the aurora borealis, and by earth-currents making their appearance in our telegraphic wires. We have thus a proof that the earth is so bound to our celestial luminary as to respond to the changes which take place on its surface. Hofrath Schwabe, who has watched the sun for about forty years, imagines that the appearance presented by the planet Jupiter has some relation to sun-spots. In virtue of all these things, we must conclude that there is some relation between the sun and the other members of the system, the nature of which is not yet understood, but the reality of which can hardly be ignored. The whole subject is yet in its infancy, and presents a very fertile field for future research.



STORY OF COLBERT.*

IN the shop of a woollen-draper in Rheims, an ancient provincial town in France, an apprentice boy, of slim personal appearance and handsome intelligent features, stood within the counter, poring over the pages of a well-thumbed volume. His name was Baptiste, or, more properly, Jean Baptiste Colbert.

'What day of the month is this?' asked M. Certain, a thin, withered old man, the master of the establishment, looking out from his green leathern arm-chair, at the further extremity of the shop, and addressing Baptiste.

'The 30th of October 1632,' replied the youth.

'Not altogether correct,' cried the old woollen-draper briskly: 'you are right as to the day and month, but wrong as to the year. This is 1634, my lad, and that you should know, for you are now fifteen years of age, and should be able to reckon correctly.'

'And so I should, godfather; and I am sure I am fond enough of ciphering. But my mind was a little engaged with history; and at the moment you spoke, I was'——

'Oh, I see; reading, as usual. I am afraid you will never be good for anything. But what kind of a book is it? What interests you so much?'

* This truthful and graphic account of the rise of the distinguished Colbert has been translated and partly adapted from the French for the present work. A more suitable gift could not be offered to British youth.

'Why, sir, I am reading the trial of the Duke of Montmorency.'

'The Duke of Montmorency! What have you to say to him? You think yourself a great man, I suppose, my little fellow, because you have among your ancestors the barons of Gasteril.'

'Castlehill, godfather: the Castlehills are the common ancestors of the Colberts of Scotland and of France; we have the same coat-of-arms.'

'Bah! what is that to me? When your mother, Madame Colbert, came to ask me to stand sponsor for you, in compliment to my poor sister, with whom she had been educated, do you think I asked who were your ancestors? Here, at the sign of the Golden Fleece, we do not mind such things. All we have to do with is to sell cloth.'

'I am quite aware of that, sir,' modestly answered the young man: 'I will do my best, I am sure.'

'Oh, I daresay you will, by and by. However, since you are reading about the Duke of Montmorency, pray tell me what he was tried for.'

'You know, godfather, when Louis XIII. set out from Paris in 1629, and notwithstanding the extreme cold, went in person to assist the Duke of Nevers, and defend him against the claims which the Duke of Savoy made upon Montferrat'——

'I declare the little fellow is born a statesman; it is wonderful how he strings it all together,' said the old woollen-draper, staring up at his godson, whose student-like paleness and expression of profound thought seemed little suited to the softness of his childish features, and the fair silken hair which fell in large curls on his shoulders, rivalling in whiteness those of a young girl.

'Well, godfather,' continued Baptiste, his face glowing with just indignation, 'when the young king had forced the pass of Suze, conquered the army of the Duke of Savoy, pursued the Spaniards of Cazal, seized upon Pignerol, and, according to the treaty of Querasque, concluded three years before, put the Duke of Nevers in possession of the duchy of Mantua—when, with the title of *Deliverer of Italy*, which this treaty gave him, he returned with the Duke of Richelieu to the capital, he found there a thousand intrigues. His brother Gaston, Duke of Orleans, had revolted; several nobles had joined his party, the principal of whom was the Duke of Montmorency, who had stirred up Lower Languedoc, of which he was governor; but being taken with arms in his hands at the battle of Castelnaudary, he was beheaded by order of the Duke of Richelieu, at Toulouse, on the 30th October 1632.'

'There was probably in all that a little of the Cardinal de Richelieu's intrigues and machinations,'* observed the old woollen-

* Cardinal de Richelieu (born 1585—died 1642) was prime-minister of Louis XIII., and although a revengeful, cruel, and unprincipled man, has been reckoned by historians one of the greatest statesmen of the old French monarchy. His successor was Mazarin, who is noticed in the present story.

draper, who, as you may perceive, my young readers, did not dislike politics, although he appeared as if he did.

'Ministers are too arbitrary, too harsh, too despotic,' replied Baptiste with animation; 'and if ever I am prime-minister'——

A roar of laughter from the old woollen-draper, from the apprentices, nay, even from the shop-boy, who was sweeping the front part of the shop, interrupted poor little Baptiste, and made the blood mount to his temples.

'There are no longer any children!—there are no longer any children!' cried Moline laughing.

'If—you—were—a—prime—min—ist—er,' repeated the master of the Golden Fleece, drawling out each syllable; 'if—you—were—a—prime—min—ist—er!—Do me the favour, sir,' added he, abruptly changing his tone, 'first to be useful in your godfather's shop, and to learn to be thankful for having got into so respectable a means of earning a livelihood.'

'Pardon, my good godfather; I spoke on the spur of the moment, and will endeavour to be all that could be desired of me.'

'Well, well, no more of that. Lay aside your paper, and listen to what I am going to say. Here is an invoice, directed, you see, to M. Cenani, of the firm Cenani and Mazerani, bankers of Paris, Set off now to the banker, and take the invoice to him, and at the same time shew him those cloths, to make hangings for a country-house that he has purchased in the environs. Come here, sir, and remember the prices of these cloths: No. 1 is marked three crowns a yard; No. 2, six crowns; No. 3, eight crowns; and No. 4, fifteen crowns. It is dear enough, but it is the very finest Saxony.'

'Am I to make any abatement, godfather?' asked Baptiste, taking a card to which little patterns of cloth were fastened, while Moline the porter loaded himself with several pieces similar to the specimens.

'Abatement!' cried the woollen-draper; 'not a farthing. The full price, and ready money. Not a penny less. Remember.'

Baptiste, followed by Moline with a large parcel of cloth, quickly measured the distance which separated M. Guillaume Certain's shop from the hotel where the banker Cenani was staying.

'You will recollect what your godfather said to you, will you not, Master Baptiste? No. 1, three crowns; No. 2, six crowns; No. 3, eight crowns; and No. 4, fifteen crowns: that's your story. Why, what is the matter with you? What are you thinking of, with your eyes on the ground? One would think you were looking for pins.'

'To tell you the truth, Moline, I do not think my godfather understands me. I wish to be a good shopkeeper, if that is to be my destiny; but surely a man may not be the worse tradesman for taking pleasure in a book, when it does not interfere with his profession.'

'Perhaps so, Baptiste, my good lad; but I am afraid you are a little too much given to forgetfulness; but no doubt you will do well in time. Come, cheer up; here is the hotel.'

'I wish to see M. Cenani,' said Baptiste to the person in attendance.

'The first staircase to the left, Nos. 8 and 10,' said the waiter. And still followed by Moline, the young woollen-draper knocked at the door to which he was directed, and was soon ushered into the presence of a very young man, in a dressing-gown of bright-green damask, richly flowered with red.

'I come from M. Certain,' said Baptiste, bowing.

'Here are several pieces of cloth for your honour to choose from,' added Moline, placing his parcel on a table.

The young banker merely said: 'Let me see,' at the same time carelessly approaching the bales, which Moline eagerly opened; and scarcely looking at them, as he touched each piece successively with the tip of his fingers, he put one aside. 'I like this best; what is its price?'

'Fifteen crowns a yard,' answered Baptiste. Moline made a grimace which neither seller nor buyer remarked.

'Very well,' said the latter; 'it is for making hangings for my study in the country. How many yards are in this piece?'

'Thirty yards,' said Moline, looking at the mark; and if you wish me to measure it before you, sir,'——

'It is quite unnecessary, my friend; I may trust M. Guillaume. Thirty yards at fifteen crowns make four hundred and fifty crowns: here they are;' and going with the same negligent air to an open desk, he took out a handful of money, which he gave to Baptiste.

'Do you know how to write, my little friend?' said he to him.

'Yes, sir,' said the young apprentice, blushing deeply, so mortified was he by the question.

'Well, give me a receipt.'

Baptiste gave the required receipt, and took the money; Moline made up the three other pieces of cloth; both then bowed and retired.

If Baptiste had not been at the time a little absent in mind, he might have remarked, when he reached the street, that his companion was more than usually jocose, and saying as much as that they had had a good day's work.

'Well?' said the master of the Golden Fleece, perceiving, from his station on the step before his door, the approach of his godson and his shop-boy—'well?'

'Here we are at last,' said Moline, throwing his bale upon the counter.

M. Certain opened it eagerly. 'You have made no mistake, I hope,' said he.

'I don't think I have,' said Baptiste quietly.

'But I think you have,' said Moline with a smothered laugh.

'Do you think so, Moline?—do you think so?' cried the old woollen-draper, throwing down the cloth, and examining the tickets. 'But indeed I might have expected this; the little rascal could not do otherwise. But I warn you, if you have made a mistake, you shall go to M. Cenani to ask from him the surplus money, and if he refuse to give it, you shall pay it out of your wages. No. 3 is wanting; No. 3 was worth—it was worth six crowns; no, eight crowns. I am quite puzzled.'

'Eight crowns!—eight crowns!' cried Baptiste, astounded. 'Are you sure of that, godfather?'

'Perhaps you would like to make out, you little rascal, that it was I who made the mistake. I tell you No. 3 was worth eight crowns. I am half dead with fear. I will lay a wager that the fellow sold it for six.'

'On the contrary, godfather, stupid creature that I am, I have sold it for fifteen; but'——

'Fifteen!—fifteen!' interrupted the woollen-draper, trying to disguise the joy which his faltering voice alone would have betrayed—'fifteen! You are a fine boy, a good boy, Baptiste; you will one day be an honour to all your family. Fifteen!—and I, your godfather, congratulate myself on having stood sponsor for you. Fifteen!—I could cry with joy! Fifteen crowns—fifteen crowns for a piece of cloth not worth six! Thirty yards at fifteen crowns instead of eight—seven crowns profit; thirty yards, two hundred and ten crowns—six hundred and thirty francs profit. O happy day!'

'How, godfather; would you take advantage?' said Baptiste, drawing back instead of advancing.

'Oh, perhaps you want to go shares,' said the dishonest shopkeeper. 'Certainly; I agree to let you have something.'

'Godfather,' interrupted young Colbert in his turn, composedly taking up his hat, which he had put down on entering, 'I cannot agree to any such thing'——

'Bravo! bravo! my boy. Well, give it all to me.'

'And I will go,' continued Baptiste, 'to the gentleman whom I have treated so badly, to beg of him to excuse me, and to return him the money he overpaid me.'

And with these words, Baptiste, who had, while speaking, been gradually approaching the street door, cleared the threshold with a single bound, and rushed out.

The knavish old woollen-draper stood in amazement and wrath at this unforeseen occurrence; but we shall leave him for a moment, to follow the conscientious lad, who was on his way back to the hotel of M. Cenani.

'Can I see M. Cenani?' asked the breathless Baptiste of the *valet-de-chambre* who had opened the door to him a quarter of an hour before.

'He is not yet gone out; but I do not think you can see him,' replied the valet: 'my master is dressing.'

'I beg of you, sir, to let me see him immediately,' said Baptiste, his looks as urgent as his tones; 'it is absolutely necessary I should see him.'

'I will go and inquire,' said the valet; and he opened his master's door, without perceiving that Baptiste had closely followed him.

'What is the matter, Comtois?' asked the young banker, without turning his head, as, standing before a mirror, he was trying to give a becoming fold to the frill of his shirt.

'It is the young woollen-draper, who was here just now, who wants to see you, sir,' replied the valet.

'He cannot see me now,' said M. Cenani. 'My sword, Comtois.'

'Oh, pray, sir, one word,' said the imploring voice of Baptiste.

'What brings you here? What do you want? I paid you, did I not?' asked the banker, turning angrily to Baptiste. 'I am engaged. Go.'

With that fearlessness which is given by extreme youth, and the consciousness of doing right, Baptiste, instead of retiring, advanced a few steps into the room.

'Sir,' said he to the banker, whose astonishment at his boldness for a moment checked the order already on his lips to turn him out, 'I have imposed upon you—unintentionally, it is true—but that does not make you the less wronged.' Then taking advantage of the extreme surprise caused by this preamble, the young woollen-draper advanced still further into the room, and emptying his pocket on a table, added: 'Here are the four hundred and fifty crowns that you gave me just now; be so good as to return me the receipt I gave you, and to take your money. The cloth that I sold to you, instead of being worth fifteen crowns a yard, is only worth eight. Thirty yards at eight crowns make only two hundred and forty crowns. You are to get back two hundred and ten crowns. There they are, sir. Will you see if it is right?'

'Are you quite sure of what you say, my friend?' said the banker, quickly changing his tone. 'Are you certain there is no mistake?'

'You have the piece of cloth still, sir; is it not marked No. 3?'

'It is,' said Comtois, going to examine.

'The No. 3 is marked at eight crowns, sir; I do not mistake. I beg your pardon, sir, for having made my way to you in spite of you; but if you had found out the mistake before I did, I should never have forgiven myself. Now, I have the honour of wishing you good-morning.'

'Stay a moment, one moment!' cried Cenani to Baptiste, who was retiring with a bow, and whom this command brought back from the door. 'Do you know that I am no judge of cloth myself?'

'I can assure you, sir, that this piece of cloth is not worth more than eight crowns.'

Smiling at his simplicity, the young banker continued: 'And you might have easily kept this money for yourself.'

'I never thought of that, sir,' replied the young apprentice with artless simplicity.

'But if you had thought of it?' again inquired the elegant Parisian.

'It was quite impossible, sir, that such an idea could ever have come into my head. You might as well ask me if I had thought of carrying off all that you have here;' and a smile, as if at the absurdity of the idea, lighted up the ingenuous countenance of the boy.

'Suppose I were to make you a present of this money that you have returned to me with such admirable integrity?'

'What right have I to it, sir? and why should you give it to me? I would not take it, sir,' said Baptiste without hesitation.

'You are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow,' said the young banker, going towards Baptiste, and taking him by the hand—'you are a fine fellow, and an honest fellow,' repeated he. 'What is your name?'

'Jean Baptiste Colbert, at your service,' replied Baptiste, blushing at this condescension.

'And how old are you, Baptiste?'

'Fifteen, sir.'

'Colbert, Colbert,' repeated M. Cenani, as if endeavouring to recall something to his memory. 'Is it possible that you are a relation of the Colberts of Scotland?'

'The barons of Castlehill are the common ancestors of the Scotch and French Colberts, sir.'

'And how comes it that your father, a descendant of such an illustrious family, is a woollen-draper?'

'My father is not a woollen-draper, sir; but he is very poor; and it is to relieve the family of the burden of my support that I became apprentice to my godfather, M. Certain.'

'Poor little fellow; so much artlessness, integrity, and amiability, and so unfortunate! What a pity!—what a pity!'

'Your carriage is ready, sir,' said the *valet-de-chambre*, reappearing.

The young banker let go the hand of the boy with regret; he seemed divided between the wish of making him accept the sum still lying upon the table, and the fear of again calling up the blush of mortification to that face of such noble, yet childlike beauty. The latter feeling undoubtedly prevailed, for he contented himself with saying: 'We shall meet again, Baptiste; we shall meet again.' And with gestures and looks of kindness, he dismissed him.

Baptiste ran down the staircase of the hotel, and was bounding into the street, when he was seized by the collar with a powerful and threatening grasp. It was that of his enraged master, who had followed him, and now abused him in a frantic manner for

having returned the money. All remonstrances from poor Baptiste were in vain. M. Certain was, on the whole, not a bad man; but he was greedy, and had a hasty temper, and these two evil qualities led him into a momentary and sinful forgetfulness of his duty.

'Get from my sight and from my employment,' said he in answer to Baptiste's explanations. 'Go, I say, and follow the advice that I now give you—it is my last. Never come within reach of either my arm or my tongue. There is my blessing for you; take it, and good-bye to you.'

Much as Baptiste had expected his godfather's rage, and fully as he was prepared for it, the idea of his dismissing him had never entered his head; nevertheless he did not repent his conduct, feeling that, in the circumstances, he had had no alternative. Bowing his head to his sponsor's unchristianlike farewell, Baptiste slowly bent his steps to his father's house.

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and M. Colbert was already seated at supper with his wife and youngest son, a child of six years of age, when the parlour-door opened, and Baptiste appeared. A cry of astonishment broke from the lips of both father and mother, alarmed by the confused and sorrowful air of the boy. 'What is the matter? Why have you left the shop on a week-day? Is your godfather ill? Or are you—— Speak! What is the matter?'

These questions from both father and mother followed each other so rapidly, that the young apprentice could not find a moment to answer them; but a sigh having followed the last word, he took advantage of it. 'I have been dismissed by M. Certain,' said Baptiste.

'You have been about some folly then, sir,' said M. Colbert, for a moment losing the parent in the severe censor.

'I will leave it to you to decide, father,' replied Baptiste modestly.

Madame Colbert's anxiety deprived her of utterance.

'What do you mean?' demanded M. Colbert.

'With your permission, my dear father, I will relate to you all that occurred to-day, and then you can tell me if I have done wrong: but I do not think I have; for, notwithstanding the grief that I feel in appearing before you, after being dismissed, yet, if it were to do over again, I would act as I have done.'

'Go on,' said his father, while his mother looked encouragingly at him, and his little brother blew kisses to him. Baptiste related all that you already know, my young readers; he did so simply and candidly, without a word of exaggeration or of reproach; nay, the amiable boy seemed to seek palliations for his godfather's conduct, which, though repugnant to his every feeling, he endeavoured to excuse. 'My godfather is so fond of money,' said he, 'and then, as a woollen-draper, perhaps he did not understand my conduct. To sell a little over the value, or a great deal, is the same thing to him,

perhaps. If one may charge twopence profit on the yard without being called a rogue, and punished as such, why may not one as well charge a hundred francs, if one can? What do you say, father? It is very much to be regretted, but so it is.'

'Come and embrace me, my son,' said M. Colbert, extending his arms to Baptiste, who threw himself into them—'come; you are indeed my son: you have behaved well, and have my full approbation.'

'Yes, you have indeed behaved well, my beloved Baptiste,' added Madame Colbert, also holding out her arms to her son; 'you have done right. Sit down here near me; you must be hungry! You shall never return to that man, I promise you.'

'I cannot remain a burden to you, however,' observed Baptiste, seating himself by his mother's side.

'We will think of that to-morrow,' replied M. Colbert; 'to-day we will only think how we can best entertain the welcome guest that God has ordered that the woollen-draper should send us.'

'Sir,' said the one solitary servant of the house, quietly opening the parlour-door, 'a gentleman in a post-chaise wants to speak to you.'

'His name, Janon?'

'He says that as you do not know him, it is useless to tell his name; but he is very anxious to see you.'

'And I have no reason to refuse to receive him, stranger though he be: let him walk in, Janon,' said M. Colbert, rising from table to meet the visitor.

At the first glance of the stranger, as he entered with all the Parisian air of fashion which distinguished him, Baptiste coloured deeply.

'Sir,' said the stranger, bowing to Baptiste's father, and stopping to bend almost to the ground before Madame Colbert, 'I beg a thousand pardons for having thus forced my entrance; but I leave to-morrow, and the business which brings me to you would not admit of delay. I am M. Cenani, of the firm Cenani and Mazerani of Paris.'

'In what can I serve you, sir?' asked M. Colbert, offering a chair to the stranger, who seated himself.

'This youth is your son, is he not, sir?' inquired he, pointing to Baptiste, who blushed still more deeply.

'Yes, sir, thank God.'

'You have cause to thank God, sir: this child acted towards me this morning in a manner truly noble.'

'Only as he ought, sir—only as he ought,' said Madame Colbert hastily; fearing, with maternal anxiety, that her son might be rendered proud of having done his duty.

'Nobly, madame. I see that you know the history; but as you have probably heard it from your son, his modesty has undoubtedly

left you ignorant of that which has most delighted me. I went to M. Guillaume's for a second piece of cloth, and was informed of all the details by the shop-boy. 'Your admirable child, madame, refused to divide with his master the overcharge on the cloth.'

'Excellent, excellent! Quite right, quite right! O my dear, dear boy!' said Madame Colbert with happy pride, embracing Baptiste, who stammered—

'It would not have been honest.'

M. Colbert looked upon his son with all a father's delighted approval.

'You are aware, sir,' said he, addressing the banker, 'that on account of his conduct, a conduct which makes a father's heart palpitate with joy, my son has been dismissed from M. Guillaume's.'

'I know it, sir; the shop-boy told me so; and on that account I determined to come here, and to ask you, since you have already suffered your child to enter into trade, if it would suit you to place him, honest and honourable as he is, in our banking-house, where, in a larger sphere, he must make his fortune? I tell you, madame, your child will make his fortune.'

'God bless you, sir,' said Madame Colbert with emotion.

Baptiste, who had hitherto listened in silence, and who now only began to understand M. Cenani's intention, cried suddenly: 'If to make a fortune I am to leave my father and mother, I must decline it, sir.'

'But I do not decline it for you, Baptiste,' said his father tenderly but seriously. 'We are very poor, my son; and I should think myself culpable did I bury a mind like yours in the narrow and confined sphere in which I move. Since this gentleman has appreciated you so far as to come to seek you here, he deserves my fullest confidence. I give him to you, sir; I intrust to you the flower of my family. Oh, in that great city, whither you are about to take him, watch over him—I will not say like a father, you are too young, but like a brother. And you, Baptiste, go with this gentleman; in all that concerns the business of your calling, listen to his advice, and follow it; but when the principles of integrity, of honour, and of virtue are involved, take counsel but of your own heart.'

Baptiste wept while he listened to his father, but he no longer made any objection; the desire to relieve his parents, and to be useful to his family, soon dried his tears; nevertheless, the adieus were sorrowful.

Baptiste's young heart was wrung at the thought of leaving that home whose every corner recalled to his mind some sport of his childhood, or some fond caress of his parents; whose every article of furniture was connected with some sweet and tender association. Even down to old Janon, there was nothing that did not bring with it a regret.

Soon, however—thanks to the natural buoyancy of his age, and

also to the change of scene and place—Baptiste felt a new life spring up within him, as he was whirled along in a comfortable carriage, with a young and cheerful companion.

Let us follow him to Paris, my young readers, and see in what manner the little woollen-draper climbed, step by step, to the pinnacle of earthly greatness and glory.

Having arrived in Paris, young Colbert found himself in a new world. All was brilliant and delightful. But though highly interested with all that he saw, he had the good sense to remember that he must, to enjoy what surrounded him, diligently pursue the line of duty chalked out by his kind-hearted employer. With ears and eyes open to all he heard and saw, he still closely adhered to his occupation as a clerk in the banking-house of Messrs Cenani and Mazerani. By this diligence and his general skill, he speedily rose in estimation. No accounts baffled his scrutiny. He mastered the details of his profession while still a youth; and on attaining manhood, he might have been pronounced a thorough financier. The most important duties were now intrusted to him; and at length he obtained the great object of his ambition, the office of traveller for the firm.

The taste for the arts and sciences which he possessed was still more developed in his travels. He made the circuit of all the French provinces; and commerce being his principal study, he was already devising means to render it flourishing. It was while on these journeys that he formed those great projects, the execution of which, in later years, adorned his ministry. In 1648, when he was about thirty, Saint-Pouage, his near relation, placed him with his brother-in-law, Letellier, then Secretary of State, by whom he was introduced to Cardinal Mazarin, prime-minister of Anne of Austria, regent of France during the minority of Louis XIV. At this period, commenced the factious intrigues which marked the regency of Anne. Mazarin, who had more penetration into character than any other man of his time, understood and appreciated the young and studious Colbert. He begged him of Letellier, who yielded him to him. Mazarin created him privy-councillor, and associated him with himself in all public business. Having proved his zeal in the wars of the Fronde in 1649 and 1650, he soon admitted him into his full confidence. At this epoch, Mazarin, pursued by public hatred, and an object of distrust and dislike to the highest in the kingdom, was obliged to retire to Cologne. Colbert was about to marry Marie, the daughter of Jacques Charron, Baron de Menars. He remained at Paris as comptroller of the cardinal's household, and the secret agent of his correspondence with the queen-regent. He it was who was the bearer of the minister's despatches to that princess, and who received hers in return for the minister. He acquitted himself of this delicate commission in a manner which did equal honour to his head and heart, his prudence being only equalled by his zeal; and

when Mazarin returned to France, he enabled him to be useful to his family.

Colbert's father was not forgotten by his son; he was created a baron, and placed in a situation suitable to his abilities. His mother's father, Henri Passort, was made privy-councillor. The latter afterwards drew up that famous civil code known under the name of the code of 1667. To one of his brothers he gave several appointments; procured a lieutenancy in the regiment of Navarre for the second; caused the third to be appointed director of sea-prizes; and for his fourth brother, who was an abbé, he obtained a benefice worth six thousand livres. Thus Colbert, now a great man at court, shewed himself not unmindful of his relatives, and these were worthy of his esteem. The following extract from a letter written by Colbert to his patron the cardinal, proves also that he had not obliged one who was ungrateful for his favours:

'I entreat,' he says, 'that your Highness will not think me insensible to the many favours that you have lavished on me and my family, and that, by your permitting a public acknowledgment of them, I may be allowed to offer the only kind of return for them it is in my power to make.'

Colbert, created Marquis de Croissy, continued to give such proofs of rare merit and conscientiousness in all affairs confided to him by the cardinal, that the latter, when dying, said to Louis XIV.: 'I owe everything to you, sire; but I think that I acquit myself in some degree to your majesty in giving you Colbert.'

Louis XIV. appreciated Colbert's merit so highly, that in 1661 he created him comptroller-general of finance. At this era, France carried on no regular trade but that of some of its provinces with the capital, and even this trade was confined to the produce of the soil. France was still ignorant of her own resources and the mine of wealth that national industry can open. The principal roads were impassable; Colbert had them repaired, and also opened new ones. The junction of the two seas by which France is bounded, had before been proposed under Louis XIII.; Colbert had it put into execution by Riquet. He projected the Canal de Bourgogne, and established a general insurance-office for the benefit of maritime towns. He founded a chamber of commerce, where the most skilful merchants were called upon to discuss the sources of national prosperity; and not trusting to his own judgment, he addressed himself to every European court for information, not merely as to the branches of commerce, but as to the means of making that commerce flourishing. By a skilful stroke of policy, he taught the nobility that trade might be engaged in without losing caste. Nantes, St Malo, and Bordeaux are still inhabited by merchants who belong to the noblest families of their respective provinces. At this period, the English and Dutch divided between them the empire of the sea. Colbert, who had learned how much power lay in the trade between

the two worlds, disputed this empire with them. Dunkirk was in the possession of the English; he redeemed it, in 1662, from Charles II. at an expense of five million livres. The two India companies were established; a colony was sent out from Rochelle to people Cayenne; a second took possession of Canada, and laid the foundation of Quebec; a third settled in Madagascar; the same month, sixty-five large ships sailed from St Malo. The seas were infested by the corsairs of Algiers, of Tunis, and of Tripoli; the French vessels pursued the pirates, and stormed their strongholds, so that they could never afterwards see the French flag without terror. The harbours of Brest, Toulon, and Rochefort were opened, and those of Havre and Dunkirk fortified. Naval schools were established; and more than a hundred ships-of-the-line, with sixty thousand sailors, commanded by D'Estrée, Tourville, Jean-Bart, and Forbin, gave to the French flag, hitherto unknown upon the seas, a brilliant triumph.

It was this able minister who established glass-works in the Faubourg St Antoine, which article had previously been purchased in Venice at enormous prices. In 1667, he founded, in another part of Paris, the celebrated Gobelins manufactory—an establishment in which was produced the most beautiful tapestries, and which remains till this day as one of the greatest wonders in the French metropolis.

In short, you cannot go a small distance in Paris without finding a trace of the great Colbert. The observatory, the beautiful garden of the Tuileries, laid out by Lenôtre, the triumphal-arch of St Martin's Gate, that of the Rue St Denis, that benevolent and noble institution, the Hôtel of the Invalids, many of the quays and boulevards, and several other things which we forget, attest the genius which shed such brilliancy and glory upon the age of Louis XIV.; and it is only unfortunate that that monarch, by his desire for military conquest, failed to realise for France the solid benefits of Colbert's peaceful policy. Nothing was beyond the range of this great and noble intellect—not even agriculture. Remembering the axiom of Sully, the friend and minister of Henri IV.—'Pasturage and tillage are the two nurses of the state'—he encouraged the breeding of cattle, and rendered land more easy of acquisition.

In the midst of so many labours, the fine arts, the fair dream of his early years, were not forgotten. In 1664, he founded the Academy of Painting, Architecture, and Sculpture, and the French Academy at Rome; and was also greatly instrumental in the establishment of the Academy of Science; and that of Inscriptions took its rise from an assembly held in his own house, for the purpose of furnishing designs and devices for the king's medals.

It was not until the 6th September 1683 that Colbert, who might have said with Corneille, 'I owe all my renown to myself,' terminated, at the age of sixty-four, a career no less useful than brilliant.

He left nine children, six sons and three daughters. His three daughters married the dukes of Chevereux, Aignau, and Mortemar. Such was the end of the illustrious Colbert, once a woolien-draper's apprentice, and whose first step to distinction was *an act of honour and honesty.*

HAPPY FAMILIES OF ANIMALS.

In walking through London, we may occasionally observe a crowd of persons collected round a large cage, containing a variety of animals usually considered as opposite and irreconcilable in their natures—such as cats, pigeons, mice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, owls, canary birds, and other small creatures. The men who exhibit these collections of animals call them *Happy Families*, from the perfectly good temper and joyous happiness in which they appear to dwell together.

What is it that produces such a harmony among different natures? *Kindness.* The animals, individually, are treated with great kindness by their proprietors, and trained, by the prospect of little rewards, to conduct themselves meekly towards each other. By this mode of treatment, birds may be trained to perform very remarkable feats; and we shall mention a case in which a boy was enabled to excite in a strong degree the affections of these animals.

Francesco Michelo was the only son of a carpenter, who resided at Tempio, a town in the island of Sardinia; he had two sisters younger than himself, and had only attained his tenth year, when a fire, which broke out in the house of his father, reduced it to ashes, and consumed the unfortunate carpenter in the ruins. Totally ruined by this frightful event, the whole family were left destitute, and forced to implore the charity of strangers, in order to supply the urgent necessities of each succeeding day.

At length, tired of his vain attempts to support his indigent parent by the extorted kindness of others, and grieved at seeing her and his sisters pining in want before his eyes, necessity and tenderness conspired to urge him to exertion and ingenuity. He made with laths, and with some little difficulty, a cage of considerable dimensions, and furnished it with every requisite for the reception of birds; and when spring returned, he proceeded to the woods in the vicinity of Tempio, and set himself industriously to secure their nests of young. As he was skilful at the task, and of great activity, it was not long before he became tolerably successful: he climbed from tree to tree, and seldom returned without his cage being well stored with chaffinches, linnets, black-birds, wrens, ring-doves, and pigeons.

Every week Francesco and his sisters carried their little favourites to the market of Sussari, and generally disposed of those which were most attractive and beautiful.

The object of their desires was to be able to support their helpless parent; but still, all the assistance they were able to procure for her was far from being adequate to supply her numerous wants. In this dilemma Francesco conceived a new and original method of increasing his gains; necessity is the mother of invention, and he meditated no less a project than to train a young Angora cat to live harmlessly in the midst of his favourite songsters. Such is the force of habit, such the power of education, that, by slow degrees, he taught the mortal enemy of his winged pets to live, to drink, to eat, and to sleep in the midst of his little charges, without once attempting to devour or injure them. The cat, whom he called Bianca, suffered the little birds to play all manner of tricks with her; and never did she extend her talons, or offer to hurt her companions.

He went even further: for, not content with teaching them merely to live in peace and happiness together, he instructed the cat and the little birds to play a kind of game, in which each had to learn its own part: and after some little trouble in training, each performed with readiness the particular duty assigned to it. Puss was instructed to curl herself into a circle, with her head between her paws, and appear buried in sleep: the cage was then opened, and the little tricksy birds rushed out upon her, and endeavoured to awaken her by repeated strokes of their beaks; then dividing into two parties, they attacked her head and her whiskers, without the gentle animal once appearing to take the least notice of their gambols. At other times she would seat herself in the middle of the cage, and begin to smooth her fur, and purr with great gentleness and satisfaction; the birds would sometimes even settle on her back, or sit like a crown upon her head, chirruping and singing as if in all the security of a shady wood.

The sight of a sleek and beautiful cat seated calmly in the midst of a cage of birds, was so new and unexpected, that when Francesco produced them at the fair of Sussari, he was surrounded instantly by a crowd of admiring spectators. Their astonishment scarcely knew any bound when they heard him call each feathered favourite by its name, and saw it fly towards him with alacrity, till all were perched contentedly on his head, his arms, and his fingers.

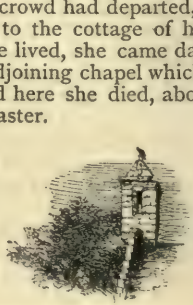
Delighted with his ingenuity, the spectators rewarded him liberally; and Francesco returned in the evening with his little heart swelling with joy, to lay before his mother a sum of money which would suffice to support her for many months.

This ingenious boy next trained some young partridges, one of which became exceedingly attached to him. This partridge, which he called Rosoletta, on one occasion brought back to him a beautiful goldfinch, that had escaped from its cage, and was lost in an

adjoining garden. Francesco was in despair at the loss, because it was a good performer, and he had promised him to the daughter of a lady from whom he had received much kindness. On the sixth morning after the goldfinch had escaped, Rosoletta, the tame and intelligent partridge, was seen chasing the truant bird before her, along the top of the linden-trees towards home. Rosoletta led the way by little and little before him, and at length getting him home, seated him in apparent disgrace in a corner of the aviary, whilst she flew from side to side in triumph for her success.

Francesco was now happy and contented, since by his own industry and exertions he was enabled to support his mother and sisters. Unfortunately, however, in the midst of all his happiness, he was suddenly torn from them by a very grievous accident. He was one evening engaged in gathering a species of mushroom very common in the southern countries of Europe; but not having sufficient discrimination to separate those which are nutritious from those that are poisonous, he ate of them to excess, and died in a few days, along with his youngest sister, in spite of every remedy which skill could apply. During the three days of Francesco's illness, his birds flew incessantly round and round his bed! some lying sadly upon his pillow, others flitting backwards and forwards above his head, a few uttering brief but plaintive cries, and all taking scarcely any nourishment.

The death of Francesco shewed in a remarkable manner what affections may be excited in animals by a course of gentle treatment. Francesco's birds appeared to be sensible of the loss of a benefactor; but none of his feathered favourites manifested on his decease such real and disconsolate grief as Rosoletta. When poor Francesco was placed in his coffin, she flew round and round it, and at last perched upon the lid. In vain they several times removed her; she still returned, and even persisted in accompanying the funeral procession to the place of graves. During his interment she sat upon an adjoining cypress, to watch where they laid the remains of her friend; and when the crowd had departed, she forsook the spot no more, except to return to the cottage of his mother for her accustomed food. While she lived, she came daily to perch and to sleep upon the turret of an adjoining chapel which looked upon his grave; and here she lived, and here she died, about four months after the death of her beloved master.





THE STORY OF VALENTINE DUVAL.

I.

ON a September afternoon in the year 1705, a funeral of one of the poor cottagers of the little village of Anthenay, in Champagne, a district in the north-east of France, wound its way to the cemetery. The curé and five young children followed the melancholy procession: the eldest was about ten years of age, and the only one of the little family who wept not; but the look of anguish with which he gazed on the coffin which contained the remains of his father, told how much he suffered.

'Valentine,' said the curé to him, ceasing for a while to chant the service for the dead, and not comprehending the boy's silence, 'why do you not weep? Did you not love your father?'

The boy raised his eyes with a look in which grief was so plainly written, that the good man immediately added: 'Poor child! you cannot weep—it is indeed sad.'

Wishing, at all risks, to cause those tears which, in flowing, might soothe the fevered mind of the boy, he continued: 'He was a good father to you, though very poor; and his last

moments must have been embittered at the thought of leaving a wife and five children without means of support. Is it not true, Valentine?'

The boy, making a painful effort to speak, replied: 'God is good, sir: he concealed the truth from my mother, who did not suppose that he was dying.'

The curé, without making any further observation, resumed the chant, and Valentine again fell into a gloomy and thoughtful silence. When the body had been committed to the earth, and the curé concluded the service, the little cortège prepared to depart. It was then that Valentine found relief in tears, and throwing himself on his knees, exclaimed: 'My father! my father!'

The curé beckoned to the peasants to remove the other children, and, kneeling by the side of Valentine, he said in a tone of commiseration: 'Pray for comfort, my son: God is merciful.'

Having waited until he perceived the boy getting more composed, he added: 'It is time to return home. Come, Valentine, let us be going.'

Without making any remark, for there is in grief a passiveness to the will of others, Valentine rose, and walking side by side, they quitted the cemetery. Not far from the place of repose was an aged elm, at the foot of which a raised bank had existed for centuries. Valentine seated himself on it; and seeing that the curé regarded his movements with surprise, he said to him: 'Don't think of me, sir, but continue on your way home.'

'And why will you not come with me?' asked the curé.

'Where would you have me go, sir? Home?—why should I go there? My father has left nothing—nothing: our neighbour Maclare this morning sent my mother a loaf of bread; she has to-day at least something to eat.'

'And are the sufferings of the family, then, so very great, that your mother has not sufficient food?'

'I would rather not have spoken of it, sir, for my mother would starve rather than make a complaint. Almost everything she gets she gives to her children; and she certainly hurts herself for their sake. This morning my sister found her lying on the ground in a kind of faint, from hunger; and as she was not able to raise her, she put a cloth over her, and fed her with a little warm milk till she recovered. Oh my poor, poor mother!' And here the fulness of Valentine's heart overcame him, and he burst into tears.

'Come, cheer up, cheer up, Valentine,' said the curé; 'I will, as is my duty, see about something being done for your mother. In the meanwhile, as you say she has something to eat, there is no immediate need for my calling; and as there does not seem to be any danger of your not getting a share of food, had you not better go home?'

'No, sir, I should prefer not to go back just at present. I am not hungry.'

'Not at present, perhaps; but in an hour or two you will be so, Valentine.'

'What would you have me do, sir? I am accustomed to suffering. I will suffer.'

'But your mother will be uneasy at not seeing you return.'

'It is not the first time that I have been absent, sir.'

'And always from the same motive?' asked the curé, greatly moved; 'always to leave your portion to be divided amongst the family?'

'Always, sir!' replied Valentine artlessly.

'Oh, why am I myself so poor?' exclaimed the good man; and taking, almost with a degree of respect, the hand of the poor boy, whose tattered clothes scarcely screened him from the weather, he added: 'Noble and generous child, come share with me my dinner to-day: it is frugal and simple, as the repast of a poor curate ought to be, who is poorer than the poorest of his parishioners; but it will be sufficient for us both. Come, and we shall afterwards devise as to the best means of relieving you. Not to eat would be to shorten your days, and that would be against Providence—it would be a sin, Valentine.'

'Oh, sir, I do not look for much; I ask but the means of earning a livelihood,' said Valentine, kissing the hand of the curé, who forced him to rise and accompany him.

In passing by the abode of Maclare, one of the richest farmers of Anthenay—he who had that morning sent the loaf of bread to the poor widow—they perceived him seated before the door of his cottage, busily engaged fastening a hoop on a cask.

'Good-day, reverend sir,' said Maclare, raising his cap to the curé. 'How is your mother, Valentine? Poor woman!'

'Good-day, Maclare,' said the curé, while a sigh was the only reply Valentine gave. 'How is it that for the last month your son has not come either to school or catechism?'

'You are very good, reverend sir, and I shall tell you the reason of his absence: it is that our turkeys are obliged to be taken care of, and the boy has been occupied in minding them.'

'You ought to get a servant to look after the turkeys, and send your boy to school to continue his studies.'

'Nay, I am not so rich, sir, as people say: twenty-four francs a year, which I give you to educate my son, besides a fagot each week, and a loaf of bread each month—the bread, I am sure, you do not regard much, for you give it to the most necessitous of your parishioners; but still it is so much out of my pocket; and as to get a servant to take care of my turkeys, I could not afford it—what purse in France could support that?'

'There is a way in which you may arrange all this, Maclare. Do you wish to know it?'

'Provided that you do not ruin me, reverend sir, I ask no better; but let me hear your plan.'

'All that you would give for educating your son, you are to give to Valentine for taking care of your turkeys, and I shall educate your son without charge. Do you agree to it?'

'Do I agree to it! You ask me do I agree to it, sir? to have my son educated and my turkeys taken care of also at the same price! Certainly I do; and willingly, I assure you.'

'It is a bargain then, Valentine,' said the curé, turning towards young Jameray. 'How do you like the arrangement?'

'Oh, you have saved my life, sir!' said Valentine with emotion. 'My mother shall now have something to eat.'

'And when the turkeys have gone to roost,' said the curé, still addressing Valentine, 'with the permission of Maclare, you will come to the presbytery and repeat your catechism; for it would not be right that you should forget what you have already learned.'

'You are a good man, sir!' exclaimed the child in a tone of thankfulness.

'It is but right that I should look after my flock,' said the curé smiling.

'Oh, my good sir!' said Maclare, 'if Valentine has such anxiety about my turkeys, there is no fear but they will be well tended.'

II.

'What, Valentine! is it because you are not hungry that you have not eaten your supper?' said Maclare, perceiving that the boy had hidden on a shelf the portion of bread and cheese which his wife had given him for supper.

'Pardon me, master,' replied Valentine, confused at being detected; 'but'——

'I see that you do not like cheese,' replied the farmer roughly; 'for a care-taker of turkeys, you are very particular.'

'Oh, master,' said Valentine, getting more and more confused, 'you must not believe'——

'What one sees—is that it?' said the wife. 'I did not wish to be the first to make an observation; but since my goodman has seen you, why, then, I must speak. Valentine is squeamish, and requires to be pampered. It is no use to tell me that you are not so, Valentine! During the two years that you have been in our service, every time I gave you for your supper, instead of soup, either cheese, bacon, or butter, I have seen you lay it aside—to feed your turkeys, I think. I do not wish to say more, Valentine; but as it is so much loss to me, since you did not like cheese, you might have returned it to me, and eaten dry bread.'

'But I do like it, mistress; and I pray you not to mistake me—do not be angry with me. I wish to eat it; but'——

And Valentine, willing to prove what he had said to be true, mounted on a chair to reach the shelf where he had placed the remains of his supper; but, in his anxiety to do so, the chair fell, bringing the boy with it.

'There; you have nearly broken your neck! I do not wish you to be standing on the chairs,' said the farmer's wife petulantly. 'Stay, and I shall give you the cheese myself.'

Speaking thus, she put her hand upon the shelf, and took the first thing she found—it was an apple.

'Well, well, who could have placed this here?' Not attaching much importance to it, she a second time put up her hand, and brought down a piece of bacon. 'I wonder what next! The shelf is surely bewitched!' But her astonishment was indeed great when, reaching up for the third time, she seized the leg of a boiled fowl, and, turning her eyes towards Valentine, she saw that he was weeping.

'Oh mother, mother!' cried he in a voice broken by sobs.

'Will you tell me what this means?' said she, still searching on the shelf. 'I am not much surprised at your dislike to the cheese or the bacon, but this fowl—such a nice piece of a pullet as this—if you had stolen these things to eat, I should say nothing; but to steal for the sole purpose of concealing them! Again—another apple, some more cheese, and a pot of butter, and crusts upon crusts: as sure as my name is Jacqueline, here are provisions enough to feed a regiment!'

'Steal!' repeated Valentine, his grief changed into indignation; 'and do you suppose I stole these things, mistress?'

'They were not placed on the shelf without hands,' observed Maclare, looking at Valentine with severity.

'I placed them there,' said Valentine.

'Why did you place them there?' asked Jacqueline.

'I will tell you all, mistress,' said Valentine, 'lest you should suppose that I have acted wrong.'

'That is right, my boy; be frank,' said Maclare; 'to avow a fault is half the pardon.'

'Alas, master,' said Valentine, throwing a wistful glance at the provisions which Jacqueline had placed on the table after taking them from the shelf, 'if you suppose that I do not like the cheese, nor the fowl, nor the butter, but particularly the fowl, you are indeed mistaken; but if you had a mother and four brothers who were hungry, and who had but a morsel of dry bread to eat each day, would you not have a bad heart if you could refuse to share these good and nourishing things with them? Well, it is to give them to my mother that I have kept them out of my own supper.'

'Poor child! And so you have deprived yourself of your supper to give it to your mother?'

'Oh, it was no hardship, Madame Jacqueline, if you knew how happy and contented I felt when I placed something additional on

the shelf. "This bacon will be for my mother," I said, "and this apple will be a treat to Paul; and then James, who loves butter, will have some on his bread;" then, when the Sunday comes—for, as you wished me not to go out during the week, I never do, and I never see them but on Sunday—when you are gone to the dance, and I am left alone, how happy I feel when I take all that I have saved during the week, and, putting them in a basket, return home. Oh to see the joy that my coming always brings! and then they all crowd around me. "What have you brought, Valentine? Oh how happy you must be to regale yourself all day on good things like these!" The poor little fellows do not know how they have been obtained, and I often wish I could carry them more. My mother sometimes—my poor mother!—says to me: "Are you not depriving yourself to give to us, Valentine?" but I say: "No, mother, indeed I am not;" and I tell truth.'

'You are a brave fellow, Valentine,' said Maclare, taking the boy's two hands in his; 'you are a good son and a kind brother, and be assured that God will love you for it. But I do not wish that you should lose your supper, do you understand? at your age it is right to eat. You must eat to get strong, and grow big. Wife, you can add the remainder of the turkey we had for dinner to the provisions for the poor widow; and, do you hear, you may as well give a crock of butter to Valentine to take with him; and, wife, the weather is cold enough to freeze a wolf, and this child must not suffer: you know the vest which I have not worn this long time—give it to him, and his mother can alter it for him.'

'Is it the red vest, Maclare?' asked Jacqueline, who had already placed the things indicated by her husband amongst Valentine's provisions.

'The red vest!—to frighten my turkeys! No, no; the blue one,' said Maclare.

'Those are all stories, are they not, master, that red will frighten turkeys?' asked Valentine, all his good-humour returning.

'Stories! Certainly not, my boy.'

'It is true, then. Explain that to me, master.'

'He is a queer child,' said Jacqueline, laughing; 'he wishes to have everything explained to him—he must know the why and wherefore of whatever he sees. This summer he destroyed my best apple-toaster that he might examine the heavens, and yesterday he thought to poison himself with some herbs which he had boiled to find out their virtue. Red frightens turkeys because it frightens them: there is no other cause than that.'

'But that is not a reason, Dame Jacqueline; *why* are they afraid of red?'

'You do not understand that my wife wishes to say that they are afraid of red—therefore they are afraid,' said Maclare. 'Why, there is no other reason: be satisfied with our explanation.'

'But answer me one question—only one, master: when a person is afraid of anything—when you are afraid—you know why.'

'That is because I am a man, and I have reason, Valentine; but the turkeys are afraid without knowing why.'

''Tis very strange,' said Valentine, 'not to know why turkeys have such a fear of red; but,' added he, speaking to himself, 'I shall know before long, no matter what master says.'

The next morning his thoughts were still engaged in ruminating on the previous evening's conversation; and he never ceased until he had procured a piece of red cloth, which he hid inside his coat; then driving the turkeys before him, he reached the border of the pond where it was usual for him to remain with them each day. Waiting until the hour had arrived at which the inhabitants of Anthenay went to chapel, leaving him at liberty to make his experiments without being perceived, he commenced his operations. He chose the finest of the turkeys, and having attached the piece of red cloth to its neck, he let go the bird, and, quietly folding his arms, watched the result.

In an instant the turkey puffed himself up, regarding with terror the red colour mingled with his feathers, and after two or three unsuccessful attempts to disengage himself from the annoyance, became furious. Valentine was delighted at these essays; but his joy was soon over. After struggling for some time with the piece of cloth, and finding that the annoyance was not to be removed in this manner, the silly turkey, believing that by flying he could escape the enemy, spread its wings, and hurried away; Valentine following its movements with anxiety. The turkey continued flying; but, unused to such fatigue, soon fell: the boy ran and took it up—it was dead!

Valentine then felt all the danger of his experiment. It was the most beautiful turkey of the entire flock. What would Maclare say, or what excuse could he give him? Alas! he had not to wait long in suspense. As he returned, sad and pensive, with the dead bird in his hand to where the remainder of the flock were feeding, he met his master.

'My turkey!' exclaimed Maclare; and seeing the piece of red cloth around the neck of the fowl, he added in anger: 'Mischievous urchin! you have been again trying your experiments; but as I have no idea of being any longer the victim of such a thirst for knowledge, get away with you, and never let me see you again.'

So saying, he snatched the turkey from Valentine, and pointing to the road, made a sign which could not be misunderstood, and walked towards his cottage.

III.

It was in the year 1707, at the commencement of one of the severest winters on record; and notwithstanding the sharp frost,

and the snow which commenced to fall, Valentine remained motionless by the side of the pond where his master had left him.

'Come, exert yourself, Valentine!' said he at length, speaking to himself, after a burst of grief at the thought of his forlorn situation. 'But where shall I go? To whom shall I present myself? Who will receive me, now that the farmer Maclare has turned me away? What shall I say to my poor mother? Who will now give her anything to eat? And the curé—the good curé—who always defended me when I was in trouble? I am an unfortunate; and I have deserved it all. I did not think any harm would come of my experiment. I have done wrong, and must suffer for it—and all my weeping will not restore the turkey. Anthenay is not the only village in France! God did not desert me when my poor father died, and when I thought I was lost: perhaps he will not abandon me now: where there are villages there will be farmers—where there are farmers there will be turkeys—and where there are turkeys a keeper will be required.'

Animated by this reflection, Valentine took the road lying before him, and without looking back, or turning either to the right hand or the left, quitted his natal village.

Alas! how much suffering would he have been saved had he but known that the farmer, ere he reached home, had regretted the haste with which he had dismissed the poor boy, and had gone in pursuit of him—had he but known that his mistress, Dame Jacqueline, had gone in search of him to his mother's, not forgetting to take the week's provisions with her; and so certain was she that he would seek his friends, that she had left injunctions to send him immediately to her cottage, where everything would be forgiven. But Providence, without doubt, inspired the boy to take the route he did.

After travelling some days, passing through several villages and hamlets, and in each offering his services, and being always refused, as the night closed he found himself on the road leading to the province of Brie. He was attacked with violent spasms in the head, and his limbs becoming almost stiff with the cold, he knocked at the first door he came to. It was that of a poor farmer whose wife had died a year previously, and who earned a scanty subsistence by cultivating a little plot of ground, and feeding some sheep, a number of which had been destroyed by the frost.

'For charity, sir,' said Valentine in a feeble voice, his body nearly bent double, and shivering, 'allow me to remain a short time in your cottage to rest and warm myself, for I am nearly frozen. Oh! I suffer so much, I believe that I am dying.'

He could say no more, and fell insensible at the feet of the farmer, who for a moment appeared uncertain how to act.

'Poor child!' said he, raising him, 'you are indeed a wretched object; but no matter; it shall not be said that old Michael left an unfortunate being to perish at his door.' As Valentine had not the

power to raise himself, the old farmer took him in his arms into the stable where he kept his sheep, and laying him down amongst the heat of the peaceful animals, soon restored his frozen limbs. The next morning when the farmer rose, he went to look after the poor boy, but was shocked at the state in which he found him. On examination, he perceived that the boy was attacked with the malady which had caused his wife's death the previous year.

'Poor boy!' said he, 'you have the small-pox, and I know not how to serve you. What can I give you; I that have scarcely enough to eat myself? These taxes and imposts have ruined me; they have taken all that I possessed, even the very beasts that assisted me in tilling my ground. If the cottage were my own, that too would have been taken, but it belongs to the proprietor of the farm. But no matter; I shall do what I can—God will take pity on me.'

The eyes of the sick boy spoke the thanks which his tongue could not, and Michael, leaving him for a short time, soon returned with a bundle of old linen. Having taken off the clothes which Valentine wore, he enveloped him in the linen, and collecting a quantity of the manure which lay about the stable, he placed Valentine in the centre, and completely covered his body with it. Believing that he left him to die in peace, the farmer sought his daily occupations.

Morning and evening he visited the child, each time expecting to find him a corpse; but the manure, by causing copious perspiration, had brought the eruption to the exterior, with no greater injury than a number of blotches, which ever after left their indelible marks on his body. Though Valentine escaped from the effects of the frost and sickness, he ran a great risk of dying of hunger.

One morning the farmer, with tears in his eyes, told Valentine that even this addition, little as it was, surpassed his means.

'Then I have no other hope but to die!' said Valentine in a mournful voice, and throwing a look of desolation upon the filthy covering about him.

'Though I am not able to give you food,' said the farmer, 'there are others who, I am sure, will do so. The curé, who lives a few miles from this place, is a good and charitable man, and I have no doubt will consent to receive you.'

Freeing him from his unique covering, and wrapping wisps of hay around his limbs, he placed him on an ass, and taking care that he should not fall off through weakness, led him to the presbytery. He was there placed in bed, and by the attention of the curé was soon restored to health. Unhappily, the good man was not rich; and when he found Valentine completely recovered, he gave him to understand that he wished him to go, and leave his place to be occupied by others who were even more unfortunate than he.

IV.

Valentine recommenced his journey, going from door to door asking for work, or at least a morsel of bread. Alas! both his demands were alike unheeded: the misery which reigned throughout the entire province was frightful. At length a farmer of the village of Clesentine offered him the care of his flocks, which Valentine at once accepted. Possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, idleness did not suit him; and an anxious wish to be instructed, induced him, at the end of two years, to seek other employment. Accident conducted him to the farm of La Rochette, near Deneuvre, at the foot of the Vosges mountains, which was inhabited by a hermit or friar named Palemon.

'My father,' said Valentine, 'you are alone; receive me, and I will assist you in your work; I will serve you as a domestic; I shall be satisfied to live on bread; and all that I ask in return is, that you will teach me to read.' The good man willingly accepted the offer of a young companion, and they lived happily together for some time; until the arrival of a second hermit, bearing an order from their superior, obliged brother Palemon to receive him as a companion.

Valentine was again thrown on the world; but the good hermit gave him a letter of recommendation to the hermits of St Anne, at some distance from La Rochette, and one league from Luneville. Four old men resided in this retreat; all their fortune consisted of six cows, and the produce of twelve acres of land. These they found sufficient for all their wants and their charities. They received Valentine with pleasure, and confided to him the care of the cows. It was while amongst these religiously-disposed men that Valentine commenced seriously to instruct himself. But he shall tell his own tale, as recorded in his memoirs.

'I commenced,' says he, 'a new career: I began to learn to write; one of the old men traced my copies with a trembling hand—bad copies were of course the result of so imperfect a model. Not to give the old man trouble, and to get over my lesson, I detached a pane of glass from my window, and placing it upon the copy I had received, traced exactly the letters written underneath. By the repetition of this exercise, in a short time I acquired facility in writing, though it was ever so bad. By means of an old abridged arithmetic, which I had found in the library attached to the hermitage, I learned the first four rules. This was to me a source of amusement and pleasure. In the neighbouring wood I chose a fitting place to study, to which, during the long nights of summer, I frequently retired. One night, while gazing on the number of stars which studded the immensity of the heavens, I recollected having read in an old almanac that on certain days of the year the sun entered into certain signs, which

were distinguished by the names of animals. Not knowing what these signs meant, but presuming that there were perhaps in the heavens assemblages of stars which these figures represented, I made it the object of my speculations. Accident furnished me with the means of forming more just notions. Having been sent to Luneville on a fair day, I perceived a number of pictures exposed for sale, fastened against the walls. I found amongst them a planisphere, in which the stars were marked with their different names and magnitudes. The purchase of this planisphere, a chart of the terrestrial globe, and maps of the four divisions of the earth, exhausted all my finances, which amounted to four or five francs. The avaricious and the ambitious may well be excused if the passions by which they are swayed cause a pleasure as real and as lively as I experienced from the possession of these six sheets of paper. A few days sufficed to learn the situations of the greater number of the constellations. But to make use of this knowledge, it was necessary to fix upon a point in the heavens to serve as a base for my observations. I had heard it stated that the polar star was the only one in our hemisphere which was immovable, and that its situation determined that of the arctic pole. But how to find this star, and to be certain of its immobility! After many inquiries, I was told of a steel needle which had the power of turning itself to the poles of the earth—a prodigy I could scarcely believe, yet fain would see. To my great joy, the eldest of the hermits told me he had a compass with a dial, which he had the goodness to give me. By the aid of this marvellous instrument I soon found out the four cardinal and the subordinate points; but as I was still ignorant of the elevation of the polar star, I employed the following means to find its situation: I chose a star which appeared to be of the third magnitude; then with an auger I pierced a hole in the branch of a tree of such a size that, looking through, I might perceive that star alone. This done, as a true follower of Ptolemy, I reasoned thus: This star is either fixed or movable; if fixed, my point of observation being also stationary, it will be always seen through the aperture, and in that case it will be the one I wish to find; if it is movable, the contrary will be the case, and I can repeat the operation of boring; and this I did frequently, without other success than breaking my auger. The accident made me have recourse to another expedient. I took a straight slip of elder, and having slit it, and taken out the pith, I joined the two parts with thread, and fastened the hollow cane to one of the branches of an oak, which served me as an observatory. By this means I was able to direct the tube with facility towards the different stars which I wished to observe, and at length succeeded in finding the one I sought. After this, it was easy to find the situation of the principal constellations, by drawing imaginary lines from one star to another, and following the projection of the planisphere, and then I knew what to think of this quantity of animals

with which the ancients had peopled the skies, perhaps for want of the same number of men worthy of the honour.'

You, my young friends, who have books and masters to explain all these things, can you comprehend all the difficulties which Valentine Duval had to surmount before finding what he sought without assistance, and to what a high degree his desire for information must have arrived, to give him the courage to brave all the obstacles opposed by his ignorance, and the patience to surmount them? Well, he had this patience and courage, and with them, as a recompense, a satisfaction both sweet and agreeable. All the days were to him full of delight, for self-instruction was his enjoyment; and at each step that he advanced in science, he found pleasure and profit.

After studying and learning, imperfectly no doubt, the chart of the heavens, he next essayed to gain a knowledge of that of the earth. He imagined to himself that he needed but to follow the track of some one of those of whom he read in Plutarch's *Lives of Illustrious Men*, the *History of Quintus Curtius*, which he had read by accident, or the route taken by the army of the Paladins—books with which the library of the monks was replete. But having no other introduction to geography than the maps which he had purchased at Luneville, he could not, with all his efforts, comprehend what could be the meaning or the use of the circles traced upon the map of the world, such as the meridians, the tropics, and the zodiac. You may laugh at this, my young friends; but recollect that Duval had no one to whom he could apply for the desired information, and which was necessary for him to know, yet the use of which he almost guessed. You know the little black lines upon the map which divide the equator, and which are 360 in number. Valentine Duval, by the force of reflection, imagined that they were so many leagues; and one day, during a conversation with one of the hermits, he affirmed that the terrestrial globe was 360 leagues in circumference.

'I can scarcely think that, my child,' said the good father, who was himself no geographer; 'for in my voyage to Calabria, I had to traverse more than three hundred and sixty leagues, and I did not, to a certainty, make the circuit of the globe.'

This observation, so just, yet so simple, was felt in its full force by Duval, at once overthrowing all his fondly-cherished theories; and might have been the means of his renouncing self-instruction altogether, had not accident again favoured him.

Every Sunday he attended at the Carmelite church of Luneville; and on one occasion, having sauntered into the garden attached to it, he perceived one of the monks occupied in reading. On inquiring the name of the book, he was told that it was a guide to the study of geography, by the Sieur Lannay. The interest which the boy evinced, prompted the monk to ask him some questions, the result of which was, that, before leaving, he gave Duval the book. To

Valentine such a work was in itself a treasure; and on his return to the hermitage, he lost no time in studying its contents. He there saw the manner in which the degrees of the equator were applied to the measurement of the different portions of the earth; and in making him comprehend the littleness of our globe in comparison to the vast space with which it was surrounded, filled him with wonder.

The wish to become the possessor of a larger stock of books, made him turn over in his thoughts various expedients; and at length his active mind suggested the means. He made war on the denizens of the forest—foxes, polecats, &c.—and then, selling their skins at Luneville, was enabled to purchase books. He also snared birds, and disposing of them likewise, he, in less than a month, gathered up a little capital of forty crowns.

Forty crowns! one hundred and twenty francs amassed thus, sous by sous, with an industry which increased each day. If you can imagine this, my young friends, you may conceive the happiness of Duval. He immediately ran to the town of Nancy—yes, ran is the word—as fast as his feet could carry him, and the first question he asked on entering the town was, to demand the address of a library. He was directed to a bookseller named Truan.

'Sir,' said he, the moment he entered the shop, 'I have a hundred and twenty francs which I wish to expend with you. I should thank you to tell me the books best suited to my age and instruction.'

The frank and ingenuous countenance of Duval, and the artlessness with which he had told his wishes, interested the kind-hearted Truan so much, that he would willingly have placed the contents of his shop at the disposal of the amiable boy. The bookseller shewed him a number of books which he thought would answer; but when their price was calculated, it was found to amount to a much larger sum than Valentine possessed.

'What shall I do?' said he, completely overwhelmed.

'You can owe me the overplus, my little friend,' said the librarian.

'But you do not know me, sir,' objected the boy, divided between the wish to take the books and the disinclination to contract a debt. 'But upon what is your confidence in me founded?'

'Upon your countenance, and the wish you appear to have for learning, my child: I read in your face that you would not deceive me, and that you will pay me before long.'

'Well, sir, since your good opinion is taken on such equivocal foundation, I willingly accept your offer; and I assure you that I shall, as far as possible, try to merit that good opinion.'

When he had his books arranged in his little cell, with the planisphere attached to the wall over his bed, he would not have exchanged his dormitory for the grandest chamber of the Louvre. The walls were covered with maps of provinces and kingdoms—a little world in themselves—and Valentine seldom retired to rest without having first

traced, by their assistance, the route of some traveller whose footsteps he longed to follow.

A happy adventure which occurred to him at this time, was the means of increasing his treasure—the number of his books—for to him they were the only things regarded as such. One day, while watching his cows, he found an armorial seal, and immediately announced the circumstance at the hermitage: the next day an Englishman presented himself in his little chamber.

'The seal which you have found is mine—I come to reclaim it.'

'If it is yours,' replied Valentine, 'you can of course describe the arms.'

'You wish to joke with me, young man,' said the Englishman, regarding the mean dress and the heavy shoes of Duval with a scornful look; 'as if you were able to understand heraldry.'

'That matters not, sir,' said Valentine in a quiet tone; 'if you desire to get your seal, you must describe it fully.'

Not to prolong the discussion, the stranger obeyed; and Valentine being assured that the Englishman was the real owner, restored it to him.

'Who attends to your education?' asked he, already conceiving a high opinion of the poor youth.

'Myself,' replied Valentine artlessly.

'Yourself alone?'

'With the aid of my books, sir: you can see that I have a good number of them.'

The Englishman smiled. 'You have but these?' said he; 'and how have you procured them?'

Valentine recounted the manner in which he had waged war on the birds and beasts of the forest, and the way in which he had applied the profits.

'Poor child!' said the stranger, after listening with attention to him; 'come to my lodgings, and, since you love books, I shall give you some.'

Thanks to the generosity of the Englishman, his library got an increase of over a hundred volumes. The education which he acquired by their perusal, aided in giving him a wish to better his condition, and Providence assisted him in this desire.

The wood in which the cattle were pastured, by the quantity of books and charts he each morning took with him, presented the appearance of a cabinet of study. One day, while seated at the foot of a tree, thinking over the best means of changing a position in life which had become irksome to him, with his eyes fixed upon an open map, an individual happened to pass, and astonished at the sight of a boy watching cows, and at the same time studying, he approached him.

'What are you engaged at, my boy?' asked the stranger.

'I am studying geography, sir,' replied Valentine.

'Do you understand such things?' asked the unknown, more and more astonished.

'I never occupy myself about things I do not understand,' said the young student.

'What are your studies at the present moment, my young friend?' asked the stranger with affability.

'I am seeking the route to Quebec, sir.'

'Might I ask the reason, my child?'

'That I might go there to continue my studies at the university, sir. I have read in my books that it is famous.'

'There are other universities much nearer to you, and equally good. Tell me one that you would like, my young friend.'

This proposition made Duval raise his eyes to the person who spoke. He was a young man of engaging countenance, and the hunting-dress which he wore indicated high rank. Before the boy had time to reply, a numerous retinue issued from various parts of the forest, evidently in quest of the stranger, and, by their livery, he at once knew that he who spoke was one of the princes of the house of Lorraine.

It was no other than the Duke Leopold, who, perceiving Valentine's confusion, by the kindness and affability of his manner soon engaged him in conversation; and so well pleased was he with the answers of the poor boy, that he finished by proposing that he should continue his studies at the Jesuits' College of Pont à Mousson. Without hesitation, Valentine accepted the kind offer of the duke; and bidding adieu to the hermits, he and his books were soon transported thither. His progress in learning was as rapid as might have been expected, the study he preferred being geography, history, and the ancients. His masters at length declared that they had nothing more to teach him.

The Duke of Lorraine, who had declared himself the protector of Duval, took him to Paris in 1718, and gave him funds to travel through Holland and the Low Countries. On his return, the duke nominated him his librarian; and a chair of history was founded for him at Luneville.

The presents which he received on his elevation, and the economy with which he lived, enabled him to gratify the generous impulses of his heart. The remembrance of the kindness shewn him by the hermits of St Anne was not forgotten. He not only built a more extensive and commodious house, but bought a large tract of land for them, by which means they were enabled to extend their charity. Finding that all his family were dead, he purchased the cottage at Anthenay in which he was born, and on its site built a house for the reception of a schoolmaster, where the children of the village who were unable to pay were educated.

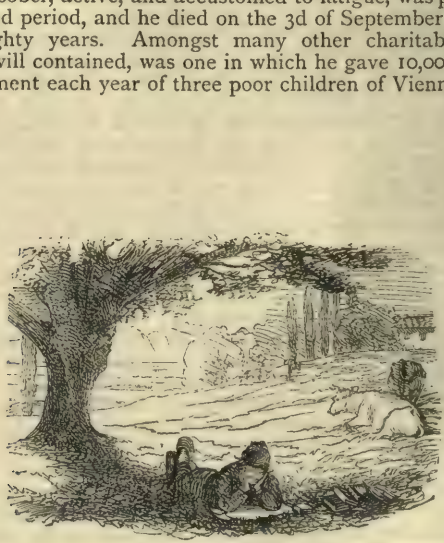
When the Duke of Lorraine died, in 1729, his son the Duke Francis removed to Tuscany; and, notwithstanding the endeavours made to

retain Duval at Luneville, he followed the fortunes of the young prince, and continued to hold the office of librarian. When the Duke Francis was raised to the throne of Germany by his marriage with Maria Therese, Duval still remained near him, and had apartments in the royal palace. All these favours did not render him either vain or proud. His dress and his habits were alike plain and unostentatious: dividing his time between study, walking, and the society of a few select friends, his life glided on peacefully and agreeably.

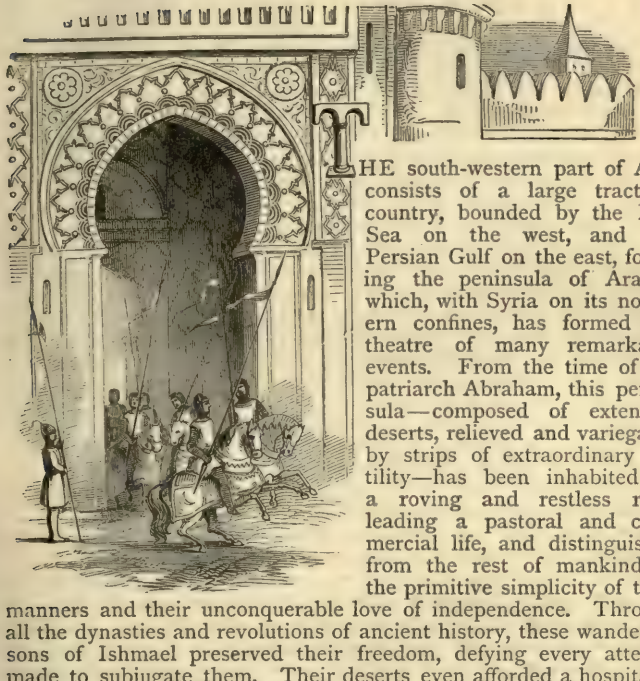
Never wishing to make a parade of his knowledge, his frequent reply when questions were asked was: 'I know nothing.' On one occasion, while conversing with some ignorant person, he made use of this expression, to which the other replied: 'The emperor pays you for your knowledge.'

'The emperor,' said the librarian, 'pays me for that which I know; if he paid me for that of which I am ignorant, all the treasures of his empire would not suffice.'

His life, sober, active, and accustomed to fatigue, was prolonged to an advanced period, and he died on the 3d of September 1775, at the age of eighty years. Amongst many other charitable bequests which his will contained, was one in which he gave 10,000 florins for the endowment each year of three poor children of Vienna.



THE MOORS IN SPAIN.



THE south-western part of Asia consists of a large tract of country, bounded by the Red Sea on the west, and the Persian Gulf on the east, forming the peninsula of Arabia, which, with Syria on its northern confines, has formed the theatre of many remarkable events. From the time of the patriarch Abraham, this peninsula—composed of extensive deserts, relieved and variegated by strips of extraordinary fertility—has been inhabited by a roving and restless race, leading a pastoral and commercial life, and distinguished from the rest of mankind by the primitive simplicity of their manners and their unconquerable love of independence. Through all the dynasties and revolutions of ancient history, these wandering sons of Ishmael preserved their freedom, defying every attempt made to subjugate them. Their deserts even afforded a hospitable asylum to refugees from other nations. On the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, thousands of the scattered Jews spread themselves over Arabia; and during the first centuries of the Christian era, many European Christians, either fired with missionary zeal, or expelled from their own countries on account of their Arian tenets, mingled with the Arab population. Hence arose a strange and chaotic condition of society, and an inextricable jumble of discordant customs and creeds. The Arabs, a poetical and imaginative people, professed originally that oriental kind of paganism which is so frequently described in the Old Testament: they worshipped

the heavenly luminaries, nowhere so beautiful as when shining silently at night over the Arabian desert. Upon this star-worship were ingrafted a multitude of Jewish ceremonies and Christian ideas; and the consequence was, that, in the seventh century, the prevailing religion of the Arabs was a mongrel system of polytheism, fatal alike to political unity and to individual morality. In the beginning of the seventh century, however, Mohammed effected his astounding revolution among the Arabs. Born at Mecca in the year 570, this extraordinary man commenced in his fortieth year, and, before his death in 632, accomplished, an entire social and religious reorganisation of his countrymen—binding together the various scattered tribes which occupied the peninsula, shattering the old polytheism, and setting up a new religion, compounded of various elements, the central idea of which was: 'There is only one God, and Mohammed is the last and greatest of all his prophets.' Under the impulse of Mohammedanism, the Arabs suddenly began to perform a conspicuous part in the world's history. One of the prophet's doctrines was that of the duty of conquest—of propagating and extending the true religion by the edge of the sword. Mohammed set the example of obedience to this precept before his death; and his successors, the califs, followed it up by a remarkable series of conquests. Before the beginning of the eighth century, the whole of Syria, Mesopotamia, and Persia on the one side, and the whole of the northern coast of Africa, from Egypt to the Strait of Gibraltar, on the other, had been overrun by Mohammedan armies, and annexed to the Arabian empire. This vast extent of territory was governed by numerous officers or lieutenants, dependent on the calif or supreme head of the Mohammedan empire, whose seat of government was Damascus, in Syria.

Having pushed their conquests along the coast of Africa, as far as the district to which the Romans had given the name of Mauritania, the Arabs next attempted to invade Europe by crossing the Mediterranean. The point at which they entered was the Spanish peninsula, lying so invitingly near to their own country. Invading Spain in the year 711, these Arabs—known usually by the name of *Moors* or *Mauri*, denoting that they came immediately from Mauritania in Africa, sometimes also by the name of *Saracens*, marking their Eastern origin—kept partial possession of the peninsula for eight centuries. As a preliminary to our narrative of their proceedings there, it will be necessary to glance at the condition of Spain at the date of their invasion.

SPAIN PREVIOUS TO THE INVASION OF THE ARABS—DOMINION OF THE VISIGOTHS.

At a remote period of history, Spain was inhabited by a population called Iberians. Another race, called Celts, mingling with

them, the two together received the name of the Celtiberians. Both were ultimately conquered by the Romans, and Spain became one of the most important provinces of the Roman empire. Like other portions of this great empire, Spain was overrun by Alans, Suevi, and Vandals, in the beginning of the fifth century. This great invasion, in 404, was followed by an invasion of Visigoths, who finally attained the ascendency. The kingdom of the Goths or Visigoths thus established in Spain lasted for more than two centuries and a half, ruled over by a series of monarchs whose names it would be useless to mention. The only circumstance worth noticing with respect to the period of the Gothic rule in Spain, is the remarkable struggle which was then carried on between Catholic Christianity and that form of belief which was called Arianism—a struggle which then divided the whole Christian world, but of which Spain, in particular, seems to have been the principal scene. Yet even this great struggle it would be tiresome and profitless to describe; and it need only be stated that the Arians were subdued, and Spain became, what it has continued to be ever since, a stronghold of the Roman Catholic faith.

Passing over this fierce religious commotion, we come to the year 673, when a noble Goth named Wamba ascended the Spanish throne. It was in his reign that the Moors or Arabs of Mauritania first began to harass the Spanish coasts. This formidable enemy attempting to land in his dominions, Wamba assembled a great naval force, attacked their fleet, and after a desperate engagement, defeated them, taking a vast number of prisoners, and, it is said, no fewer than two hundred and seventy vessels of all sizes. This was the first collision between the Moors and the Visigoths. The fourth in succession from Wamba on the Spanish throne was Roderic, the last of the Goths. It was in his reign, in the year 711, that the Arab invasion took place.

Our readers will now perceive that the history which we are about to relate is the history of a conflict of two conquering races rushing against each other from opposite directions, and fired by opposite sentiments—of the Visigoths from the north, a German race recently converted to Christianity; and of the Arabs from the east and south, a people of hot Asiatic temperament, burning with zeal for the religion of Mohammed. The issue which depended on the struggle was the possession of Europe, and the arena on which the shock took place was the peninsula of Spain.

INVASION AND COLONISATION OF SPAIN BY THE MOORS.

Roderic, the last of the Goths, ascended the throne of Spain in 709, in consequence of a popular revolution against Witiza, whose conduct had rendered him odious to his subjects. While a civil war was going on in Spain between the superseded sovereign and

his rival, the Saracens of Mauritania were eagerly watching for an opportunity to revenge themselves for the defeat they had sustained from Wamba, and to effect a landing in the peninsula. The calif who then ruled over the immense Arabic empire, residing generally at Damascus, in Syria, was Walid I., a man who inherited the spirit of conquest which had distinguished more or less all the successors of Mohammed. His lieutenant in the African province of Mauritania was Muza Ibn Nosseyr, and to him was committed the trust of superintending the invasion of Spain. It was not long before Muza found an opportunity of executing his master's intentions. A Gothic nobleman, Count Julian, whose daughter had suffered a grievous insult at the hands of Don Roderic, entered into a conspiracy with the Saracen viceroy to admit his troops into the southern promontory of Spain, where he held command. Having once effected a landing, their own indomitable courage, their superiority in arms, assisted by the distracted state of the Spanish kingdom, and especially by the co-operation of the Jews, who had suffered too much persecution under the Christian Goths not to be willing to welcome a change of masters—these causes would insure their progress in the peninsula. Accordingly, on the third day of the moon of Rejeb, in the year of the Hejira 92—corresponding to the 28th of April 711 of our calendar—Tarik Ibn Zeyad, a freedman of the Mauritanian viceroy, sailed, by his master's orders, with a small band of followers for the Spanish coast. He landed at the foot of the rock of Calpé, to which, accordingly, was given the name of Gebel Tarik, or the Mountain of Tarik, a name softened by time into Gibraltar.

Sleeping at the foot of the rock the night after his landing, Mohammed, say the Arabian historians, appeared in a vision to Tarik, and assured him of the conquest of Spain. Indeed victory had so constantly attended the Mohammedan arms wherever they had yet appeared, that Tarik and his followers must have anticipated the subjugation of Spain as a matter of course. Reinforced by fresh troops sent over from Mauritania, they gradually spread themselves over the country adjoining Gibraltar, taking possession of all the villages and places of strength. Their arrival had been so unexpected, that Roderic and his Visigoths were at first quite unprepared to repel them. At length, however, seeing the land so rapidly filling with Moors, Roderic assembled all the forces he could command, and staked his kingdom on a great battle with the Moors, fought at Xeres de la Frontera, on the banks of the Guadalete, a few miles from Cadiz, on the 17th July 711. It terminated the rule of the Visigoths in Spain. The Moors gained a complete victory. Roderic and his Goths were totally defeated. The fate of the Visigoth king remains to this day a mystery. His horse and cloak were found after the battle, the saddle ornamented, it is said, with gold and emeralds; but his body could not be seen. The Arab historians

indeed say that he was killed by Tarik's spear, and that his head was cut off and sent to Muza, and by him to the calif at Damascus, preserved in camphor: the Spaniards, however, maintain that he escaped; and the adventures of Don Roderic subsequent to the battle of the Guadalete form the theme of many a fanciful legend.

Tarik and his victorious army now ranged at large through Spain, meeting with almost no resistance. Seville, Cordova, and other towns quickly yielded, and in a short time the Moors were masters of Spain as far north as Toledo. Meanwhile, Muza, wishing to reserve for himself the honour of having added such a fair country as Spain to the dominions of the calif, had left Mauritania to superintend the new conquest in person. He and Tarik, once his freedman, but now his rival, pursued their career of glory together, not without mutual animosity; and before the year 715, the entire peninsula, as far as the Pyrenees, with the exception of the mountainous district of Asturias, was reduced under the Moorish yoke. The only opposition of consequence which the conquerors experienced was in the district since known as the kingdom of Murcia, where a Gothic baron named Theodomir kept possession of the town of Orihuela against the Moslem army, and only yielded after obtaining from Abdalaziz, the son of Muza, very favourable terms.

Probably few conquests that have ever taken place, certainly not the Norman conquest of England, and much less the conquest of America by the Spaniards, have been conducted with so much moderation and so little wanton cruelty as the Moorish conquest of Spain. Miseries, doubtless, inseparable from a conquest, were experienced by the Gothic-Roman population, and scenes of atrocity may have occurred during the progress of the Mohammedan armies over the peninsula; but the sufferings endured by the conquered were not, upon the whole, greater than those which necessarily resulted from the forcible addition of so many souls to the population. Tribute was exacted to the amount of one-tenth, or in some cases one-fifth, of the annual income of the conquered classes; but they were left in the peaceable enjoyment of their own laws, without any other restriction than that every sentence of death should be submitted, before being executed, to the Mohammedan authorities for their sanction; they were also permitted to practise religious worship according to their own forms, provided, however, the doors of their churches were regularly closed during the ceremony, and provided also that no new churches should be built. Such were the conditions awarded to the Christian portion of the Spanish population by their Saracen masters. To the Jews, who, if they had not directly assisted the invasion, had at least welcomed it, conditions still more favourable were granted, and sentiments of mutual good-will sprang up between the followers of Moses and those of Mohammed, which were not extinguished during the whole period of the Moorish dominion in Spain.

To return now to Tarik and Muza. Information of the addition of a new province to his vast dominions—a country rivalling Syria in beauty and fertility, Yemen the Happy for its balmy air, India for its flowers and perfumes, Hejaz for its fruits, and China for the riches of its mines—reached the Calif Walid at Damascus. He was told also that this was but the opening of a path into the rest of Europe. Pouring northward through Spain, the followers of Islam would cross the Pyrenees, overrun Gaul, descend into Italy, plant their mosques in Rome, and met perhaps on the shores of the Adriatic by another conquering army of the Faithful, despatched into Europe through Asia Minor, the two armies would unite in the centre of a new continent, which their valour had added to the empire of the calif, and make the firmament ring with the name of Allah and his Prophet. Such were the splendid visions which the conquest of Spain might have suggested to the imagination of a zealous Mohammedan. Muza, the Mauritanian viceroy, appears to have been a man who delighted in such daring schemes. The Visigoths of Spain having been subdued, he was preparing, it is said, to carry his victorious arms across the Pyrenees, to try his strength against the Franks of Gaul and the Lombards of Italy, when he received a peremptory summons from the calif to return to Damascus in company with Tarik. Rumours which had reached the calif of the differences between Muza and Tarik, and which represented the former as aiming at an independent sovereignty in Spain, were the cause of their recall. Muza dared not disobey. Committing the government of Spain to his eldest son, Abdalaziz, and that of his Mauritanian provinces to his younger sons, he departed in great state, taking Tarik along with him, and a number of noble Visigoths, of both sexes, to grace his appearance at the calif's court. Before he reached Damascus, however, the Calif Walid had died, and his brother Soliman sat upon the throne. By the new calif, the brave Moor was ill received. After being publicly whipped, he was exposed to the sun for a whole day before the gate of the calif's palace, and then thrown into prison; while Tarik and the Visigoths who had come to Damascus in his train were treated with honour. Muza's family likewise shared the calif's displeasure. Secret orders were despatched to Spain to put Abdalaziz to death. It was with difficulty that these orders could be executed. Abdalaziz, who, on his father's departure, had assumed the government, and taken up his residence at Seville, had made himself popular by his just and wise measures both with Moors and Spaniards, and had given a pledge of his good-will to the latter by marrying the Christian princess Egilona, the widow of King Roderic, a woman of great beauty and of a noble spirit. When, therefore, the calif's letters reached the two Moorish chiefs who were intrusted with the office of putting Abdalaziz to death, and who were old and intimate friends of Muza, they were grieved at the contents. 'Is it possible,' said they, 'that

Muza's enemies should have so speedily effaced the memory of his great actions? But,' continued they in the true Mohammedan spirit, 'God is good, and He commands implicit obedience to the calif.' They therefore set about devising some plan for putting Abdalaziz to death without raising a popular tumult. They caused a rumour to be spread that he was entertaining designs of revolt against the calif; that, under the influence of his Christian wife Egilona, he was falling from the true faith; and that, to save the new conquest, and fulfil their duty to God and the calif, it was necessary to kill him. These reports produced the intended effect. Abdalaziz was assassinated while engaged in his devotions at the mosque of Seville; and his head, preserved in camphor, was sent in a precious casket to Damascus, where, with oriental cruelty, Soliman caused it to be uncovered in the presence of Muza. 'Do you know that face?' said the calif. 'I know it well,' said the wretched father, turning away his eyes; 'and may the curse of God rest upon him who has put to death a better man than himself!' The conqueror of Spain was then permitted to go where he pleased, and, like a true Mohammedan, he retired to Mecca, where grief soon ended his days.

The assassination of Abdalaziz took place in the year 716; and for a period of forty years after that event, Spain, as one of the most remote provinces of the califate, was governed by as many as eighteen different emirs or viceroys, some of whom only retained office for a few months, being either assassinated or deposed by a rival faction. Far removed from the centre of the empire, and therefore not overawed by the idea of the calif's sovereignty—filled with fiery and restless spirits of mixed blood and various nations, although connected by the bond of a common language and a common religion—Mohammedan Spain was distracted by continual broils and dissensions among its emirs. Taking advantage of these differences among their conquerors, some of the Visigoths rose in rebellion. Gathering round a chieftain of the name of Pelayo, they took refuge in the mountains of Asturias, where they were able to bid defiance to the Moors, and to found a little Christian sovereignty on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, the capital of which was Oviedo, and its first king Pelayo. It is probable that this movement of the Christians would have been crushed at the beginning, had not the Moorish emirs, the successors of Muza and Abdalaziz, been more intent upon pushing their conquest beyond the Pyrenees, than upon consolidating their power within the peninsula which they had already conquered. Othman, who was emir in 725, became such a scourge to the Gallic provinces, that Central Europe began to dread being overrun by the Infidels. At length, however, after the Moorish conquest had been advanced as far beyond the Pyrenees as the river Loire, it sustained a final check in the year 732, when the famous Charles Martel encountered the Saracen hosts, under

the Emir Abdelrahman, on the field of Poitiers, and gained the great victory which placed the Carlovingian dynasty on the throne of France.

The tide of Moorish invasion was now rolled back to the Pyrenees. No longer attempting to extend the dominions of the calif farther into Europe, the emirs turned their attention to the means of retaining permanent possession of Spain. The little Christian kingdom of Asturias, founded by Pelayo, had extended itself considerably; but more than nine-tenths of the whole peninsula, and these by far the richest and best portions of the territory, were thoroughly reduced under the Moorish yoke. To plant and settle these nine-tenths according to the directions of the calif, was now the business of the emirs. It was upwards of twenty years since Tarik had landed in Spain, and, in the interval, thousands of Mohammedans had poured in to share the prize with the original conquerors. To distribute the lands equitably among so many various claimants, was a task of some difficulty. The following was pretty much the arrangement adopted. The royal legion of Damascus was planted in Cordova and its neighbourhood; that of Emessa at Seville; the natives of Palestine were settled in Algesiras; those of Arabia Felix and Persia in Toledo and the central district of Spain; the Egyptians on the west coast, in what now constitutes the south of Portugal; while the fertile province of Granada was bestowed on ten thousand horsemen from Syria, the purest and noblest of the Arab invaders. These several colonies settled down as a superior class of the community among the Christians, just as the Normans in the eleventh century settled down among the Anglo-Saxons in the British island. The tawny Moor was master of the white Christian; the mosque rose by the side of the church; Arabic was spoken as the language of the wealthier and more powerful classes; and the Romano-German population was obliged to acknowledge itself inferior in culture and civilisation to the invading race. The seeds of disunion, however, existed among the Saracens; they were too motley a population to agree cordially among themselves.

SPAIN AS AN INDEPENDENT MOORISH KINGDOM.

Such was the condition of the Spanish peninsula in the middle of the eighth century—nine-tenths of it a Mohammedan province, governed by officers under the calif of the Arabic empire; the remaining tenth a weak little Christian kingdom, maintaining itself with difficulty. In the year 750, however, an extraordinary revolution occurred at Damascus, which materially changed the prospects of Spain. The califs for a long period had been of the race of the Omeyades—so called from their founder Omeyah, the first of the family who had obtained the califate. The Omeyades, however, had of late become unpopular in Syria, and cabals had been formed

for their overthrow. Merwaun, the reigning calif, had been frequently warned of his danger. 'I have seen,' said one of his counsellors, addressing him poetically—'I have seen sparks among the ashes; I fear they will kindle a flame. That flame, if it be not extinguished in time, will consume trees and forests, and the lives of men. All this I saw; and I said to myself: "Oh! is the son of Omeyah awake, or does he sleep?"' Merwaun at last awoke, and signified the fact in the usual oriental manner. He caused the leader of the discontented party of his subjects, a descendant of Abbas, the uncle of Mohammed, to be put to death, by having his head tied up in a bag of quicklime. In revenge for this, he was himself deposed and put to death by Abul Abbas Asefah, the brother of his victim. With Merwaun the dynasty of the Omeyades came to an end, and Asefah ascending the throne, became the founder of a new dynasty, called the dynasty of the Abbasides. To secure the new dynasty in the califate, all the relatives of the late calif, and all the partisans of the House of the Omeyades, were extirpated; no fewer than six hundred thousand persons, it is said, being massacred throughout Syria. It is related that ninety of the deceased calif's relatives were beaten to death at a banquet to which they had been treacherously invited at Damascus, by Abdallah Ben Ali, a kinsman of the new calif. The very graves in which the members of the hated race of the Omeyades were buried were opened, and their bones disinterred. From these enormities, Abul Abbas, the first of the Abbaside califs, received the name of Asefah the Bloody.

This dreadful revolution taking place in the metropolis, affected the Arabic empire to its remotest extremities. In Spain, especially, its consequences were important. Yusuf Alfehri, who was emir of Spain at the time, declared himself on the side of the new calif; but Yusuf himself was unpopular in Spain, and the majority of the Moorish chiefs formed themselves into a party hostile to the interests of the Abbasides. The latter party resolved to revolt from the usurping calif, and to erect Spain into an independent Moorish sovereignty. Their difficulty was, whom they should choose as the head of the new kingdom. This difficulty, however, was soon obviated by the intelligence that Abderrahman Ben Moaviah, a young scion of the race of the Omeyades, had escaped the slaughter which had extirpated most of his relatives in Syria, and was living concealed on the Barbary coast of Africa. By the invitation of the Moorish chiefs, Abderrahman crossed into Spain with a band of Arabs; and there he speedily found himself at the head of an army large enough to conquer Yusuf and the Abbaside faction; and to place himself on the throne. Thus ended the first period of the Moorish history of Spain—that of its dependence on the Arabian califs. The title assumed by Abderrahman, to signify the independence of himself and his kingdom, was that of Calif of Cordova—that town having embraced his cause most warmly. Spain, under

Abderrahman, became a place of refuge for the persecuted friends of the Omeyades; and, by his skilful and wise government, the califate of Cordova became a worthy offshoot of the great Arabic sovereignty of his ancestors. The Moorish historians of Spain dwell with affection on the virtues of this prince, and the gentle melancholy which characterised his disposition. A little poem of his composition is still preserved, which, it is said, was once in the mouth of every one. It is an address to a palm-tree which he had caused to be transplanted from Africa to the garden which he had made at Cordova, the tree being the first of its kind introduced into Spain, and being regarded by him as a type of his own fortunes. 'Fair palm-tree,' the poem runs, 'thou also art a stranger here. The gentle airs of Algarba court and kiss thee. Thy roots are fixed in a fertile soil; thy head is erected towards heaven; but thou, too, wouldst shed tears of bitterness if, like me, thou couldst look back! But thou feelest not, as I do, the calamities of fortune. I wept under the palms which the Forat waters, when my unhappy fate and the cruelty of the Abbaside compelled me to forsake what I so dearly loved. The trees and the river have forgotten my sorrows; and thou, my beloved country, retainest no remembrance of me. But never shall I cease to lament thee.'

During the reign of Abderrahman, Mussulman Spain made great advances in civilisation. His predecessor, Yusuf, had set him the example, by appropriating one-third of the revenues of the country to purposes of internal improvement—the construction of roads, bridges, &c., and the maintenance of the mosques. Abderrahman made it one of the great objects of his life to embellish the city of Cordova. He planned and commenced there the famous mosque, with its 4700 lamps, which was to outlast the Moorish dominion in Spain, and which he intended to excel that of Damascus in magnificence. He also founded schools and hospitals in the city, and in many other ways shewed himself a wise governor. Towards his Christian subjects, the Muzarabes, as they are called in Moorish histories, he conducted himself mercifully, reducing considerably the rate of tribute which they were required to pay to the government. Nor was his reign exempt from the disturbances of foreign war. Profiting by the confusions arising in the Moorish part of Spain from the revolution in the califate, Alfonso the Catholic, and his son Fruela—the third and fourth sovereigns of the little Christian kingdom of Asturias—had been able to extend the limits of their sway. Under Fruela, who had ascended the throne in 757, the north-western district of the peninsula, known by the name of Galicia, had been added to the Asturias. About the same time a second Christian kingdom was establishing itself in Spain among the fastnesses of the Pyrenees. The founder of this kingdom, the origin of which is involved in obscurity, but which ultimately grew into the important kingdom of Navarre and Aragon, was Don Garcia Ximenes, a

wealthy Spanish noble. Abderrahman, however, if he could not absolutely suppress these kingdoms, was able at least to check their extension, and to compel Fruela, the sovereign of the one, to become his tributary. Indeed, during Abderrahman's reign, these Christian kingdoms were all but dependent for their existence on the Moorish one; as may be judged from the fact, that Mauregato, one of Fruela's successors, was obliged to purchase Abderrahman's favour by paying him an annual tribute of a hundred Christian virgins, one half of noble, and the other half of mean birth. A more formidable enemy to Abderrahman was Charlemagne, the grandson of Charles Martel, who, in 778, after extending the Frankish dominion into Italy and Germany, turned his conquering eye in the direction of Spain. Crossing the Pyrenees, he overran Catalonia, Aragon, and Navarre, as far as the Ebro; but on his way back to France, he was attacked by a joint army of Moors and Spanish Christians, and sustained a great defeat, celebrated in many Spanish ballads as the defeat of Roncesvalles, where the famous Roland was slain.

Abderrahman died in 787. The period of two hundred and seventy-five years which elapse between the commencement of his califate in 756, and the death of the last of his dynasty in 1031, is usually regarded as the second era of the Moorish domination in Spain, and is known in history as the Califate of Cordova, or the rule of the Omeyades in Spain. About twenty sovereigns, all of the race of the good Abderrahman, occupied the throne in succession during these two hundred and seventy-five years, some of them celebrated for their virtues, others for their vices. To go over their names, and detail their acts in succession, would, considering our limits, be a dry and uninteresting labour; all that we shall attempt is to give our readers as vivid a general view as possible of the condition of Spain during the period over which their reigns extend —a period by far the most splendid in the Moorish annals of that country, and of much greater consequence in the history of Europe than most people are in the habit of conceiving. The remainder of this section, therefore, shall be devoted to an account of the condition of society in Moorish Spain from the year 756 to the year 1031, including notices of the progress, during that period, of Arabic literature, art, and science.

It has been well observed, that the advance of the Arabs to what is called a state of civilisation was much more rapid than that of the Greeks, the Romans, or any other people of whom we have distinct records. Before the time of Mohammed, they were noted only for their fiery energy, and a wild imaginativeness of character, delighting in the vast, the sublime, and the mystic, but totally innocent of what is denominated culture. In 641, Omar, one of the conquering successors of Mohammed, had set fire to the library of Alexandria, and in the magnificent contempt for literature of a great uneducated soul, had consumed in the conflagration the written

wisdom of ages. No sooner, however, was the career of Arabic conquest at an end, no sooner had the califs of Damascus begun to feel the instinct of government and repose becoming stronger in them than the hereditary instinct of conquest, than a demand arose for the productions of intellect and taste. The foundation of an Arabic literature already existed in the Koran, which had not only given a direction to the literary genius of the Mohammedans, but had also established a literary idiom. During the sovereignty of the Omeyade califs, considerable advances had been made in the arts of civilisation, the development of native genius being assisted by intercourse with the Greeks; so that the Mauritanian Arabs, who subdued Spain in the beginning of the eighth century, were decidedly superior in culture to their ancestors of the times of Mohammed.

It was not, however, till the accession of the dynasty of the Abbasides to the califate, that the genius of the Arabs began freely to develop itself in civilising studies. The Abbasides removed the seat of the califate from Damascus to Bagdad, which thenceforth became the capital of oriental luxury. Almansur, the second of the Abbaside califs, distinguished himself as a patron of letters; and in his reign a Greek physician named George introduced the rudiments of medical science into the Arabic empire. But the golden age of Arabic culture and refinement was during the reigns of the Calif Haroun al Raschid, so celebrated in the *Arabian Nights*, who ascended the throne in 786, and his son and successor, Almamoun, who reigned from 813 to 833. 'Bagdad,' says Dr Crichton in his *History of Arabia*, 'then became the resort of poets, philosophers, and mathematicians from every country and of every creed. Ambassadors and agents in Armenia, Syria, and Egypt, were ordered to collect the most important books that could be discovered. Hundreds of camels might be seen entering Bagdad, loaded with volumes of Greek, Hebrew, and Persian literature; and such of them as were thought to be adapted to the purposes of instruction, were, by the royal command, translated by the most skilful interpreters into the Arabic language, that all classes might read and understand them.'

Within a short time the genius of the Arabs had embraced the whole range of human culture. In speculative science, they acknowledged as their great master the Greek philosopher Aristotle; and it was through the Arabs that the influence of this extraordinary intellect was transmitted into modern Europe. In mathematics and astronomy, they seemed to be in their peculiar element; and it is needless to mention that our beautiful system of numeral notation and our glorious algebra came to us, if not from, at least through the Arabs. Chemistry is a science which they may be said to have originated; and many of the most ordinary chemical terms now in use—as, for instance, *alkali* and *alembic*—are of Arab birth. In the arts they were no less proficient. Agriculture and horticulture were practised by them on ascertained principles. To architecture they

gave the impress of their peculiar genius; and what we call the Gothic style is generally believed to be a modification of their invention. Prohibited by the Koran from using images of men or animals for the purposes of embellishment, lest the practice should give rise to idolatry, they invented that style of ornament which is denominated the *arabesque*, and which consists in the use of imaginary plants, flowers, and foliage for ornamental purposes. In music they made great progress. Many admirable processes for working metals, weaving silk, dyeing and preparing leather, were dicovered by them; and lastly, many of the drugs which for centuries have been administered to Christians all over Europe, were first prescribed for Mussulman patients by Mussulman physicians. In literature, the Arabs had their hundreds of thousands of authors: poets, historians, critics, and, above all, writers of fiction.

All that has been said above of the progress of Arabic culture, applies in an especial manner to the Arabs of Spain; for although, on the accession of the Abbasides to the califate of the Arabian empire, Spain had ceased to be a dependency of it, yet no province of the empire felt so immediately the influence of the civilising forces which were at work in Bagdad. 'In Spain,' says Dr Crichton, 'Arabian learning shone with a brighter lustre, and continued to flourish to a later period, than in the schools of the East. Cordova, Seville, and Granada rivalled each other in the magnificence of their academies, colleges, and libraries. Casiri has enumerated the names and writings of nearly 170 eminent men, natives of Cordova alone. Hakem founded here a college, and a royal library containing 400,000 volumes: he had carefully examined every work, and with his own hand wrote in each the genealogy, birth, and death of its respective author. The academy of Granada was long under the direction of Shamseddin of Murcia, so famous among the Arabs for his skill in polite literature. Casiri has recorded the names and works of 120 authors—theologians, civilians, historians, philosophers, and other professors—whose talents conferred dignity and fame on the university of Granada. Toledo, Malaga, Murcia, and Valencia were all furnished with splendid literary apparatus. In the cities of Andalusia alone, seventy libraries were open for the instruction of the public. Middeldorpf has enumerated seventeen distinguished colleges and academies which flourished under the patronage of the Saracens in Spain, and has given lists of the eminent professors and authors who taught and studied in them.' Arabic art and magnificence, too, were carried to their highest pitch in Spain. The Alhambra, or palace of the Moorish kings, remains to this day the wonder of travellers. 'While little attention, comparatively, was bestowed by the Moors on the exterior of their mansions, on the furniture and accommodation within, everything was lavished that could promote luxurious ease and personal comfort. Their rooms were so contrived that no reverberation of sound was heard. The

light was generally admitted in such a manner as, by excluding external prospects, to confine the admiration of the spectator chiefly to the ornaments and beauties of the interior. Their arrangements for ventilation were admirable; and by means of caleducts, or tubes of baked earth, warm air was admitted, so as to preserve a uniform temperature. The utmost labour and skill were expended in embellishing the walls and ceilings. The tiles had a blue glazing over them. Their paving-bricks were made of different colours—blue, white, black, or yellow, which, when properly contrasted, had a very agreeable effect. Nothing is more astonishing than the durability of the Moorish edifices. The stucco composition on their walls became hard as stone; and even in the present century, specimens are found without a crack or flaw on their whole surface. Their woodwork also still remains in a state of wonderful preservation. The floors and ceilings of the Alhambra have withstood the neglect and dilapidation of nearly 700 years: the pine-wood continues perfectly sound, without exhibiting the slightest mark of dry-rot, worm, or insect. The coat of white paint retains its colour so bright and rich, that it may be mistaken for mother-of-pearl.' Again: 'The *pontanos* or reservoirs of Spain were either erected or restored by the Moors. Their palaces and mosques were furnished with capacious cisterns. The gardens of the Alhambra contained sheets of water, on the surface of which the buildings were reflected; and in most of the principal cities, fountains played in the streets, as well as in the courts of the houses, by which the atmosphere was attempered during summer. In the famous palace of Toledo was a pond, in the midst of which rose a vaulted room of stained glass, adorned with gold. Into this room the calif could enter untouched by the water, and sit, while a cascade poured from above, with tapers burning before him.' Many other proofs of the progress of the arts of convenience and luxury among the Moors of Spain might be adduced.

Some of the remarks above quoted apply to the whole period of Moorish domination in Spain; but it is admitted that the period of the califate of Cordova, during which the Omeyades swayed the sceptre, was the most brilliant. 'Cordova, the seat of the califs,' it is said, 'was scarcely inferior in point of wealth and magnitude to its proud rival on the banks of the Tigris. A space of twenty-four miles in length and six in breadth along the margin of the Guadalquivir, was occupied with palaces, streets, gardens, and public edifices; and for ten miles the citizens could travel, by the light of lamps, along an uninterrupted extent of buildings. In the reign of Almansour, it could boast of 270,000 houses, 80,455 shops, 911 baths, 3877 mosques, from the minarets of which a population of 800,000 were daily summoned to prayers.' The culminating point of the glory of the califate of Cordova was the reign of Abderrahman III., who ascended the throne in the year 912, and is accounted the

greatest of all the Moorish sovereigns of Spain. The annual revenues of the califate during his reign are calculated at £5,500,000 sterling —a sum which was probably equal to the united revenues of all the other monarchies of Europe at the time. This vast revenue was derived from various sources: from taxes on produce, on exports and imports, on sales of goods, and, lastly, on the property of Jews and Christians. Its magnitude is only to be accounted for when we consider the immense size of the population, the number of large and small cities, and, above all, the extent of the traffic which the Arabs of Spain carried on in all sorts of manufactures and commodities both with the states of Europe and with those of Asia.

Spain, therefore, was the medium of communication, during the middle ages, between the Arabic race and the rude Romano-German populations of Europe. The conquest of Spain by the Moors thus assumes a singular importance in connection with European history. It was, as it were, the breaking open of the door through which there rushed a flood of new knowledge and new ideas into Europe. It would be difficult to estimate the amount of civilisation which flowed into Europe along with the Moors, or to calculate how much would have been lost to us, the white inhabitants of these northern nations, had not that handful of tawny Moors under Tarik leaped ashore, in the spring of 711, at the foot of the rock which we now name Gibraltar. They gave us astronomy, our system of numeral notation, and algebra; they gave us our first notions of Aristotle's philosophy, and a new style of architecture; they gave us a system of national police; they gave us the notion of public libraries; they gave us the telegraph—some say also gunpowder, paper-making, the pendulum, and the mariner's compass; they gave us morocco leather; they gave us the principle of rhyme in verse, which did not exist among the ancients; and lastly, to conclude a list which might be extended to much greater length, they gave us that spirit of chivalrous devotion to the fair sex which, although, since the time of the Crusades, it has attained such strength as to be regarded as innate in European society, is yet in reality an importation from the East, and had only a very modified existence among the Greeks and Romans of antiquity. The conquest of Spain by the Moors was, as we have said, the opening of the door for all these influences. As soon as they had fairly entered, the door was shut; or, in other words, the Moors were expelled from Europe. The action of those causes which ultimately led to their expulsion, and which had begun to manifest themselves even while the Omeyades held the califate of Cordova, we now proceed to describe, in giving an account of the internal condition of society in Spain under the Moorish dominion.

The population of the Moorish kingdom of Spain consisted of course of two classes—the Mohammedans or Moors, and the conquered Spaniards, known by the name of the Muzarabic Christians. The Christians in Spain enjoyed a much greater degree of toleration

than the followers of Mohammed were in the custom of allowing, in other countries, to those whom they had conquered, or indeed than it was customary at that period for people professing any religion to allow to individuals professing any other. The church was permitted to stand side by side with the mosque; the bells were allowed to ring to summon the Christians to their religious ceremonies; and the whole ecclesiastical apparatus of bishops, monasteries, nunneries, &c. was left untouched. To a certain extent, also, the Christians enjoyed an independent civil jurisdiction, having courts of their own, where all cases, except those of a very important description, were decided between Christian and Christian. So friendly were the relations at first subsisting between the Moors and the Christians, that intermarriages became frequent between them; Christian ladies entering the harems of the Mussulmans, and, what was an exception to the usual practice of the Mohammedans, Christians being permitted by law to marry Moorish wives.

All this, however, could not prevent religious animosity from displaying itself between the Christian and the Mohammedan parts of the population, especially the lower orders of both. An ill-bred Moor would sometimes shew his dislike to a Christian by calling him a dog of an unbeliever, or by crying out that he was defiled when he chanced to brush against a Christian's clothes; and mischievous Moorish urchins would exhibit their zeal for Mohammed's religion by throwing stones and filth at the mourners at a Christian funeral, or by ostentatiously stopping their ears in the street with their fingers, that they might not hear the chimes of the idolatrous Christian bells. On the other side, of course, there was a reaction. Prevented from giving vent to their feelings by public reproaches against the Moslem prophet, the Christians took ample revenge in private.

For some time no serious consequences resulted from these little outbursts of feeling between the Moors and the Christians; and it was not till the califate of Abderrahman II., who ascended the throne in 821, more than a century after the conquest, that anything like persecution was experienced by the Spanish Christians. In the early part of his reign, two Christians are said to have been put to death in Cordova for their faith; but no authentic account remains of the circumstances of their martyrdom, so that we do not know the precise character of their offence. About twenty-five years afterwards, some Moors of Cordova, after having a friendly and confidential discussion with a Christian priest named Perfectus regarding some points of their faith, were so piqued by some observations of his to the discredit of Mohammed, that they denounced him to a Moorish judge as a blasphemer of the prophet. Perfectus tried to explain away his obnoxious remarks regarding the prophet, but was thrown into prison. Here his courage increased; and, full of self-accusation for having recanted his sentiments before

the judge, he reiterated them with fresh vehemence. Apparently from a reluctance to take away life in such a cause, he was detained in prison for a considerable time; but, still proving firm and immovable, he was at last brought out, and beheaded according to law. About two miles from Cordova, in the monastery of Tabanos, was a monk named Isaac, who had formerly filled a civil office of distinction in Cordova, but had been led by his enthusiasm to embrace the monastic life. He had a great reputation among the Christians, and various prodigies were reported concerning him—as, for instance, that he had spoken three times before he was born; and that he had been seen, in a vision, to take up a ball of fire which had descended from heaven, and eat it. The martyrdom of Perfectus inspired this man with a strange resolution. Coming to Cordova, he went to the cadi, and said he wished to become a Mohammedan, and was desirous to hear the cadi explain certain points of the prophet's religion. The cadi, although the matter was not strictly in his department, very cheerfully consented; and expounded to Isaac, at considerable length, the chief doctrines of the Koran. What was his astonishment when, at the end of his discourse, his apparent pupil burst out in a torrent of abuses against the prophet, as a man who was possessed by the devil, and taught the devil's doctrine. In the first movement of his rage he struck Isaac, for which the other Moors present reproved him, reminding him that by law no previous punishment could be inflicted on a person whose offence subjected him to death. The monk still continuing to utter reproaches against Mohammed, and to protest that he was no madman, but in the perfect possession of his senses, was sent to prison, from which he was shortly afterwards taken by Abderrahman's orders and beheaded, his body being fixed on a stake after death.

The desire of martyrdom became contagious, and, within a week, seven additional persons had gone purposely to blaspheme the prophet before the Moorish judges, and be put to death for the offence. The following story, illustrative of the state of feeling which now prevailed, is told in Condé's *History of Arab Domination in Spain*, drawn from Arabic manuscripts: 'Maria, the sister of one of the martyrs, was a nun in the convent of Cuteclara. Shortly after her brother's death, one of her sister-nuns told her that she had seen her brother in a dream, and that he had commissioned her to tell his sister not to lament his death, for she would speedily rejoin him in heaven. Maria received this as a summons to martyrdom; and she immediately left the nunnery, in order to appear before the cadi and testify her zeal. On her way to the cadi, she turned aside to offer up a prayer in the church of St Acisclus. Strange to tell, at the shrine of this martyr she found kneeling a young maiden, who, like herself, was seeking the crown of faith. This girl's name was Flora; she was the daughter of a Moorish

father and a Christian mother; her parents were dead, and her brother, who was a Mohammedan, persecuted her on account of her being a Christian. Her brother had accused her before the judge of having apostatised from the Moorish religion; and although she denied the charge, and maintained that she had been a Christian from her childhood, she had been scourged by the judge's orders, and recommitted to her brother's care, to be instructed in the principles of the Koran. She had escaped, however, and was now resolved, like Maria, to brave death in the cause for which so many were gloriously suffering. The two maidens, thus romantically brought together, proceeded in company to the house of the cadi. Flora spoke first. "I," she said, "am the person whom you punished with stripes, because, being the child of a Moorish father, I would not renounce my faith in Christ. I have concealed myself till now, because the flesh is weak; but now, through the strength of God's grace, I am willing. I come here, with more courage than I had before, to proclaim that Christ is the true God; and I curse your prophet for an impostor, an adulterer, and a magician." "And I," exclaimed Maria, before the cadi could collect his ideas for a reply, "am the sister of Walabonso, whom you caused to be executed, because he confessed the Saviour and cursed your prophet. What he confessed, I confess too; and what he cursed, that do I also curse." The cadi was perplexed. To put the two brave girls to death, was a proceeding for which he was not prepared; and to dismiss them, after what they had said, was impossible. They were therefore committed to prison. At length, however, they were executed.'

In the meantime the Calif Abderrahman, anxious to put a stop to such needless waste of life, called upon the metropolitan bishop of Cordova, Recafred, to use his spiritual authority to prevent the Christians from so wantonly insulting the faith of their fellow-citizens. Neither he nor any of the well-informed Moors, he said, could regard those persons as martyrs who needlessly rushed upon death, when they enjoyed full liberty of worship according to their own forms. In this opinion most of the sober part of the Christian community acquiesced; and many of the clergy used their utmost influence to check the dangerous spirit which was spreading among their flocks.

The spirit of martyrdom, however, spread far and wide; and at length the Moorish authorities became so provoked at the incessant demand made upon their cruelty, that a general arrest of the Muzarabes was proposed, and permission was given to any Moor who might hear a Christian blaspheme the Prophet, to put him to death on the spot without trial. The affair having thus assumed the appearance of a general social ferment, many Muzarabic Christians began to quit Cordova, and even Spain itself; and others, for the sake of peace, were persuaded to abjure their faith. The remainder

of Abderrahman's reign was a continued scene of disorder and persecution. The death of Abderrahman took place in the year 852. Mohammed, Abderrahman's son and successor, continued, and even increased, the persecutions of the Muzarabic Christians. The description we have given of the state of society during the reign of Abderrahman II. must be regarded as applying with less or more strictness to the reigns of all his successors of the Omeyade line. We pass now to a consideration of

SPAIN BROKEN UP INTO SEPARATE KINGDOMS.

Two Christian kingdoms, as our readers already know, had been founded in Spain subsequently to the Moorish conquest: the one in the north-west, called the kingdom of Asturias and Galicia, originally founded by Pelayo in 718; the other in the north-east, called the kingdom of Navarre, founded, according to the general account, by Don Garcia Ximenes in 756. These kingdoms, originally small and weak, had slowly extended themselves, till, about the beginning of the eleventh century, Spain may be considered as having been divided into two parts by a line passing through it east and west from the mouth of the Ebro, or a little farther south, to the mouth of the Douro. All north of this line—a territory of considerably large extent, but the least fertile and wealthy part of the peninsula—belonged to the Christians; all south of it—the larger and by far the richest part of the Peninsula—belonged to the Moors. The northern or Christian part of Spain had hitherto consisted of but two kingdoms—the kingdom of Leon and Castile (an enlargement of the kingdom of Asturias and Galicia), and the kingdom of Navarre and Aragon (an enlargement of the original kingdom of Navarre). In the beginning of the eleventh century, however, each of these kingdoms was divided into two—the kingdom of Leon and Castile splitting into two distinct sovereignties in the year 1027, and that of Navarre and Aragon undergoing a similar process in the year 1035. About the year 1035, therefore, the Christian part of the Spanish peninsula consisted of four little kingdoms—the kingdom of Leon, the kingdom of Castile, the kingdom of Navarre, and the kingdom of Aragon. It sometimes happened afterwards, that one or more of these kingdoms were temporarily held together by the same sovereign, in consequence of intermarriage between the different royal families; but in reality the sovereignties were distinct.

Exactly at the same period the Moorish kingdom—which, for nearly three centuries, had remained whole and entire under the name of the Califate of Cordova—underwent a similar process of subdivision. In the year 1031, Hixem III., the last of the glorious line of the Omeyade califs, was deposed by a revolutionary party, and in him the califate of Cordova became extinct. A perfect crop of kings sprang up at this juncture, struggling with each other for

the sovereignty of Moorish Spain; and failing that, for the possession of some little bit which they could erect each into a snug kingdom for himself. Not to mention smaller territories, Almeria, Denia, Valencia, Saragossa, Huesca, Tudela, Lerida, Seville, Malaga, Granada, Algesiras, Toledo, and Badajoz had all their separate kings. Every day one or other of these multitudinous sovereigns was getting killed by a stronger neighbour, and the smaller kingdoms were soon amalgamated with the larger; still, even at the end of the eleventh century, there were at least four different Moorish sovereigns or califs in Spain—the calif of Seville, the calif of Toledo, the calif of Saragossa, and the calif of Badajoz and part of Portugal.

The decline of the Moorish power in Spain is therefore to be dated from the beginning of the eleventh century, when the califate of Cordova was disintegrated. For three hundred and twenty years, as we have seen, the impulse of the spirit of conquest had been sufficient to maintain the Moors in their position as the dominant race in the Peninsula; now, however, its force was spent, and the tide began to ebb. Conquered as the Christians had been, and either reduced to the condition of an inferior layer in the population, or else cooped up to enjoy their independence in the worst and least fertile districts of Spain, there still remained in them that slow vitality which no conquest could extinguish, and which began to develop itself with vigour at the very time when the Moorish organisation began to shew symptoms of decay. As the beginning of the eleventh century is the date of the commencement of the decline of the Moorish power in Spain, so it is of the dawn of the Christian fortunes; and the history of the two centuries which elapse between 1031 and 1238, constituting properly the third period of the Moorish domination in Spain, exhibits the Christian power gradually enlarging and extending itself at the expense of the Moors, reconquering the Peninsula, as it were, acre by acre. To detail the progress of this struggle, to describe the long series of battles and sieges which took place during these two centuries between the Moors and the Christians, or even to give a list of all the famous champions who distinguished themselves among the ranks of the Christians, and whose heroic feats against the Moors form the theme of many a tale of chivalry, and many a ballad still sung in Spain, is of course impossible. It is sufficient to indicate the general course of the progress of the Christian triumphs.

As, of the four Christian kingdoms, those of Castile and Aragon were nearest to the Moorish part of Spain, it was under the auspices of their sovereigns that the process of reconquering the Moorish territory was conducted. Of the kings of Castile, one of the most distinguished for his successes against the Moors was Alfonso I., who, already in possession of Leon, was crowned king of Castile in 1072. This sovereign is known indiscriminately as Alfonso I.

of Castile, or Alfonso VI. of Leon. In his reign flourished that most renowned of all the Spanish heroes, Rodrigo, styled Cid Campeador (Arabic *sid*, lord; Spanish *campeador*, champion). The monarch and his subject gained many victories over the different Moorish sovereigns against whom they directed their enterprises. In 1085, Alfonso took, after a desperate siege of three years, the city of Toledo, the ancient capital of the Gothic monarchy, and with it the whole Moorish kingdom of New Castile was recovered from the Moslems. No sooner was this conquest over, than Alfonso prepared to attack the kingdom of Seville and Cordova—the most powerful of the sovereignties into which the califate of Cordova had been split. To assist him against this formidable invasion, Mohammed, king of Seville, after deliberating with his allies, the smaller Moorish kings, invited over from Africa a new Moorish tribe called the Almoravides, founded by one of those Mohammedan enthusiasts, imitators of the Prophet, who were so frequently springing up in various provinces of the Mussulman empire. These Almoravides—'men devoted to the service of God'—had overrun and conquered the whole of Northern Africa. The old spirit of conquest seemed to be revived in them; and in inviting them over to fight against the Christians, the Moorish sovereign of Seville was apparently adopting the only measure that could save his kingdom. Yusef, the leader of the Almoravides, eagerly accepted his proposal; and crossing the strait with a large army, he united his forces with those of the king of Seville. Alfonso, finding himself too weak to conduct an invasion against such a coalition, obtained succours from his brother-monarchs the kings of Aragon and Navarre. A great pitched battle took place between the two armies in the month of October 1086 at Zalaca, near Badajoz. The enthusiasm of the Almoravides gained the day for their allies, and the Christians were totally defeated. This defeat proved a temporary check to the progress of the Christian arms.

The king of Seville, however, had reason to repent having invited such formidable guests as the Almoravides into his dominions; for, tempted by the prospect of possessing such a fine country in perpetuity, they refused to return to Africa when their services were no longer required. To such extremities was Mohammed reduced by his visitor Yusef, that at last he was obliged to beg the assistance of his enemy Alfonso, that he might not be deprived of his kingdom. The Almoravides, however, triumphed. Mohammed was deposed, and sent over to Africa, and Yusef mounted the throne in his stead. The condition of affairs in Spain now assumed a strange aspect. The petty Moorish sovereigns, alarmed by the fate of the king of Seville, and fearful of sharing it, united among themselves, and also with Alfonso of Castile, against Yusef; and for many years there might be seen the spectacle of Christian knights and Moorish warriors fighting side by side

in the same battle, or exchanging chivalrous courtesies in the same camp.

> 'Different are the creeds we swear by;
> But in breast of knight or dame,
> Be they Saracen or Christian,
> Flows not Adam's blood the same?'

Not even the valour of the Cid, however, could prevent the Moorish princes from falling under the yoke of the conquering Yusef; and in the year 1094, the whole of Moorish Spain was again reunited under one dynasty. During the life of Yusef, neither Alfonso nor the sovereigns of Navarre and Aragon could gain any very decided success against the Moors; and again, for a while at least, the Moorish power in the Peninsula seemed to be in the ascendant.

Yusef died in 1107, leaving his son Ali his successor; and for twenty years the hereditary struggle of Christian against Moor was carried on between Ali and Alfonso, king of Aragon and Navarre, who, having married Urraca, the daughter and heiress of Alfonso of Castile, might be considered as the general Christian monarch of the Spanish part of the Peninsula. By his successes during these twenty years, Alfonso earned for himself the warlike surname of *El Batallador*—The Battle-giver. In nine-and-twenty successive battles he defeated the Moorish hosts; and over all Europe he was celebrated as the champion of the Christian faith against the Infidels of Spain. Tudela, Saragossa, Tarragona, and Daroca were all conquered by him. He trebled the size of Aragon; and he carried his banners farther south of the Ebro than any Christian prince had done before him. In 1133, however, he sustained a defeat from the Mussulmans, and shortly afterwards died. On his death, as he left no family, the Christian territories of Spain were again disunited. Leon and Castile were inherited, or rather had for some time been possessed, by Alfonso Raymond, the son of his wife Urraca, known indiscriminately as Alfonso II. of Castile, or Alfonso VIII. of Leon, and also by the name of Alfonso the Emperor. Navarre chose for its sovereign Garcia Ramirez, or Garcia IV., grand-nephew of Sancho IV., Alfonso's predecessor. Aragon elected Ramiro II., brother of the deceased Alfonso, who, being a monk, obtained the pope's permission to marry; but had no sooner begotten a daughter to succeed him, than he resigned the throne, and again retired to his monastery, leaving his infant heir, Petronilla, queen of Aragon, under the guardianship of Raymond V., Count of Barcelona, to whom he had affianced her—an alliance which had the effect of incorporating the hitherto French province of Catalonia with the Spanish kingdom of Aragon.—It is necessary now to add a word or two respecting Portugal. This country had no separate existence earlier than the beginning of the twelfth century. That part of it which lies between the Minho and the Douro had been recovered

from the Moors by the kings of Galicia, the successors of Pelayo, and consequently it formed a mere province of the territories of Leon and Castile. When, however, by the victories of Alfonso I. of Leon and Castile, Portugal as far south as the Tagus had been wrested from the Moors, it became necessary to appoint a distinct officer or viceroy to guard this important part of the Peninsula against the incursions of the Almoravides, then newly arrived in Spain. For this office Alfonso chose his son-in-law, Henry of Besançon, who, after extending his territory by farther conquests, bequeathed it in 1112, with the title of Count of Portugal, under the Castilian king, to his infant son, Alfonso Henriques. This Alfonso, on growing up, proved a formidable enemy to the Moors; and disdaining any longer to be a mere viceroy of the Castilian kings, threw off his allegiance to Alfonso the Emperor, and proclaimed himself independent king of Portugal in 1139.

These particulars, although somewhat intricate, it is absolutely necessary to bear in mind, if we would have a distinct conception of the state of Spain at the beginning of the twelfth century. About the year 1140, let it be understood that the Christian portion of the Spanish Peninsula was broken up into four distinct sovereignties —Leon and Castile, Aragon (including Catalonia), Navarre, and Portugal; and as Leon and Castile, although united at the time, were liable again to be separated, the number of the kingdoms might rather be said to be five.

It might be supposed that the Moorish sovereign Ali, able and energetic as he was, would have availed himself of the divided state of the Christian territories to recover some part of them by arms. One reason why he was not able to do so is, that the Christian monarchs, although they had occasional differences amongst themselves, maintained a firm alliance with each other against the Moors; the spirit of the Crusades suddenly adding fierceness and intensity to their old hereditary antipathy. But the most effective cause of Ali's inactivity against the Christians was a war in which he was engaged with the Almohades—a new sect or tribe of Mohammedans, who had overrun Northern Africa, like his own ancestors the Almoravides, and who were now meditating an invasion of Spain similar to theirs. Ali, unable to resist the progress of this enemy in Mauritania, died in 1143; his son, Tashfin, died after a reign of two years; and *his* successor being taken and beheaded in Morocco by Abdelmumen, the chief of the Almohades, the dynasty of the Almoravides became extinct in the year 1146, after having ruled over Moorish Spain for half a century. Abdelmumen, as a matter of course, ascended the throne of Moorish Spain.

Passing over an interval of seventy years, as of small consequence in our history, let us again take a glance at the condition of the Peninsula in the year 1230. It consists still of five divisions—

Moorish Spain, under three petty monarchs, descendants of Abdelmumen; Leon and Castile, under Ferdinand; Aragon, under James I.; Navarre, under Thibault I.; and Portugal, under Sancho II. Leaving Portugal and Navarre out of account—the one as still forming a distinct kingdom, the other as a small state—we may say that what we now call Spain was divided into three parts—Moorish Spain in the south, Aragon in the north-east, and Castile in the north-west.

The Moorish power, so long on the decline, was now rapidly giving way. Ferdinand of Castile and James of Aragon were able sovereigns, and both distinguished themselves by their successes against the Moors. Ferdinand especially made himself illustrious by his victories. From the Bay of Biscay to the Guadalquivir in one direction, and from the confines of Portugal to those of Aragon in another, he made himself lord of Spain. Toledo, Cordova, Valencia, and Seville, successively yielded to his arms, or to those of James of Aragon; and the territory of the Moors was circumscribed within the narrow limits of the district south and east of the Guadalquivir. The date of the surrender of Cordova was June 1236; and with the fall of this town, the capital of the Mohammedan empire in Spain, the Moorish power in Spain may be said to have received its death-blow. Of the various Moorish princes, there remained in the year 1248 only one—Mohammed Ibn Alahmar, who had assumed the title of king of Granada, and who was obliged, in order to retain even this diminished sovereignty, to acknowledge himself the vassal of Ferdinand, the Christian king of Castile. At this epoch—the epoch of the erection of the Moorish kingdom of Granada out of the ruins of the once potent sovereignty of Cordova—the third period of our history properly terminates.

THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA—EXPULSION OF THE MOORS.

The first Moorish king of Granada made no attempt to shake off the bond of allegiance which he had contracted with the Castilian sovereigns, satisfied with the dignity of ruling freely within the dominions the quiet possession of which his submission had purchased. His successors, however, were not so patient; and it was not long before new wars began between the Moors of Granada and their Christian neighbours. The details of these wars, as they followed one another for more than two centuries, we do not narrate; nor need we fatigue our readers with mere lists of the sovereigns who reigned severally in Granada, Aragon, and Castile during that period. Let us hasten rather to the concluding scene of this great struggle.

In the year 1469, Ferdinand, the son and heir of Juan II., the reigning king of Aragon, was married to Isabella, the sister and recognised heiress of Henry IV., the reigning king of Castile. Thus,

by the death of Henry IV. in 1474, and that of Juan II. in 1479, the kingdoms of Aragon and Castile were at length virtually united under one government—the glorious one of Ferdinand and Isabella. Both sovereigns were able; capable of conceiving, and resolute in executing, large designs; and on finding themselves in possession of the greater part of the Spanish Peninsula, it was natural for them to desire the possession of the whole of it. To add Portugal to their crown, was indeed too hopeless an undertaking to be seriously thought of; but to seize upon Granada, the last of the Moorish territories, was a project which the relations of that kingdom to Castile rendered not unfeasible.

'The renowned kingdom of Granada,' says Washington Irving in his narrative of its conquest, 'was situate in the southern part of Spain, bordering on the Mediterranean Sea, and defended on the land-side by lofty and rugged mountains, locking up within their embraces deep, rich, and verdant valleys, where the sterility of the surrounding heights was repaid by prodigal fertility. The city of Granada lay in the centre of the kingdom, sheltered, as it were, in the lap of the Sierra Nevada, or chain of snowy mountains. It covered two lofty hills, and a deep valley that divides them, through which flows the river Darro. One of these hills was crowned by the royal palace and fortress of the Alhambra, capable of containing forty thousand men within its walls and towers. Never was there an edifice accomplished in a superior style of barbaric magnificence; and the stranger who, even at the present day, wanders among its silent and deserted courts and ruined halls, gazes with astonishment at its gilded and fretted domes and luxurious decorations, still retaining their brilliancy and beauty in defiance of the ravages of time. Opposite to the hill on which stood the Alhambra was its rival hill; on the summit of which was a spacious plain, covered with houses, and crowded with inhabitants. The declivities and skirts of the two hills were covered with houses to the number of seventy thousand, separated by narrow streets and small squares, according to the custom of Moorish cities. The houses had interior courts and gardens, refreshed by fountains and running streams, and set out with oranges, citrons, and pomegranates; so that, as the edifices of the city rose above each other on the sides of the hill, they presented a mingled appearance of city and grove delightful to the eye. The whole was surrounded by high walls, three leagues in circuit, with twelve gates, and fortified by a thousand and thirty towers. The elevation of the city, and the neighbourhood of the Sierra Nevada, crowned with perpetual snows, tempered the fervid rays of the summer; and thus, while other cities were panting with the sultry and stifling heat of the dog-days, the most salubrious breezes played through the marble halls of Granada. The glory of the city, however, was its vega or plain, which spread out to a circumference of thirty-seven leagues, surrounded by lofty mountains. It was a vast garden

of delight, refreshed by numerous fountains, and by the silver windings of the Xenil. The labour and ingenuity of the Moors had diverted the waters of this river into thousands of rills and streams, and diffused them over the whole surface of the plain. Indeed they had wrought up this happy region to a degree of wonderful prosperity, and took a pride in decorating it, as if it had been a favourite mistress. The hills were clothed with orchards and vineyards, the valleys embroidered with gardens, and the wide plains covered with waving grain. Here were seen in profusion the orange, the citron, the fig, and pomegranate, with large plantations of mulberry-trees, from which was produced the finest of silk. The vine clambered from tree to tree, the grapes hung in rich clusters about the peasants' cottages, and the groves were rejoiced by the perpetual song of the nightingale. In a word, so beautiful was the earth, so pure the air, and so serene the sky of this delicious region, that the Moors imagined the paradise of their Prophet to be situate in that part of the heaven which overhung the kingdom of Granada.'

Such was the kingdom which, after eight centuries of war with the Christians, the Moors still retained in Spain, and of which they had been left the quiet possession, on condition of paying to the kings of Castile 'an annual tribute of two thousand doblas or pistoles of gold, and sixteen hundred Christian captives, or, in defect of captives, an equal number of Moors, to be surrendered as slaves; all to be delivered in the city of Cordova.' The Moorish king of Granada, at the time when Ferdinand and Isabella became joint sovereigns of Aragon and Castile, was Muley Aben Hassan, one of the most powerful of all the descendants of the founder of the kingdom, and characterised, in the language of the Spanish chroniclers of the time, as 'a fierce and warlike Infidel.'

In the year 1478, Don Juan de Vera, a Spanish cavalier, was sent to Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella, to demand the arrears of tribute due by Muley Aben Hassan to the Castilian crown. 'Tell your sovereigns,' was the haughty reply of the Moor, 'that the kings of Granada who used to pay tribute in money to the Castilian crown are dead. Our mint at present coins nothing but blades of cimeters and heads of lances.' This afforded a good pretext to Ferdinand for commencing the war upon which he was already resolved; but as he was then engaged in hostilities with Portugal, he was obliged to defer his contemplated vengeance. When these hostilities were terminated in 1481, he prepared to carry his designs against Granada into execution. 'I will pick out the seeds of this pomegranate one by one,' said he, playing upon the word *Granada*, which in Spanish means *pomegranate*, and alluding to the method in which he intended to carry on the war; namely, that of taking successively all the places of strength in the kingdom, before he attempted the city of Granada itself. Wary, however, as Ferdinand was, the Moorish king anticipated him, and struck the first blow in the war by taking

the important and, as it was till then imagined, impregnable fortress of Zahara, situated on a lofty and craggy mountain on the frontier between Ronda and Medina Sidonia. The whole of the inhabitants he drove away into captivity. This success of the Saracens called forth a deed of daring and chivalry on the other side. Don Roderigo Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, a valiant Spanish knight, whose fame in the annals of chivalry almost rivals that of the Cid, made an incursion into the Moorish territory, and captured the strong and wealthy town of Alhama, situated within a few leagues of the capital, and deemed of so much importance, with reference to the safety of that city, as to be called the key of Granada. The event is commemorated to the present day in the plaintive little Spanish romance, supposed to be of Moorish origin, and known by Lord Byron's translation—'Woe is me, Alhama!' The Moors of Granada foresaw the woes which the pride of their king had brought upon them; and, making their way through the halls of the Alhambra, they implored him, with tears and adjurations, not to continue a struggle which must end so fatally. Muley Aben Hassan, however, was inflexible in his resolve, and marched to lay siege to the brave Christian garrison in Alhama. The garrison was reduced to the utmost extremities, and would have been obliged to surrender; but a reinforcement arrived from Castile under the command of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and Muley was compelled to raise the siege. Thus Alhama was left in the possession of the Christians. At a council of war which King Ferdinand held shortly after at Cordova, it was debated whether it should not be demolished, as, being situated in the very centre of the Moorish kingdom, it could not be maintained except at a great expense. Ferdinand and most of his advisers were of opinion that the demolition of the town was the preferable course, when Queen Isabella, arriving at Cordova, gave a new turn to their decision. 'What!' said she, 'shall we destroy the first-fruits of our victories? Shall we abandon the first town we have wrested from the Moors? You talk of the expense of maintaining Alhama! Did we not know, when we undertook the war, that it would be one of infinite cost, labour, and bloodshed? No! let us keep Alhama, as a stronghold granted us by Heaven in the midst of the Moorish territory, that from it we may extend our conquest on all sides!' Alhama was accordingly fortified, and strongly garrisoned.

It is necessary here to glance at the state of affairs in the Moorish kingdom. Muley Aben Hassan had of course, like most of his race, a number of wives. Of these, two were sultanas, or wives-in-chief —Ayxa, a Moor; and Fatima, a Christian, called, for her beauty, Zoroya, or the Light of Dawn. Ayxa had borne a son to him, named Mohammed Abdallah, or, more frequently in the Christian chronicles, Boabdil el Chico, or The Younger; and, in the natural course of things, Boabdil would succeed to the sovereignty on his father's

death. It had been prophesied, however, by the astrologers on Boabdil's birth, that although he should sit on the throne of Granada, the downfall of the kingdom would take place in his reign. Influenced partly by this prophecy, partly by natural ferocity of temper, and partly by the blandishments of his young wife Fatima —who hated the son of her rival Ayxa, and who was anxious to exclude him from the throne, that one of her own children might obtain it—the old king had contracted such a dislike to Boabdil, that he at last gave orders to put him to death. His mother Ayxa, however, contrived to secure his escape; and taking refuge in the city of Guadix, Boabdil gained the adherence of a large party, and set his father at defiance. Thus, at the time of the breaking out of the war between the Christians and the Moors, Granada was torn asunder by the discords of two hostile factions—at the head of one of which was the old king, Muley Hassan; at the head of the other his son, Boabdil el Chico.

The Moors at first had the fortune of war on their side; and, as a natural effect of this, the subjects of Muley Hassan, who had at first blamed his rashness in beginning a war with the Castilian sovereigns, now hailed him as a successful man is usually hailed by the multitude. As the interests of the old king advanced, those of his son Boabdil declined; and the young chief found it necessary, if he would retain any hold upon the affection of the Moors, to do some brave deed against the Christians, which might eclipse, or at least equal, his father's successes. Accordingly, accompanied by his father-in-law, Ali Atar, Boabdil invaded the Christian territory at the head of 9000 foot and 700 horse. They had not gone a day's march across the border, when they were met by the Count de Cabra, who had hastily armed a handful of retainers, to signalise himself by a deed worthy of the fame of a Castilian knight. A desperate battle ensued, in which the Moors were totally defeated: twenty-two Moorish banners were taken, old Ali Atar had his skull cloven by the sword of a Spanish cavalier, and the young king, Boabdil el Chico, was taken prisoner. When the news of this defeat reached Granada, there was great mourning, especially among the partisans of El Chico. Queen Ayxa, his mother, and Morayma, his sultana, gave themselves up to lamentations; and the minstrels whom they summoned to cheer them, tuned their instruments to strains of sorrow. 'Beautiful Granada,' they said, 'how is thy glory faded! The vivarrambla no longer echoes to the tramp of steed and the sound of trumpet; no longer is it crowded with thy youthful nobles, eager to display their prowess in tourney and the festive tilt of reeds. Alas! the flower of thy chivalry lies low in a foreign land. The soft note of the lute is no longer heard in thy mournful streets; the lively castanet is silent upon thy hills; and the graceful dance of the zambra is no more seen beneath thy bowers. Behold, the Alhambra is forlorn and desolate! In vain do the orange and

myrtle breathe their perfumes into its silken chambers; in vain does the nightingale sing within its groves; in vain are its marble halls refreshed by the sound of fountains and the gush of limpid rills. Alas! the countenance of the king no longer shines within these walls; the light of the Alhambra is set for ever!'*

The captivity of his son Boabdil left Muley Hassan in undisturbed possession of the sovereign power; and the partisans of the young sovereign—'Young Granada,' as we might now term them—were obliged for the time to yield pretended allegiance to the tiger-tempered old king, who, it is said, entered into communication with Ferdinand, with a view to get possession of his son's person. Ferdinand, however, saw the policy of keeping up the internal dissensions of the Moors. Accordingly, after some months, he set Boabdil at liberty, loaded him with kindness, and sent him home to Granada, after having obtained from him an acknowledgment of perpetual vassalage to the Castilian crown. This measure was well judged. No sooner had Boabdil reappeared in Granada, than the struggle for sovereignty broke out again between him and his father; half of the kingdom declaring for the one, and half for the other.

The war still continued between the Christians and the Moors who acknowledged Muley Hassan for their king. 'It possessed,' says a writer, 'extraordinary materials of interest, in the striking contrast presented by the combatants of oriental and European creeds, costumes, and manners; and in the hardy and hare-brained enterprises, the romantic adventures, the picturesque forages through mountain regions, the daring assaults and surprisals of cliff-built castles and cragged fortresses, which succeeded each other with a variety and brilliancy beyond the scope of mere invention. The time of the contest also contributed to heighten the interest. It was not long after the invention of gunpowder, when firearms and artillery mingled the flash, smoke, and thunder of modern warfare with the steely splendour of ancient chivalry, and gave an awful magnificence and terrible sublimity to battle; and when the old Moorish towers and castles, that for ages had frowned defiance to the battering-rams and catapults of classic tactics, were toppled down by the lombards of the Spanish engineers.'† In this protracted struggle the Spaniards were almost continually victorious; and by the end of the year 1485, the Moorish power had been greatly weakened, and many places of strength had fallen into the hands of the Christians.

Meanwhile the Moorish king, Muley Hassan, having become infirm through age, had retired to the little city of Almunecar, on the Mediterranean coast, to spend the remainder of his life in repose, leaving the administration of the government in the hands of his younger brother, Abdallah el Zagal. His death shortly afterwards

* *Conquest of Granada*, by Washington Irving.
† *Quarterly Review*, vol. xliii.

left Abdallah in the possession of the entire regal power—the acknowledged chief of the patriotic party in the kingdom. Between the uncle and nephew the same struggle continued as had been carried on between the father and son; but for the time, El Zagal had the popular suffrages on his side, and Boabdil's interests waned. Occupying Velez el Blanco, a strong town near the Spanish frontier, Boabdil watched the progress of the war between Ferdinand and Abdallah, ready to render assistance to the former, and to avail himself of his success to become sovereign of Granada. Collecting a large army, which was recruited from all parts of Europe, Ferdinand carried on the war with great energy. Town after town was taken, and battle after battle fought; and at last, in the year 1489, the Spaniards laid siege to the city of Baza, the key to all the remaining possessions of El Zagal in Granada. The war of the Christians with the Moors of Granada had by this time become the theme of the whole world; and all Christendom looked on with admiration at the part which the Spaniards were performing. After a resistance of nearly seven months, Baza surrendered on the 4th of December 1489. With the surrender of Baza, all hope failed El Zagal and the patriotic portion of the Moors. They yielded to their fate. El Zagal abdicated his crown for a stipulated revenue; and Boabdil el Chico became the vassal-king of Granada under Ferdinand and Isabella.

Boabdil el Chico, however, had served his purpose; and now that there was no longer occasion for his assistance, Ferdinand resolved to be rid of him. Accordingly, upon various pretexts, which it was easy to form, the vassal-king was required to surrender the city and crown of Granada. On this the Moors prepared for a last effort against their conquerors; and Ferdinand, assembling an army of fifty thousand men, laid siege to Granada, 'the last seed of the pomegranate.' The siege of the Moorish capital lasted eight months —eight months more thickly crowded with bold actions and romantic exploits than almost any other equal period in Spanish history. On the 25th of November 1491, however, the city capitulated on the following conditions: 'All Christian captives were to be liberated without ransom; Boabdil and his principal cavaliers were to take an oath of fealty to the Castilian crown, and certain valuable territories in the Alpuxares Mountains were to be assigned to the Moorish monarch for his maintenance; the Moors of Granada were to become subjects of the Spanish sovereigns, retaining their possessions, their arms, their horses, and yielding up nothing but their artillery; they were to be protected in the exercise of their religion, and governed by their own laws, administered by cadis of their own faith, under governors appointed by the sovereigns; they were to be exempted from tribute for three years, after which term the pay was to be the same as they had been accustomed to render to their native monarchs; those who chose to depart for Africa within three

years, were to be provided with a passage for themselves and their effects, free of charge, from whatever port they should prefer.'

In January 1492, the Spanish sovereigns made their entry into the Moorish capital, while the fallen monarch quitted it. The following is Mr Irving's fine description of the departure of the latter: 'Having surrendered the last symbol of power, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on towards the Alpuxares, that he might not behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms as shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on the breeze from the victorious army. Having rejoined his family, Boabdil set forward with a heavy heart for his allotted residence, in the valley of Porchena. At two leagues' distance, the cavalcade, winding into the skirts of the Alpuxares, ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily, to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight for ever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lighted up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost for ever. The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes, and overcharged with grief, could no longer contain itself. "Allah achbar!" (God is great!) said he; but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears. His mother, the intrepid Sultana Ayxa la Horra, was indignant at his weakness. "You do well," said she, "to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man!" The vizier, Aben Comixa, endeavoured to console his royal master. "Consider, sire," said he, "that the most signal misfortunes often render men as renowned as the most prosperous achievements, provided they sustain them with magnanimity." The unhappy monarch, however, was not to be consoled. His tears continued to flŏw. "Allah achbar!" exclaimed he; "when did misfortunes ever equal mine?" From this circumstance the hill, which is not far from Padul, took the name of Feg Allah Achbar; but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada is known among Spaniards by the name of *El ultimo suspiro del Moro*, or, "The last sigh of the Moor."'

It was not in accordance with the spirit of the age, above all, with the spirit of such a devotedly Catholic country as Spain, that a portion of the subjects of a kingdom, however peaceable and useful,

should be allowed to remain undisturbed in the exercise of a religion different from that of the majority. Accordingly, within ten years of the conquest of Granada, the system of forced conversions was employed. Thousands of Moors and Jews, to save their lives, allowed themselves to be baptised; and thousands more left the Peninsula for Africa and the East. In the reigns of the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella, the same policy was continued. The bigoted Philip II. especially distinguished himself by his persecuting zeal against the Moors; insomuch that, during his reign, Granada was often in a state of revolt. To crush the Moorish spirit more effectually, and secure their conversion to Christianity, Philip removed them from their original seats on the sea-coast, and distributed them through the interior of Spain. Crushed and conquered as they had been, these sons of Arabia still retained much of their ancient superiority of temperament; and wherever they went, it was remarked that they monopolised all places of wealth and commercial consequence, so that a Moor thrived where a Spaniard would have starved. This, co-operating with the hereditary dislike—which no intermixture or studied conformity on the part of the Moors could extinguish—at last determined the Spanish government to adopt the atrocious policy of expelling the Moors from Spain. The expulsion was finally carried into effect in the reign of Philip III., at the beginning of the seventeenth century. By a decree of that monarch, upwards of one million of his most industrious subjects were expelled from the kingdom in the course of a few months, because they were of Moorish blood. It is calculated that two millions had, in the course of the previous century, voluntarily left Spain. By the edict of Philip III., six Moorish families out of every hundred were to be allowed, or rather forced, to remain for a time in Spain, to teach the Spaniards certain arts and manufactures for which the Moors were celebrated. This was a miserable device to save the country from the effects of the expulsion of her best subjects; and it proved so; for the decline of Spain as a commercial country dates from this disastrous event. The fate of the poor outcasts themselves we need not trace. Such of them as survived the sufferings which attended the act of their expulsion, took root in other countries, principally Mohammedan, and there lived in peace.

Thus, after nine centuries, during which they performed successively the parts of invaders, conquerors, rulers, joint occupants, and subjects, were the Arabs expelled from Spain. Besides their imperishable contributions to the civilisation of Europe, there are numerous local traces of their residence in the Spanish Peninsula. The anniversary of the surrender of Granada to the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, is still celebrated by festivities, rejoicings, and grotesque processions in all the towns and villages of the south of Spain.



THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

FOR more than a hundred years a story of a melancholy and remarkable kind has floated through Europe. It has become in every country an interesting tradition; all persons have, less or more, heard something of it; it is one of the tales which the young, by one means or other, pick up. This traditional relation is the story of 'The Man with the Iron Mask.' The story is French, and possesses that degree of mystery which insures a lively interest among the imaginative. It purports to be the history of a distinguished personage, perhaps a prince, who was confined for a great number of years, until his death, in one of the state-prisons of France. The era to which the story is referred was that of Louis XIV.—a knowledge of whose character and position is necessary for a full comprehension of the plot. Louis was born in 1638, attained the authority of king in 1661, and from this period he reigned for fifty-four yêars, till his death in 1715. Accomplished in person and manners, and possessing a love of magnificence and power, Louis was the greatest of the old French monarchs; yet this greatness had in it little of magnanimity. Inspired by an intense selfishness, and of insatiable ambition, he permitted nothing to stand in the way of his desires. Neither was any flattery too gross for him; incense was the only intellectual food he imbibed. Independence of character he detested; the man

who once, though but for an instant, stood up before him in the consciousness of manly integrity of purpose, was lost for ever in the favour of the king. He detested the nobility, because they were not the creatures of his breath; they had their own consequence: his ministers were always his favourites, because he had made them, and could unmake them; and because, moreover, they had abundant opportunities of applying large doses of the most fulsome flattery, and of prostrating themselves before him, of assuming an air of utter nothingness in his presence, of attributing to him the praise of every scheme they had invented, and of insinuating that their own ideas were the creatures of his suggestions. To such a pitch was this intoxication carried, that he who had neither ear nor voice might be heard singing, among his peculiar intimates, snatches of the most fulsome parts of the songs in his own praise.

His love of sieges and reviews was only another form of this his only enthusiasm—his passion for himself. A siege was a fine opportunity for exhibiting his capacity; in other words, for attributing to himself all the talents of a great general. Here, too, he could exhibit his courage at little expense of danger; for he could be prevailed upon, as it were with difficulty, to keep in the background, and by the aid of his admirable constitution, and great power of enduring hunger, thirst, fatigue, and changes of temperature, really exhibit himself in a very advantageous point of view. At reviews, also, his fine person, his skill in horsemanship, and his air of dignity and noble presence, enabled him to play the first part with considerable effect. It was always with a talk of his campaigns and his troops that he used to entertain his mistresses, and sometimes his courtiers. The subject must necessarily have been tiresome to them, but it was in some measure redeemed by the elegance and propriety of his expressions: he had a natural justness of phrase in conversation, and told a story better than any man of his time. The talent of recounting is by no means a common quality: he had it in perfection.

If Louis had a talent for anything, it was for the management of the merest details. His mind naturally ran on small differences. He was incessantly occupied with the meanest minutiæ of military affairs. Clothing, arms, evolutions, drill, discipline—in a word, all the lowest details. It was the same in his buildings, his establishments, his household supplies; he was perpetually fancying that he could teach the men who understood the subject, whatever it might be, better than anybody else, and they of course received his instruction in the manner of novices. This waste of time he would term a continual application to business. It was a description of industry which exactly suited the purposes of his ministers, who, by putting him on the scent in some trivial matter, respecting which they pretended to receive the law from him, took care to manage all the more important matters according to their own schemes. To this love of

trifling and scheming may be ascribed many of his meaner acts of vengeance. Fond of contriving, he liked more to torment an enemy by secret seizure and imprisonment, than to kill him by an open and instantaneous act. To him the horrid pleasure of learning from time to time how an unfortunate captive spent his wearisome hours, was very exquisite; and thus did he make revenge a continual feast —a feast, however, which carried remorse in its train. Inheriting a purely despotic power, these vengeful actions were not matters of common remark. It had been the practice of the kings of France, ever since Louis XI., to act exactly with the people and the laws as they were so disposed. Among their ordinary means of putting out of the way persons who gave them any displeasure, was that of consigning them secretly to one of the many state-prisons—gloomy and strong fortress edifices—with which France abounded. Fathers of families, priests, soldiers, statesmen, noblemen of the court, ladies of quality—all were numbered among the victims of this iniquitous abuse of power. There was usually no form of trial; *lettres de cachet*, or sealed warrants, were put in force with merciless severity. Sometimes the individual thus taken suddenly into custody would be transferred to the Bastile, a prison fortress at Paris (of which an account will be given in a future tract), where he would be kept for years, or for life, holding no communication whatever with the external world. At other times, in cases of greater vengefulness, the poor victim would be thrown into a vault, to die, within a few days or weeks, of famine. The vaults devoted to this odious purpose were called *oubliettes*—that is, places where the inmates were to be forgotten. These oubliettes, of which the remains may still be seen in some of the old ruined castles in France, were usually shaped like a bottle, small at the mouth, and wide beneath, and, being of considerable depth, escape from them was impossible. Amidst the decaying remains of former victims, and everything that was nauseous, the individual precipitated into them found a horrible grave.* Whether Louis XIV. resorted to this barbarity, is not known. Unrestrained by scruples of generosity, honour, or religion, it is at least certain that, throughout his long reign, he was one of the most detestable tyrants that have ever challenged the execration of mankind. The Bastile and other state-prisons were filled by him with unfortunate captives, many of them ignorant of the offences laid to their charge, and all exposed, as authentic records verify, to the

* Such villainous receptacles were not confined exclusively to France; they were common all over Europe. We have seen one at Chillon, and likewise the remains of one in the castle of St Andrews in Scotland. This last mentioned, situated in a low part of the ruins, is a dark cavern, cut out of the solid rock, and shaped like a common bottle. The neck of the orifice is seven feet wide, by about eight in depth, after which it widens till it is seventeen feet in diameter. The depth of the whole is twenty-two feet. This fearful tomb was once used as the dungeon of the castle. Recusant victims were put therein, and possibly left to die of cold and famine. Some years since it was cleared out, when a great quantity of bones were removed.

worst practices of the worst and most barbarous ages, even to the infliction of torture itself.* In everything connected with these prisoners the utmost secrecy was usually observed : they were seized in the dead of night, fictitious names given to them, and all traces of their fate obliterated. Thus the anguish of families was increased by the very uncertainty in which they remained as to what had befallen their vanished relatives.

The course of profligacy, and of lavish expenditure on buildings, wars, and military parade, in which Louis XIV. recklessly indulged, had the effect, as is well known, of sapping the foundations of the monarchy, and of leading to that misery and discontent which broke out in the revolution of 1789.

From this short review of the character of Louis XIV., it will not be considered at all singular that a person of rank should have been kept in confinement for many years during his reign, without anything being known at the time concerning the unhappy captive. We have seen that it was not only the practice of the age for kings to imprison individuals without let or hinderance, but that Louis XIV., in particular, was exceedingly fond of this method of punishment for real or imaginary offences. So much for preliminary explanations. It is evident there is a groundwork for such a story as that of the Man with the Iron Mask ; and we now propose to explain to our young readers who the man was, what were his crimes, and all else that can be substantiated respecting him. The narrative is probably not much worth ; still, as it contains a mystery which goes on perplexing generation after generation, and as it throws a light on past manners, we think it may not be, on the whole, out of place to tell it, as truth always ought to be told.

* The Sieur Constantin de Renneville, in giving an account of his own treatment during an eleven years' sojourn in the Bastile, for having written some verses reflecting on the prowess of the French arms, presents a harrowing account of the general conduct pursued towards the prisoners. There is no doubt he writes under a lively sense of the persecution he had suffered, and many of his statements may be tinctured with exaggeration ; but, in the main, his relation is entitled to credit. The work is styled *The French Inquisition, or History of the Bastile*, and was first published, in 1719, at Amsterdam. It extends to five thick closely-printed volumes, and has gone through several editions. Its attacks are principally directed against the governor and officers of the prison, whom he accuses of starving the prisoners in order to appropriate the sums allowed for their maintenance. Amongst other cases, he mentions that of a veteran Swiss officer, upwards of seventy, who had served in the army all his life, but had been betrayed into a hasty remark to Marshal Villeroi, at the battle of Ramilies, to whose denunciation he owed his incarceration, and who was kept without fire, and provided only with bread and water, although the king allowed fifteen francs a day for his support. Renneville breaks out into the following pathetic lamentation : 'Of a truth what horrors have I not witnessed during eleven years and upwards that I have been made to endure torments beyond all expression, without having ever undergone a single interrogatory ; without being able to obtain judges or commissioners to investigate my case ; or without the ministers of the king deigning to acquaint me with the reason of my detention ! I have been made to suffer a punishment more insupportable than the cruelest death, without learning the cause, without being granted leave during so long a time to write to my wife, my kinsmen, my friends, or even the minister who ordered my arrest. I found myself buried alive without being able to ascertain whether I had yet a wife and children in the world, whatever prayers and submissions I lavished with that view on my inexorable persecutors.'

We must commence by disposing of various ingenious

CONJECTURES AS TO WHO WAS THE IRON MASK.

Although, for a number of years after the death of Louis XIV. there were many rumours in France as to the Man with the Iron Mask, it was considered dangerous to publish any real or probable account of his sufferings. The narrative of his captivity was first printed at Amsterdam in 1745, and in the form of an allegory, the scene of which was laid in Persia. According to this romance, as it must be called, the Man with the Iron Mask was the Count de Vermandois, a son of Louis XIV., who had incurred his father's displeasure. This fiction did not attract much attention; but it probably, along with personal pique, and the love of dramatic effect, induced Voltaire to revive the narrative in his *Age of Louis XIV.*, a work published at Berlin in 1751. Not content with asseverating the assumed facts hitherto propagated, he undertook, upon the testimony of officers of the Bastile, his informants, to describe the person of the prisoner as of good height and admirable proportions, and to represent him as possessing a voice that awakened much interest, and as evincing in his deportment an exemplary resignation. He, moreover, stated that the mask worn by the prisoner was furnished with steel springs at the chin, whereby he was enabled to eat with freedom. His captivity dated from 1661, in the fortress of the island of Sainte-Marguerite, whence he was removed in 1690 to the Bastile, under the most rigorous precautions, in which latter prison he died in 1704. The Marquis de Louvois, minister of the war department under Louis XIV., visited him and remained standing whilst addressing him, exhibiting in his whole demeanour great respect. He was provided with everything he desired; his taste for fine linen and laces was abundantly gratified; he was allowed the solace of music; and the governor never ventured to sit in his presence.

This is the account given by Voltaire, supported by all the weight of his own name, and corroborated by the implied authority of the Duke de Richelieu and Madame de Pompadour, the one the minister, and the other a confidante, of Louis XV., with whom he was then living on terms of the closest intimacy. It was confirmed in its main particulars by another writer, Lagrange-Chancel, who had been himself confined at Sainte-Marguerite, and claimed to derive his information from the governor of that fortress. He alleged that 'the commandant, Saint-Mars, manifested great consideration towards his prisoner, served him himself in silver-plate, and frequently provided him with clothes as rich as he desired; but the prisoner was obliged, on pain of death, to appear only with his iron mask on in presence of the physician and surgeon, when he needed their services; and his only amusement when alone was to pluck

hairs from his beard with small steel pincers, highly polished and shining.' He added, that he had himself seen one of these pincers in the hands of the Sieur de Formanoir, the nephew of Saint-Mars. Thus was all doubt dispelled from the public mind, and it became a universally admitted fact that some one had been kept in confinement by Louis XIV., with his face concealed by a mask, the most lively curiosity being excited to determine who the victim of such jealous tyranny could have been. The mere circumstance of so extraordinary a precaution seemed to prove incontestably that he must have been a prisoner of the greatest consequence, and in all probability of the highest rank—a supposition fortified by the studied respect said to be paid him. Hence, it is scarcely a matter of surprise that the great majority of the writers who have handled the subject seek some exalted personage as the hero of their various hypotheses, although Voltaire himself has remarked that no considerable individual disappeared from the European stage at the time, unless by real or apparent death.

The first supposition was that of the author of the Persian fiction, to which Voltaire himself perhaps at one time leant, there being, indeed, good grounds to suspect that the story itself was the offspring of his own fertile brain, and which, as has been stated, pointed to the Count de Vermandois. Yet this Count de Vermandois had died in the very midst of a camp, after an illness of seven days: having fallen sick on the evening of the 12th November 1683, and died on the 19th, he was buried with extraordinary pomp in the cathedral church of Arras, upon the express requisition of the king himself, Louis XIV., to the chapter, that his body might be deposited in the same vault as that in which reposed the remains of Elizabeth, Countess of Vermandois, wife of Philip of Alsace, Count of Flanders, who died in 1182; and a sum of 10,000 livres was granted to the same chapter for a perpetual dirge to be chanted to his memory. There seems no good reason to suppose all this a solemn farce, enacted to conceal the imprisonment of a youth who could never have been an object of apprehension, whether in durance or at large. The mere allegation of a rumour to that effect can be esteemed of no weight in the absence of anything like corroborative proof.

The next conjecture as to who was the Iron Mask was that put forward by at least two respectable writers. These affirmed that the queen, wife of Louis XIII., after giving birth to Louis XIV., was delivered at a subsequent hour of a second son, whose birth the king resolved to conceal, to avoid the danger of a disputed succession, it being the opinion of certain legal authorities that the first-born of twins has a doubtful claim to any inheritance depending on birth. With this view, the child was confided to a nurse, and afterwards to a governor, who took him to his seat in Burgundy, where, growing to manhood, he discovered the secret of his birth, and was forthwith placed in confinement, with a mask to conceal his features, which

were the exact counterpart of his brother the king's. Such was the story of these authors, which, upon careful consideration, seems utterly unworthy of credit. Nevertheless, the notion that a brother of Louis XIV., whether older, younger, or of the same age, and whether legitimate or illegitimate, was in truth the unfortunate victim of the Iron Mask, has had a host of firm believers in France and other countries, and amongst the rest our ingenious countryman, Mr Quintin Crawford, who decides in favour of a son. It would seem that Napoleon, whose curiosity was keenly excited by this mystery of the Iron Mask, also inclined to the hypothesis of a royal prince.*

Meanwhile, suppositions of a less creative, though of an equally fanciful nature, challenged from day to day public acquiescence, though the only consequence of this diversity of theories was greater perplexity and doubt. First in order was the hypothesis which assigned the Iron Mask to the Duke of Beaufort, advanced by two several authors, Dufresnoy and Lagrange-Chancel, in 1759, and afterwards maintained by others. This Duke of Beaufort had been intrusted by Louis XIV. with the command of a squadron destined for the relief of Candia, then besieged by the Turks (1669). Seven days after his arrival at the island, he took part in a sally on the besiegers, and was never seen again. The Duke de Navailles, his coadjutor in the command, reported that he had been abandoned by his troops when in front of the Turks, and he knew not what had become of him. The probability is that he was slain, and his head sent to the sultan at Constantinople, according to the custom of the Turks. But as his body was not found, or at least identified, which might readily be the case if it were decapitated, a rumour prevailed that he was not dead, but had mysteriously disappeared. This was sufficient to elevate him into a candidate for the martyrdom of the Iron Mask; but his supporters signally fail, both in probability and the more decisive matter of dates. The age of the prince would incapacitate him for the part, and there appears no cause to suppose he had given any mortal offence either to the king or to his vindictive minister, Colbert. He was a man of gross and vulgar habits, passing by the nickname of the *King of the Markets*, indicative of his low tastes. He enjoyed no consideration, and might be an object of contempt or disgust, but not of inhuman persecution.

Poullain de Saint-Foix has the merit of resuscitating another illustrious deceased to perform the character of the Iron Mask, and this he does with even more boldness than any of his contemporaries, since he selects a man who was publicly beheaded on Tower Hill, in the city of London, in the year 1685—namely, the

* The memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes bear testimony to the interest taken in the elucidation of this question by Napoleon, who had ordered researches in the national archives without effect, which not a little fretted the imperious impatience of his mind for results.

Duke of Monmouth, executed by his uncle, James II. Saint-Foix finds a substitute for the duke on the scaffold in the person of a devoted follower, who greatly resembled him, and consented to act as his proxy in the loss of his head. Setting aside this first startling difficulty, the hypothesis is otherwise utterly untenable in respect of dates. Yet, strange to say, for a time this theory became the favourite one, owing principally to the bold and confident tone of its advocate, until the Père Griffet, a learned and profound historian, was provoked to take up arms against it, and by a skilful use of authentic documents effectually demolished it, although he failed to set up his own dogma in its place, for the erudite father gave his suffrage in favour of the Count de Vermandois. A furious contest ensued between these two champions in the columns of Freron's *Année Litteraire*, in the midst of which a third claimant came forward in behalf of Mohammed IV., the Turkish sultan deposed in 1687; but while the conflict was still raging among these combatants, and the public excitement roused to the highest pitch, the Père Griffet suddenly departed this life (1771), and so put an end to the hot discussion.

With regard to other parties of inferior grades, who have found partisans to urge their claims as the heroes of this enigma, it is sufficient to say that the spirit of paradox has been carried so far as to pitch upon Henry Cromwell, the second son of the Protector, for one of them, upon the ground, simply, that though known to be of a more lively temperament than his brother Richard, he lived and died in such obscurity, that nothing is known of his existence. But even if this were so, it is clear that Louis XIV. could have no possible interest in keeping a son of Cromwell in such close confinement, however prone to assume the part of a jailer. More plausible arguments have been advanced in favour of three other individuals, between whom, in fact, the controversy is unquestionably narrowed. These are, the Armenian patriarch, Ardewiks; the superintendent of the French finances, Fouquet; and the minister of the Duke of Mantua, Matthioli. Thus the story, it must be confessed, loses much of its romantic interest, shorn as it becomes of any thrilling mystery. But the object in view is, of course, the elucidation of the truth.

Before entering upon the inquiry which of these three was the actual Man with the Iron Mask, it will be proper to detail all that is precisely known respecting the prisoner detained under such extraordinary circumstances. To do so with demonstrative effect, all that is mere hearsay or tradition ought to be discarded. Thus, the statement of Voltaire, and all those who have followed in his wake, about the extraordinary respect paid by the governor of the fortress, and even by the Marquis de Louvois, must be considered in the light of an unsupported, if not an invented, accessory to the romance of the incident. A manuscript journal kept by M. Dujonca,

lieutenant of the Bastile, first quoted by the Père Griffet, is the only authentic document extant upon the subject of the prisoner, apart from the official correspondence to be hereafter mentioned, inasmuch as the register of the Bastile copied in the work called *La Bastile Devoilée*, or 'The Bastile Exposed,' is judged to be merely a compilation from Dujonca's journal so far as concerns this particular case, as all the principal records are known to have been destroyed. This journal records that, 'at three o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, the 18th September 1698, Saint-Mars arrived from the Isle de Sainte-Marguerite, bringing with him, in a litter, an old prisoner, whom he had had at Pignerol, whose name was not mentioned, and who was always kept masked. This prisoner was put into the tower of La Baziniere until night, when I myself conducted him at nine in the evening to the third chamber of the tower of La Bertaudiere, which care had been taken to furnish with all things necessary. The Sieur Rosarges, who likewise came from the Isle de Sainte-Marguerite with Saint-Mars, was directed to wait upon and take care of the aforesaid prisoner, who was fed by the governor.'

In the same journal, the death of the prisoner is mentioned under date of the 19th November 1703, in the following terms: 'The unknown prisoner, always masked with a black velvet mask, whom M. de Saint-Mars had brought with him, and had long kept under his charge, feeling slightly indisposed after attending mass, died to-day at ten at night, without having experienced any considerable illness: he could not have suffered less. M. Giraut, our chaplain, confessed him yesterday. Surprised by death, he was unable to receive the sacraments, and our chaplain exhorted him for a moment before he died. He was interred on Tuesday, 20th November, at four in the afternoon, in the cemetery of St Paul. His interment cost forty livres.'

By an extract from the register of burials for the parish of St Paul, accredited by the vicar under his hand on the 9th February 1790, the exactitude of Dujonca is fully borne out. This entry is as follows: 'The year 1703, on the 19th November, died at the Bastile *Marchiali*, aged forty-five or thereabouts; whose body was interred in the burial-ground of St Paul, his parish, on the 20th of the said month, in the presence of M. Rosarges, major of the Bastile, and of M. Reih, surgeon of the Bastile, who have affixed their signatures.'

Marchiali was of course an assumed name, given to baffle inquiry, as likewise was most probably the alleged age. Voltaire relates that the prisoner was always called Marchiali at the Bastile, and that he himself declared to the apothecary of the prison, a few days before his death, that he thought he was about sixty years old. After his death, the utmost care was taken to destroy every vestige of his existence: everything he had been in the habit of using, such as clothes, linen, bedding, &c. was burnt; the walls of his room were

scraped and re-plastered, the panes of the windows were changed, and, according to some authorities, his body itself was consumed with quicklime.

As Saint-Mars passed with his prisoner from the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, he halted at his own estate of Palteau, and an account of his visit is given by his great-nephew, M. de Palteau, as he had received it from persons resident on the property at the time. This is contained in a letter published by M. de Palteau in the *Année Litteraire* of 1769. He states 'that the masked prisoner arrived at Palteau in a litter which preceded the one in which Saint-Mars himself travelled, under an escort of several men on horseback, and accompanied by the peasants who had gone to meet their landlord. Dinner was served in the dining-room on the ground-floor; the prisoner sat with his back to the court, and Saint-Mars opposite him, with a brace of pistols on the table. They were waited on by a single servant, who brought all the dishes from the anteroom, where they were deposited, and whenever he came in or went out, he shut the door carefully after him. The prisoner was observed to be tall in stature, and he always wore a black mask, which did not prevent his lips, teeth, and gray hair from being seen. The peasants frequently saw him cross the court with the mask over his face. Saint-Mars caused a bed for himself to be placed close to that of his prisoner, in which he slept. The remembrance of this occurrence is still fresh in the memory of many old men still living.'

Such is all that is positively known of this famous captive. The question is, which of the three persons last indicated he was—Ardewiks, Fouquet, or Matthioli?

The pretensions of Ardewiks are quickly disposed of. He was the Armenian patriarch at Constantinople, and had contrived to incur the deadly animosity of the Jesuits, then all-powerful in France and in other countries. They availed to procure his exile, and ultimately to have him kidnapped on board a French vessel, which conveyed him to France, where he was imprisoned in the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, and afterwards in the Bastile, where he died. This atrocious proceeding was strenuously denied by the French government when the Ottoman court remonstrated, but is placed beyond all question by a memoir on the subject left by M. de Bonac, French ambassador at Constantinople in 1724. The Chevalier de Taules has laboured with commendable zeal to demonstrate that this abducted patriarch was the genuine Iron Mask, mainly with the view of relieving French royalty from the stigma of the suspicions which attached to it from the undisclosed mystery, and fixing it on the Jesuits.* But he is met by an insuperable obstacle on the very threshold of his argument. M. de Bonac states explicitly that the

* Two works of his are published on the subject, both posthumous, which appeared in the year 1825. Each is distinguished by a high-sounding title, having reference to the Iron Mask.

patriarch was carried off during the embassy of M. Feriol at Constantinople, who only succeeded M. de Chateauneuf in 1699, and as the Iron Mask was already at the Bastile in 1698, it could not possibly have been the unfortunate patriarch of the Armenians.

The theory which would sustain Fouquet as claimant to the possession of the Iron Mask, has only very recently received a powerful stimulus from an elaborate thesis, executed by the bibliophilist Jacob, a prominent, if not an eminent writer, under the title of *Histoire de l'Homme au Masque de Fer*, published at Paris in 1840. Fouquet was superintendent of finances in the early part of Louis XIV.'s reign, and won for himself a more than common share of the obloquy usually attracted by the finance minister under a despotic monarchy. He lived in a magnificence and luxury which aroused the jealousy even of the king, and he had the sad misfortune, moreover, to cross the monarch in the pursuit of certain mean schemes. Louis accounts for his animosity in the following manner: 'A view of the vast establishments this man had projected, and the insolent acquisitions he had made, could not fail to convince my mind of his unruly ambition, whilst the universal distress of my people cried aloud to me for justice against him. But what rendered him more culpable towards me was, that, far from profiting by the goodness I had manifested in retaining him in my counsels, he had derived therefrom fresh hopes of deceiving me, and instead of becoming wiser, thought only of shewing himself more artful. But with all the artifices he could practise, I was not long in discovering his dishonesty, for he was unable to leave off his enormous expenditure, fortifying places and ornamenting palaces, forming cabals, and placing important charges in the hands of his friends, which he purchased for them at my expense, with the view of speedily rendering himself the supreme arbiter of the state.'*

With this king, to hate was to persecute. Without hesitation he caused Fouquet to be accused of malversation and treason, thrown into the Bastile in 1661, and arraigned before the Chamber of Justice, which, after a tedious process of three years, adjudged him guilty of the first crime, and sentenced him to banishment for life, with confiscation of his goods and chattels. The king was displeased that he had not been condemned to death; but judging it dangerous to allow a man acquainted with the affairs of the state to leave the kingdom, *commuted* the punishment to one of perpetual imprisonment. Three days after judgment, Fouquet was accordingly conveyed to the prison of Pignerol, on the borders of Savoy, and Saint-Mars appointed to guard him with the strictest vigilance.

In 1664, therefore, Fouquet was shut up a close prisoner in the fortress of Pignerol, with M. de Saint-Mars for his jailer. In repeated letters, which are quoted by M. Jacob, the minister Louvois urges the latter to exercise the utmost rigour towards his prisoner,

* *Œuvres de Louis XIV.*, t. i., p. 101.

in the literal fulfilment of which instructions he in fact shewed himself nothing loath. After 1672, the severity of his captivity was mitigated, and he was allowed to receive a letter from his wife, and visits from the officers of the garrison. Towards the close of 1679 he fell ill, and, after some time, permission was given that he might be taken to the baths of Bourbon; but it was too late; he died of apoplexy at Pignerol on the 23d of March 1680. M. Jacob contends that he did not in fact die, but that the animosity of Louis being kindled afresh at the instigation of Madame de Maintenon, he resolved to wreak yet greater vengeance on the hapless superintendent. Consequently, causing his death to be announced, he had him immured in a lonely and inaccessible dungeon, and his face concealed with a mask.

But overlooking that much of this hypothesis rests on the merest and vaguest surmise, the death of Fouquet in 1680 appears to be as well authenticated as such an event in a state-prison could be. In the first place, there is a letter from Saint-Mars to Louvois, dated the 23d of March 1680, intimating the occurrence; and three subsequent letters of Louvois to Saint-Mars of the 8th, 9th, and 29th of April, speak of 'the late M. Fouquet.' Again, Madame Fouquet was in the town of Pignerol, lodging at the house of one Sieur Fenouil, at the time of her husband's death, and arrangements had even been made for one of her daughters to occupy a room above, and communicating with the prisoner's, doubtless that she might tend her father in his sickness. It would likewise appear that his son, the Count de Vaux, must have been on the spot; for in his letter of the 8th of April, Louvois says to Saint-Mars: 'You have done wrong to permit M. de Vaux to remove his father's papers and verses, and you ought to have locked them up in his apartment.' His letter of the 9th of April, dated from St Germain, contains the following order: 'The king commands me to make known to you that his majesty is agreeable you should deliver to Madame Fouquet's servants the body of her late husband, to be transported whither she pleases.' That Madame Fouquet, who was tenderly attached to her husband, and had, during all the years of his imprisonment, never ceased to importune the king for his release, availed herself of this permission, would seem both reasonable and natural; nor is there any reason to doubt she did so, the body of her husband being, as the burial-register of the convent of the Filles de la Visitation-Sainte-Marie at Paris attests, deposited in the church of that convent, in the same vault as that of his father, François Fouquet. But to this M. Jacob objects, first, that this interment did not take place for a whole year after the death, namely, on the 28th of March 1681; and secondly, that five months previously, a search being instituted in the church of the Visitation for the coffin of André Fremiot, erst archbishop of Bourges, to be removed to the cathedral of that city, the coffin was ultimately found in the Fouquet vault, on which

occasion all the coffins in the sepulchre were examined by a municipal committee, and that professing to be of Nicholas Fouquet, the superintendent, was found empty, those of his father, wife, and sons only containing their remains. These two facts are singular, but by no means unaccountable, and are certainly wholly insufficient to invalidate the direct testimony of the death at Pignerol. But M. Jacob objects further, that Fouquet's friends were incredulous as to his demise; which can scarcely have been the case, since one of his most intimate friends, Madame de Sevigné, writes to her daughter on the 3d of April 1680, thus: 'Poor M. Fouquet is dead! I am greatly affected. Mademoiselle de Scudery is much afflicted at this event.' On the 5th of the same month she again writes: 'If I were to advise M. Fouquet's family, I would refrain from transporting his poor body, as it is said they are going to do. I would let it be buried there, at Pignerol; for after a lapse of nineteen years, I would not have him brought out after such a fashion.' The date of Madame de Sevigné's first letter is of great consequence in this inquiry, as there is an irresistible inference to be thence deduced that she had the information of Fouquet's death direct from his widow, son, or daughter, at Pignerol, inasmuch as Saint-Mars's letter of advice to Louvois did not reach that minister until the 8th of April, as he himself complains. Now, if the members of his family, resident on the spot, were acquainted with the circumstance of his death at the instant of its occurrence, and had free access to him previously—as is incontestable, from the arrangement as to his daughter, and a notarial procuration, executed by Madame Fouquet, in the *donjon of the citadel of Pignerol*, on the 27th of January 1680—it is not to be doubted they had ample opportunity of satisfying themselves that the event was real and not fictitious.

It is true that Voltaire, in one of his works, says that it was unknown where Fouquet died; and again, in the *Age of Louis XIV.* (ch. 25), has the following remarkable passage: 'All historians state that Fouquet died at Pignerol in 1680; but Gourville asserts that he was liberated from prison some time before his death. The Countess de Vaux, his daughter-in-law, had already confirmed to me that fact; yet the contrary is believed in his family: thus it is that no one knows where the unfortunate man died.'

This doubt on the part of Voltaire may be explained. Gourville says in his memoirs that Fouquet, having been set or put at liberty (*ayant été mis en liberté*), wrote to him to thank him for the kindness he had shewn to his wife. This liberty he must have meant as comparative, since it is unquestionable that Fouquet was never liberated from prison, whether he died at Pignerol or in the Bastile. The probable supposition is, that it had been made a condition with the family that it should observe a discreet silence on the subject both of the imprisonment and of the death; hence the misinformation even of his daughter-in-law. At all events, the ignorance of Voltaire,

whether real or affected, has no bearing on the question, as he had not seen the correspondence between Louvois and Saint-Mars. On the whole, it is impossible to doubt that Fouquet died at Pignerol on the 23d of March 1680, and consequently that he was not the Man with the Iron Mask.

There remains the case of Matthioli to be considered. It is fortunately one in which no stubborn fact, such as a reputed death, or other untoward incident, is to be upset or even contested. In a word, Matthioli was *the man*.

THE TRUE MAN IS FOUND.

The account of the true Man of the Iron Mask involves one of the most curious points in history. It may be troublesome to get at the whole truth of the matter, but we repeat it is worth a little patient investigation. We shall try to make the story as plain as possible.

The Abbé d'Estrades, French ambassador at Venice, knowing well the insatiable ambition of his master, Louis XIV., conceived, in the year 1677, the idea of inducing the Duke of Mantua to permit the introduction of a French garrison into Casale, a strongly fortified town, the capital of the Montferrat, and giving access to the whole of Lombardy. This scheme he proposed to effect through the medium of Count Matthioli, who had been secretary of state under the last Duke of Mantua, Charles III., and was greatly in the confidence of the present Ferdinand Charles IV.; who, however, was a complete cipher in the government, the reins of power being held by his mother, an Austrian princess. Having sent a messenger in whom he could confide to communicate with Matthioli, and finding him and the duke both agreeable to the project, in the hope of securing the aid of France against the Austrian and Spanish interests, to which the duchess-mother was devoted, he applied to Louis for leave to treat, which that potentate lost no time in cheerfully according. An active though secret negotiation was thereupon commenced between D'Estrades and Matthioli, which proceeded so favourably that the Duke of Mantua himself repaired to Venice to have an interview with the French ambassador. At this interview, which took place at midnight on the 13th of March 1678, the duke expressed his eagerness to conclude the treaty, from the constant fear he was in of the Spaniards, and also his intention to send Matthioli to Paris, with the view of bringing the affair to a speedier issue. It suited the purpose of Louis to procrastinate, as he had no army ready to enter Italy; and hence the departure of Matthioli was delayed until November, when at length he started for Paris, and eventually concluded a treaty with M. de Pomponne, French minister, on the following terms:

1st, That the Duke of Mantua should receive the French troops into Casale.

2*d*, That if the king of France sent an army into Italy, the Duke of Mantua should have the command of it.

3*d*, That immediately after the execution of the treaty, the sum of 100,000 crowns should be paid to the Duke of Mantua.

Matthioli, upon the occasion of this treaty, was received in a secret audience by Louis himself, who graciously presented him with a valuable ring. He also received a sum of money for his own use, and the promise of a further largess after the ratification of the treaty. He then returned to Italy, after concerting with Louvois, the minister at war, as to the mode of putting the treaty into execution.

In the whole of this affair Matthioli appears to have been actuated by venal motives. He had forsaken the Spanish interest, to embrace the French, solely from a disappointment of a pecuniary nature; and being now master of an important secret, he resolved to turn it to account. Accordingly, as he passed through Turin on his way from France, he revealed the affair to the President Turki, one of the ministers of the Court of Savoy, for a sum of money, and allowed him to take copies of all the documents. After committing this act of treachery, it is not surprising he should do all he could to delay the ratification and fulfilment of the treaty. The French, on the contrary, were eager to complete the transaction, and take possession of Casale; their negotiator and their general were both ready; but Matthioli still found excuses to postpone the final act, until certain suspicions began to be entertained touching his fidelity. Nevertheless, appearances were kept up, and an appointment was eventually made to exchange the ratifications at Increa, a village near Casale, the duke repairing in person to Casale to deliver it into the hands of the French immediately afterwards. But the French envoy charged with the ratifications was arrested as he passed through the Milanese from Venice, owing to the machinations of Matthioli, as was supposed; and although another person, Catinat, afterwards the celebrated marshal, was instantly appointed to supply his place, of which Matthioli was promptly apprised, that personage betook himself to Venice, instead of attending the appointment. Catinat, who was then simply a brigadier, actually proceeded to Increa, and narrowly escaped being seized by a detachment of cavalry sent for the purpose of capturing him. After this, little doubt could remain of Matthioli's treachery; but the French were too intent to conclude the arrangement wholly to break with him, and the chargé-d'affaires at Venice now urged him, by combined threats and promises, to repair to Turin and confer with D'Estrades, who was then resident at that city. To these exhortations Matthioli yielded, and in process of time presented himself before D'Estrades at Turin, making sundry lame excuses for the delays he had caused. He arrived at the end of April 1679.

Meanwhile D'Estrades had obtained undoubted proofs of

Matthioli's treachery from the Duchess of Savoy herself, who shewed him copies of all the documents relative to the surrender of Casale; and Louis XIV., finding himself thus deceived and betrayed, gave vent to the liveliest indignation, and vowed to avenge himself on the traitor. With this view D'Estrades was ordered forthwith to arrest Matthioli, who, little aware of the fate in store for him, easily fell into a snare laid to entrap him. Complaining continually to D'Estrades of the want of money, the latter told him that Catinat, who commanded the troops intended to take possession of Casale, had considerable sums at his disposal, and would be ready to supply his wants, provided he would give him a meeting on the frontier towards Pignerol. To this proposal Matthioli joyfully acceded, and on an appointed day met D'Estrades, who was accompanied by his relative the Abbé de Montesquieu, in a church at a short distance from Turin, whence they proceeded to the frontier. About three miles from the place assigned for meeting Catinat, they came upon a river whose banks were overflowed, and the only bridge over it broken. Matthioli assisted energetically in repairing this bridge, himself being the most impatient at the obstacle; and they were eventually enabled to continue their progress, which they did on foot, to where Catinat awaited them with two officers and four soldiers. Here, after a short conversation, directed to extort a confession as to the place in which the original papers regarding Casale were concealed, he was arrested, offering no resistance, though he always carried a sword and pistols upon his person, and conveyed that same night to the fortress of Pignerol. The arrest took place on the 2d of May 1679. Saint-Mars had been already prepared to expect and receive the prisoner by a letter from Louvois, dated the 27th April, to the following purport: 'The king has sent orders to the Abbé d'Estrades to try and arrest a man with whose conduct his majesty has reason to be dissatisfied; of which he has commanded me to acquaint you, in order that you may not object to receive him when he shall be brought to you, and likewise that you may guard him in a manner to prevent him from holding communication with any one, and give him reason to repent his evil conduct, and so that it may not be discovered you have got a fresh prisoner.'

It was undoubtedly requisite that so flagrant an act as the seizure of a minister plenipotentiary, which Matthioli actually was at the time, should be kept, if possible, a profound secret; for although Louis XIV. was not at all scrupulous about violating his neighbour's territories, or kidnapping their subjects, and the prince immediately injured was weak and impotent, yet it involved a breach of the law of nations, in the vindication of which all the powers of the earth were interested, and might combine. Therefore, notwithstanding the sudden disappearance of Matthioli, after being in close communion with the agents of the French government, might naturally

point suspicion to the real destination he had been led, so long as nothing positive was known or capable of being proved, it was always competent to deny the fact, and so avoid humiliating explanations, if not a more humiliating atonement. And if this consideration rendered extraordinary precautions for concealment essential in the first instance, their continuance was equally necessary to the end, since the honour of the government would become pledged to uphold the falsehood with which it met the first application for restitution or redress. Consequently, not in the mere spirit of vengeance, but from cogent motives of policy, Louis XIV. was impelled to bury the captive he had so foully and illegally abducted in the most absolute seclusion, in order that no chance might be given of the fatal secret transpiring. Besides, in addition to reasons of a general nature, he had the further object of keeping on a good understanding with the Duke of Mantua, as his ambition had not yet been appeased by the surrender of Casale, which that prince, notwithstanding the defection of his confidant, Matthioli, had always entertained the design of executing according to his first intention. That he effectually succeeded in cajoling the duke, and satisfying him that his trusted minister had vanished from the scene of politics and life without guilty participation on his part, is proved by the fact, that, in two years afterwards, Casale was actually given up to a French garrison in terms of the treaty negotiated by Matthioli.

The arrest itself was conducted with all the secrecy such a delicate operation required, as appears from Catinat's letter to Louvois, giving the details. It is dated Pignerol, May 3, 1678, and thus commences: 'I arrested Matthioli yesterday, three miles from this place, within the confines of the king's territories, during an interview which the Abbé d'Estrades had ingeniously contrived between him, Matthioli, and myself, to facilitate the scheme. To effect his arrest I made use only of the Chevaliers de St Martin and de Villebois, two officers of M. de Saint-Mars, and of four men of his company; it was accomplished without any violence, and no one knows the name of the rascal. He is in the room formerly occupied by the person called Dubreuil, where he will be treated civilly in compliance with the request of the Abbé d'Estrades, until the wishes of the king with regard to him are known.' It afterwards states: 'I have not as yet had any conversation with him for the purpose of obtaining his papers; but two hours hence I will go to his room, and I do not doubt the menaces I shall make him, which his criminal conduct will render more terrible to him, will oblige him to do all that I wish.' It thus concludes: 'I will give you, sir, an account by the next post of all that I may do with Matthioli, to whom I have given here the name of Lestang, no one knowing who he really is.' By this name of Lestang he is usually designated in the future correspondence between Louvois and Catinat, and subsequently in

that between Louvois and Saint-Mars. It may be mentioned that Catinat himself passed at Pignerol under an assumed name, that of Richemont, his presence there being known only to Saint-Mars and D'Estrades.

It is evident that, besides the mere thirst of vengeance against Matthioli, his seizure was prompted by the desire to gain possession of his papers, especially the ratification of the treaty by the Duke of Mantua. From Matthioli's conduct, and his prevarication with regard to these documents, it may be inferred that he designed to retain them in despite of both parties, expecting, doubtless, to reap profit from them ere the affair was settled. When first questioned as to where these papers were, he replied they were in a box at Bologna, in the hands of his wife; which was untrue. Catinat's next letter to Louvois is interesting on this subject. In it he says: 'Since I had last the honour of writing to you, I have taken down shortly all the information I have been able to extract from the Sieur de Lestang. By making him sensible, somewhat forcibly, of the misery to which his bad conduct exposed him, I induced him to seek the means of avoiding it by doing readily and frankly all that was required of him. I have not said anything to him by which he might discover the means whereby we learnt so certainly the fact of his treachery; but I have spoken to him on the matter in such a way as to shew him that we know it, and are convinced of it. He is assuredly a knave; yet I believe him sincere in his desire to deliver up the papers, either from the apprehensions with which his present condition inspires him, or with the view of rendering a service to the king, which may be agreeable to him, and may make him forget what has passed. The original papers are at Padua, concealed in a hole in the wall of a room which is in his father's dwelling, and which, he says, is known to him alone. These papers are—the treaty concluded by M. de Pomponne, and signed by him and Matthioli, signed below by the Duke of Mantua, a blank being left for the ratification when the exchange should be made for that of the king; a blank paper signed by the Duke of Mantua, intended as an order to the governor of Casale, directing him to receive the troops of the king; the powers conferred on M. de Pomponne to treat concerning Casale, and a list of the troops appointed to execute the business. If we once have possession of these papers, the affair is concluded as far as regards negotiation; but this is a fact we need make known only when we think proper. As I am aware of what importance it is to gain possession of these original papers, I have apprised the Abbé d'Estrades of the expedients I think might be successfully used for the purpose, in order that I may have the benefit of his advice. . . . M. de Saint-Mars treats the Sieur de Lestang very kindly in all that regards cleanliness and food, but very rigorously in preventing him from holding intercourse with any one.'

So strictly, indeed, had this latter precaution been observed, that

Saint-Mars himself waited upon Matthioli during the first days of his imprisonment; but shortly afterwards the astute D'Estrades contrived to send his servant to Pignerol with the effects and papers he had with him at Turin. This servant was locked up like his master, and remained a prisoner for the remainder of his life, in order that he might attend upon Matthioli. Thus was obviated the necessity of admitting to his presence any of the ordinary attendants of the prison. The spirit in which his treatment was ordered at this time may be gathered from a letter dated the 15th of May 1679, from Louvois to Saint-Mars. In this he says: 'I have received your letter of the 6th of this month, which requires no answer, except to say that you will have sufficiently seen by my former letters that it is not the intention of the king that the Sieur de Lestang should be well treated, nor that, except the absolute necessaries of life, you should give him anything that may tend to make him pass the time agreeably.'

On the 10th of May, Matthioli was subjected to a searching examination by Catinat and the Abbé de Montesquieu, in which he sought to exculpate himself, and to account for his conduct, but with little success in the opinion of his interrogators. On the 16th of May, Catinat relates to Louvois the result of a second examination.

'I send you, sir, the second examination of M. Matthioli, according to the order which I received to that effect by the extraordinary courier you sent to this place. You will find it little different from the first. I put him into the greatest possible fear of the torture if he did not tell the truth. It is quite plain, by his answers, that his conduct has been infamous. I see no good reason which can excuse him for having held such intimate communication with the court of Savoy, with the Abbé Frederick, the resident of the emperor at Venice, and with Don Francis Visconti, one of the partisans of Spain, without any participation or correspondence upon the subject with M. de Pomponne, the Abbé d'Estrades, or M. de Pinchesne [French minister at Venice]; this fact prevents my having any confidence in him.' He then proceeds to unfold a plan, suggested by Matthioli, for inducing the governor of Casale to admit a body of French troops, which he offered to stake his life he could accomplish through the influence he possessed over him. In this Catinat perceives an insidious scheme for being again employed, and perhaps effecting an escape. He leaves it, however, to the minister, saying: 'As I know beforehand that I am conversing with a rascal, and that it is almost of necessity, if his propositions are adopted, that he should himself be again employed in this affair, I cannot undertake to answer for him in anything; nevertheless, I have thought it right to communicate all this to you. When the king once has possession of the papers, my having an interview with this governor is a step that would not jeopardise anything, nor do I see any inconvenience in it, except the chance of the Sieur Matthioli's escaping, on account

of the degree of liberty which must in that case be permitted to him, however vigilant I might be in watching him.'

This examination, and another forwarded by Catinat to Louvois on the 21st of May, are very minute, embodying a rigid inquisition into all that Matthioli had done, said, or written since his return from France down to the time of his arrest. Matthioli of course labours to explain all his apparent tergiversation and duplicity, by alleging that it was absolutely necessary, for the success of the affair, that he should hold communication with parties in the Spanish interest, for the purpose of deceiving them and lulling their vigilance. Catinat, in fact, at the close of his letter of the 21st May, thus very pithily sums up the result: 'His answers elude, but do not deny, all that has been said of him. In order to account for the communications he has held, he makes use of the continual pretext that he was obliged to hold them in order to deceive, and to obtain the success of the affair by taking the other side by surprise, making use, as the means of this surprise, of his intelligences with the governor [of Casale].'

The last letter from Catinat to Louvois on the subject of Matthioli is dated on the 3d of June 1679. In this he says: 'The original papers have been delivered to Giuliani, who has taken them to Venice to M. de Pinchesne. They consist of the treaty which the aforesaid Lestang had made with the court, which is signed by him and M. de Pomponne; an instruction which was given to the aforesaid Lestang when he left the court; the powers given to M. de Pomponne to treat with him, which is signed by you; and a letter from his majesty to the Duke of Mantua. All these papers were in a box, which had been placed in the convent of the Capuchins. The ratification of the Duke of Mantua is not to be found, although the Sieur de Lestang said it was amongst them. Upon this I have interrogated him, having first obtained all the advantage over him I could by abusing him, and parading soldiers in his room, as if intending to administer the question to him, which made him so much afraid, that he promised earnestly to tell the real truth. Being asked whether the Duke of Mantua had ratified the treaty, he answered that he had never subscribed to all the articles, but that he had got from him four blank papers signed, one of which was a blank paper of two sheets, at the top of which he had written: "Ratification of the Treaty made with his Most Christian Majesty." [The others were orders to the governors of the town, citadel, and castle of Casale, to admit the troops of the king of France.] He added that he had never had any other ratification except that one, and that whatever tortures might be inflicted on him, he could never tell anything more.'

This was the opinion of Catinat himself, for he left Pignerol on the 6th of June, and no further attempts appear to have been made to extort additional information from Matthioli. He was henceforth

left to the tender mercies of Saint-Mars. The nature and course of his imprisonment will be best understood by extracts from the letters that passed between Louvois and Saint-Mars.

On the 20th of May 1679, Louvois writes: 'Your letter of the 10th of this month has been delivered to me. I have nothing to add to what I have already commanded you respecting the severity with which the individual named Lestang must be treated.'

On the 22d of May: 'You must keep the individual named Lestang in the severe confinement I enjoined in my preceding letters, without allowing him to see a physician, unless you know he is in absolute want of one.'

July 25: 'You may give paper and ink to the Sieur de Lestang, with the understanding that he is to put into writing whatever he wishes to say; which you will send to me, and I will let you know whether it deserves any consideration.'

August 21: 'With regard to the Sieur de Lestang, you may give him paper whenever he wishes to write, and afterwards send it to me.'

Saint-Mars writes to Louvois on the 6th of January 1680: 'I am obliged, sir, to inform you that the Sieur de Lestang is become like the monk I have the care of—that is to say, subject to fits of raving madness.'

On the 24th of February he again writes: 'The Sieur de Lestang, who has been nearly a year in my custody, complains that he is not treated as a man of his quality and the minister of a great prince ought to be. Notwithstanding this, I continue to follow your commands, sir, most exactly upon this subject, as well as upon all others. I think he is deranged, by the way he talks to me; telling me that he converses every day with God and His angels; that they have told him of the death of the Duke of Mantua and of the Duke of Lorraine; and, as an additional proof of his madness, he asserts that he has the honour of being the near relation of the king, to whom he wishes to write, to complain of the way in which I treat him. I have not thought it right to give him paper or ink for such a purpose, perceiving him not to be in his right mind.'

Under date of the 10th of July 1680, Louvois addresses Saint-Mars: 'I have received, together with your letter of the 4th of this month, that which was annexed to it, of which I shall make the proper use. It will be sufficient to let the prisoners in the lower part of the tower confess once a year. With regard to the Sieur de Lestang, I wonder at your patience, and that you should wait for an order to treat such a scoundrel as he deserves, when he is wanting in respect to you.'

It appears that Matthioli had become very violent during this period of his captivity, using terrible menaces, and writing abusive sentences on the wall of his room with charcoal, insomuch that Blainvilliers, Saint-Mars's trusty and fitting lieutenant, was obliged

to threaten him with personal chastisement. He was anxious likewise for religious consolation, and begged that a priest might be allowed to visit and confess him. Saint-Mars had at the time a Jacobin monk under his charge, *lodged in the lower part of the tower*, who, whatever his name or crime—which must now remain for ever unknown, though he was most probably some victim of the Jesuits—was kept in the same rigorous confinement as Matthioli himself. This monk is referred to in the last letter quoted from Louvois, directing he should be permitted to confess but once a year. The poor wretch had gone mad, too, and Saint-Mars deeming him and Matthioli appropriate companions, especially as, if they were together, one confessor would serve for both, proposed that they should be confined in the same room. The following correspondence has reference to these circumstances.

On the 16th of August 1680, Louvois writes to Saint-Mars: 'I have been made acquainted, by your letter of the 7th of this month, with the proposal you make of placing the Sieur de Lestang with the Jacobin monk, in order to avoid the necessity of having two priests. The king approves of your project, and you have only to execute it when you please.'

The prisoners were accordingly placed together, and the following is the horrible picture of the event, contained in a letter from Saint-Mars, under date of the 7th September 1680: 'Since you, sir, permitted me to put Matthioli with the Jacobin in the lower part of the tower, the aforesaid Matthioli remained for four or five days in the belief that the Jacobin was a man whom I had placed with him to watch his actions. Matthioli, who is almost as mad as the Jacobin, walked about with long strides, holding his cloak above his nose, crying out that he was not a dupe, but knew more than he would say. The Jacobin, who sat continually on his truckle-bed, with his elbows resting on his knees, looked at him gravely without listening to him. The Signor Matthioli continued still in the persuasion that it was a spy that had been placed with him, until he was one day disabused by the Jacobin's getting down from his bed, stark naked, and setting himself to preach in a wild incoherent style. I and my lieutenants viewed all their pranks through a hole over the door.'

On the 9th of October Saint-Mars writes: 'I have nothing more to acquaint you with than the circumstance of the Sieur Matthioli's having given a ring to Blainvilliers, who immediately delivered it to me. I will keep it until it is your pleasure to give me orders what to do with it.'

October 20, 1680: 'In order to give you a more full explanation than I have hitherto done of the story of the diamond ring given to Blainvilliers by the Sieur Matthioli, I will begin by taking the liberty to tell you that I believe he made him this present as much from fear as from any other cause; this prisoner having previously used very

violent language to him, and written scurrilous phrases on the wall of his room with charcoal, which had obliged that officer to threaten him with severe punishment, if he were not more decorous and moderate in his language for the future. When he was put in the tower with the Jacobin, I instructed Blainvilliers to exhibit to him a cudgel, and warn him it was with that the unruly were rendered manageable, and that, if he did not speedily become tractable, he could easily be compelled to be so. This message was conveyed to him; and some days afterwards, as Blainvilliers was waiting on him at dinner, he said to him: "Sir, here is a little ring which I wish to give you, and I beg you to accept of it." Blainvilliers replied that "he only took it to deliver to me, as he could not receive anything himself from the prisoners." I think it is well worth fifty or sixty pistoles.'

To this Louvois replies on the 2d of November: 'You must keep the ring which the Sieur Matthioli has given to the Sieur de Blainvilliers, in order that it may be restored to him in case it should ever happen that the king orders him to be set at liberty.'

We find nothing more said as to the state of mind in which Matthioli continued; but from no further allusion to the subject by Saint-Mars, it may be inferred that he had, at all events, become resigned and submissive. In 1681 the services of Saint-Mars, as the judicious keeper of state-prisoners, attracted the grateful notice of his majesty, and he was offered the additional post of commander of the citadel of Pignerol. This he thought fit to decline, for reasons best known to himself; but the king being still anxious to reward him, appointed him governor of Exiles—a strong fortress near Susa, on the frontier of Piedmont. The following letter from Louvois notifies the event:

'Versailles, May 12, 1681.—I read to the king your letter of the 3d of this month, by which his majesty having learned the extreme repugnance you have to accept the command of the citadel of Pignerol, he has thought proper to grant you that of Exiles, vacant by the death of the Duke de Lesdiguières, whither he wishes you to remove such of the prisoners under your charge as he shall think it important not to intrust to any other care but yours. [He then states the salary will be increased to 500 livres a month, being equal to that of the governors of the great places in Flanders.] I have requested the Sieur du Channoy to go with you to visit the buildings at Exiles, and to make there a list of the repairs absolutely necessary for the lodging of the two prisoners in the lower part of the tower, who are, I think, the only ones his majesty will have transferred to Exiles. Send me a list of all the prisoners under your care, and write opposite to each name all that you know of the reasons why they were arrested. With regard to the two in the lower part of the tower, you need only designate them by that title, without adding anything else. The king expects that, during the

little time you will be absent from the citadel of Pignerol, when you accompany the Sieur du Channoy to Exiles, you will provide for the guarding of your prisoners in such a manner that no accident may befall them, and that they may have no intercourse with any one more than they have hitherto had during the time they have been under your charge.'

Again, on the 9th of June, he writes: 'I send you the necessary grants as governor of Exiles, which the king has seen good to order to be sent you. The intention of his majesty is, that so soon as the room at Exiles which you shall judge the most proper for the secure keeping of the two prisoners in the lower part of the tower shall be in a state to receive them, you will send them out of the citadel of Pignerol in a litter, and conduct them there under the escort of your troop, for the march of which the order is hereunto annexed; and immediately after the departure of the aforesaid prisoners, it is his majesty's desire that you should repair to Exiles to take possession of the government, and make it your residence for the future. . . . You will see by the annexed orders of the king, that your company is to be reduced to forty-five men, to commence from the 15th of this month; and by the statement which accompanies them, you will learn the footing upon which it is to be paid, as well as what the king has allotted for the subsistence of the two before-named prisoners, whom his majesty expects you will continue to guard with the same exactitude you have used hitherto. Therefore it only remains for me to beg you to give me intelligence respecting them from time to time. With regard to the effects belonging to the Sieur Matthioli in your possession, you will cause them to be removed to Exiles, in order that they may be restored to him, if ever his majesty should order him to be set at liberty.'

These letters contain the most precise directions that the two prisoners in the lower part of the tower—namely, Matthioli and the monk—should alone be removed to Exiles, and that they should be kept in the same rigorous seclusion as at Pignerol. They were so removed on the 12th of July 1681, on which occasion Saint-Mars gives Louvois a satisfactory account of the precautions he had taken for their security until he himself joined them, which, owing to another secret affair with Catinat relative to Casale, did not take place till two or three months subsequently. In his letter, he says: 'In order that the prisoners may not be seen [at Exiles], they will not leave their chamber when they hear mass; and for the purpose of insuring their more secure custody, one of my lieutenants will sleep above them, and there will be two sentinels night and day, who will watch the whole circuit of the tower, without its being possible for them and the prisoners to see and speak to each other, or even to hear any attempted communication. They will be soldiers belonging to my company, who will always act as sentinels over the prisoners. About the confessor only I have some doubts; but, if you do not

disapprove, I will give them the incumbent of Exiles instead, who is a good man, and very old, whom I will forbid, in the name of his majesty, to inquire who these prisoners are, their names, or what they have been, or to speak of them in any way, or to receive from them either oral or written communications.'

The first letter from Saint-Mars after he settled at Exiles bears date the 4th of December 1681, and contains the following passage: 'As one of my two prisoners is always ill, they give me as much trouble as I have ever had with any of those I have previously guarded.'

About the identity of these two prisoners there cannot be the slightest doubt, after the citation of the above letters. Yet notwithstanding all the assurances and approved vigilance of Saint-Mars, Louvois still continued to express apprehensions lest they might find means of communicating with persons outside. This drew from Saint-Mars something like an indignant vindication, and a minute picture of the den in which he kept his rueful captives immured, which is worth transcribing, were it merely for its curiosity. Under date of Exiles, 11th March 1682, he says: 'I have received the letter you were pleased to do me the honour to write to me on the 27th of last month, in which you impress upon me that it is of great importance my two prisoners should have no communication with any one. Since the first time, sir, that you gave me this order, I have guarded these two prisoners who are under my care as severely and exactly as it could be possible. They can hear the people talk as they pass along the road which winds round the bottom of the tower, but could not, were they even to try, make themselves heard in return. They can also see persons on the hill which rises before their windows, but cannot themselves be seen, on account of the bars which block the openings of their room. There are two sentinels of my company continually on duty at a short distance on each side of the tower, who keep watch night and day, and who can see the windows of the prisoners obliquely. They are ordered to take care that no one speaks to them, and that they do not cry out from their windows; and are also instructed to make the people move on if they attempt to loiter on the pathway, or on the side of the hill. My own room being contiguous to the tower, and having no other aspect but towards this pathway, I hear and see everything, including the two sentinels, who are, on this account, always kept on the alert. The interior of the tower itself I have divided in such a manner, that the priest who says mass to them cannot see their persons, on account of a curtain I have hung up, which covers their double doors. The servants who bring their food, put whatever is necessary for the prisoners upon a table on the outside, and my lieutenant takes it, and carries it into them. No one speaks to them but myself, my officer, M. Vigneron the confessor, and the physician from Pragelas, which is six leagues from here, and who only sees

them in my presence. With regard to their linen and other necessaries, I take the same precautions which I did with my former prisoners.'

This statement in all probability satisfied Louvois, and calmed his uneasiness; for it does not appear, from any published document, that he again addressed Saint-Mars respecting the prisoners whilst he remained at Exiles; nor, indeed, is anything more heard of them for upwards of three years, during which period they lingered in sickness, as is evident from a short note written by Saint-Mars on the 23d of December 1685, in which he says: 'My prisoners are still ill, and in a course of medicine; they are, however, perfectly tranquil.'

Shortly after this the Jacobin monk succumbed to the severities of his imprisonment, and died. Saint-Mars himself was attacked by illness, and became persuaded that the situation of Exiles was unhealthy; whereupon he applied, by a petition to the king, for a change of governorship, which prayer being graciously granted, he was nominated, in 1687, to the command of the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite and Honorat, which lie near Antibes on the Provençal coast. To this fresh locality he was directed to remove his surviving prisoner, Matthioli.

After receiving this appointment, Saint-Mars proceeded to visit the seat of his new government for the purpose of inspecting it, and preparing for the reception of his prisoner. Previous to setting out, however, he was careful to quiet any fears on the part of Louvois, writing from Exiles under date of January 20, 1687. 'I will give such orders for the guarding of my prisoner that I can answer to you, sir, for his entire security, as well as for his not now or henceforth holding intercourse with my lieutenant, whom I have forbidden to speak to him, an injunction implicitly obeyed. If I take him with me to the Isles, I think the most secure conveyance will be a [sedan] chair, covered with oil-cloth, which would admit a sufficiency of air without the possibility of any one seeing or speaking to him during the journey, not even the soldiers whom I shall select to be near the chair. This conveyance will be less embarrassing than a litter, which is liable to break.'

From the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite he writes on the 23d of March 1687: 'I hope to be at Exiles in eight days. As soon as I shall have had the honour of receiving your commands, sir, I shall set forth again with my prisoner, whom I undertake to conduct here in all security, without any one seeing or speaking to him. He shall not attend divine service after he leaves Exiles till he is lodged in the prison preparing for him here, to which a chapel is attached.'

On the 18th of April, accordingly, Saint-Mars and Matthioli started from Exiles for Sainte-Marguerite. In addition to the precaution of the chair covered with oil-cloth, it is conjectured that the prisoner was likewise made to wear a mask for the first time—not

an iron mask, according to popular tradition, but one of black velvet, interlaced with whalebone, and fastened behind the head with a padlock, leaving the patient at liberty to eat, drink, and respire. This latter faculty, however, as is natural to suppose, was somewhat impeded, to the grievous suffering of the unfortunate prisoner. Saint-Mars himself coolly adverts to the fact in a letter written to Louvois after his arrival at Sainte-Marguerite, dated 3d May 1687. He says: 'I arrived here on the 30th of last month, having been twelve days on the journey in consequence of the illness of my prisoner, occasioned, as he complained, by not having as much air as he wished. I can assure you, sir, that no one has seen him, and that the manner in which I have conducted and guarded him during all the journey makes everybody try to conjecture who he is.' In the same letter he remarks: 'My prisoner's bed was so old and worn-out, as well as everything he had made use of, both table-linen and furniture, that it was not worth while to bring them here: they only sold for thirteen crowns [about £1,12s.]. I have given to the eight porters, who brought the chair from Turin and my prisoner to this place (including the hire of the aforesaid chair), 203 livres, which I have paid out of my own pocket.'

This statement about the bed and furniture puts an end to the fable of the fine linen and lace allowed so profusely to this prisoner. The extraordinary respect said to be paid to him has long since been shewn to be equally supposititious. The only true part of the tradition consists in the unremitting precautions taken to conceal his person, and prevent him from communicating with any one save his jailers. In his new prison the same rigorous system was pursued. The cell in which he was incarcerated had only one window, guarded by bars of iron, and looking upon the sea. Sentinels kept watch continually, and had orders to fire on boats which approached within a certain distance. The Père Papon, who has written a history of, and also a literary tour in, Provence, visited the island of Sainte-Marguerite in 1778, and was in the very room which had been occupied by the masked prisoner. He met there an old officer, aged seventy-nine, who related some particulars to him which he had gleaned from his father, who had held a confidential situation in the fortress under Saint-Mars. Amongst other things, he mentioned an anecdote, variously reported by Voltaire and others, to the effect that an apothecary's boy had picked up, floating on the water, a fine shirt, written all over, which he carried to the governor, who, with a troubled air, questioned him whether he had read the writing, and although he protested vehemently he had not, 'yet two days subsequently he was found dead in his bed.' In other versions of this story, a fisherman is made to find a silver-plate, which the Iron Mask had thrown out of his window on the beach, and on which he had scratched his name and history. This the fisherman carried to the governor, who asked him if he had read what was

written on the plate, to which question he replied by declaring he could not read at all; but he was nevertheless imprisoned until the governor had completely satisfied himself that his tale was true, and that no one else had seen the plate. It now appears that this imposing anecdote is a pure fiction, or at least has no reference whatever to the masked prisoner, being founded on the conduct of two other prisoners, who were incarcerated in Sainte-Marguerite at the same time. These were Protestant ministers, and Saint-Mars thus speaks of them in a letter dated from the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, the 4th of June 1692: 'The first of the ministers who have been sent here sings psalms night and day with a loud voice, expressly to make it be known who he is. I desired him in vain several times to discontinue this practice, on pain of severe punishment, which I have at last been obliged to inflict upon him, as well as on his comrade, who is called Selves, and who writes things upon his pewter vessels, and upon his linen, in order to make it known that he is imprisoned unjustly, on account of the purity of his faith.'

Thus gradually is the tale of the Iron Mask stripped of those romantic incidents with which it was long invested, and which were necessary, in some measure, to give it that interest in the public mind sought to be excited and sustained by all who treated it, or assigned to it a hero.

The Père Papon relates, moreover, upon the authority of the venerable informant he found at Sainte-Marguerite, that the servant who attended the prisoner, and partook his captivity (whom we recollect had been sent by D'Estrades to Pignerol shortly after Matthioli's seizure), died there, and was carried to his grave in the dead of night by the officer's father, who bore the body in a sack on his shoulders. An endeavour was made to supply his place by a woman of the neighbourhood; but none could be found willing to undertake the charge on condition of being imprisoned for life, and debarred from all future intercourse with the world. Papon fails to state how, in default of a female attendant, the prisoner was subsequently waited upon, nor is there any other clue by which the point can be now ascertained; and he also fails, strange to say, to dogmatise on the subject of who the prisoner was, but very candidly avows that, 'unless some hidden records of the time of the regency of Anne of Austria and the ministry of Cardinal Mazarin should be discovered, or memoirs written by persons initiated in the secret, the name of this prisoner, unknown to his contemporaries, will remain equally so to posterity.' To the justness of his general conclusion none can demur; but he has fallen into the error common at the time he wrote, and first propagated by Voltaire, that the imprisonment dated from a much earlier period than it actually did.

Saint-Mars remained governor of the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite and Honorat nearly eleven years, during all which time there is no

correspondence published between him and the minister relative to his important prisoner, except the letter already quoted. In 1698 he was appointed to be governor of the Bastile, and he proceeded to assume the command of that fortress, accompanied by one prisoner, in the autumn of the same year. He passed by his estate of Palteau, where the appearance of the masked prisoner has been already portrayed. On the 18th of September he arrived at the Bastile, 'bringing with him,' as Dujonca says, 'an old prisoner whom he had had at Pignerol, and who is always kept masked.' This prisoner remained so masked to the end of his life, wearing, according to the authority of Linquet—who derived the information from persons in the Bastile, 'who had it from their fathers, old servants in the fortress, who had themselves seen the Man with the Iron Mask'—a mask of velvet, and not of iron—going occasionally to attend mass, on which occasions he was expressly forbidden to speak or shew his face, the guards who accompanied him being ordered to fire on him in case he disobeyed the injunction, and being served by the governor himself, who also removed his linen. This seems all that is authentically known of his residence in the Bastile, where he lingered five more tedious years, and died on the 19th of November 1703, being buried the day after in the churchyard of St Paul's. After his death, all possible pains were taken to eradicate every vestige of his existence, and to cover his memory with an impenetrable mystery.

In the whole history of this imprisonment, there is a complete chain of evidence identifying Matthioli as its object. There is no improbability or inconsistency to gloss over or explain away, no rash surmises or strained inferences to postulate, no startling paradox to uphold, no intricacy to unravel, no unsupported assumptions to hazard. All is plain and clear, resting on verified facts. First, we have the seizure of Matthioli, accredited not only by Catinat's letters already quoted, but by other authorities of an incontestable character, and his imprisonment at Pignerol under the charge of Saint-Mars. Here he is put into a room with a Jacobin monk, *in the lower part of the tower;* and, upon Saint-Mars's removal to Exiles, these two prisoners are alone transported to his new place of command, Matthioli being even mentioned by name in the letters both of Louvois and Saint-Mars. At Exiles the Jacobin dies, and thenceforth Saint-Mars speaks only of 'my prisoner,' in the singular number. This one prisoner he carries with him, in 1687, to the Isles of Sainte-Marguerite and Honorat; and again, in 1698, to the Bastile, where he was entered as an old prisoner whom Saint-Mars had had at Pignerol. The conclusion then, from the testimony already adduced, is irresistible, that the Man with the Iron Mask was none other than Count Matthioli, minister of the Duke of Mantua, and that the mystery which has excited so much curious speculation is at an end.

In addition to the direct evidence leading to this conviction, there are sundry accessory circumstances which tend still more to strengthen it. In the first place, Voltaire, who unquestionably had access to better sources of information than any writer of his time, declares positively that the prisoner stated to the apothecary of the Bastile, a short while before his death, that he thought he was about sixty years old. Now this tallies pretty exactly with the real age of Matthioli, who was born on the 1st of December 1640, and would therefore be sixty-three at the time of his death. If it be considered that long solitary confinement has the effect of confusing the mind, and dulling it to the lapse of time, the conjecture of Matthioli seems as accurate as might well be expected. In the next place, Voltaire remarks upon the singularity of an Italian name being given to the prisoner, which evidently caused him considerable perplexity. 'Why,' he exclaims, 'was he always called Marchiali?' This of course was inexplicable to one who was steadfast in the belief that a French prince was the individual in question.

The Duke of Orleans, who became regent of France after the death of Louis XIV., was naturally acquainted with the secret of the Iron Mask; but though often besought by his dissolute companions to divulge it, he always steadfastly refused to hearken to their importunities. He even resisted the solicitations of Louis XV., who evinced the utmost eagerness to be initiated in the mystery, until that monarch arrived at his majority, when it was confided to him. Afterwards, Louis XV. himself became the object of repeated questionings on the part of his courtiers, but he always evaded the subject, and generally replied: 'Let them fight away; nobody has as yet told the truth about the Iron Mask.' But the Duke de Choiseul, his favourite minister, afterwards besought him with great earnestness to relieve his mind by acquainting him who the celebrated prisoner really was, upon which the king refused to say more than that all conjectures that had been hitherto broached were erroneous. The impatience of the Duke de Choiseul to solve the enigma was by no means satisfied with this reply, and he urged Madame de Pompadour to extort from Louis XV. a more distinct revelation upon the subject. But, with all her wiles, she failed to wring from the cautious and reluctant monarch a more significant intimation than that he believed the prisoner was *the minister of an Italian prince.** This is unquestionably a strong corroborative fact of the truth of the hypothesis herein sought to be established, that Count Matthioli was the Man with the Iron Mask.

The first idea of the truth seems to have dawned upon a certain Baron d'Heiss, captain in the regiment of Alsace, who addressed a

* Louis Dutens, in his *Correspondance Interceptée* (1789), and Mr Crawford, in an article in his *Mélanges d'Histoire et de Littérature*, both vouch for the truth of this anecdote. The latter cites the affirmative testimony of two respectable French ecclesiastics who had lived on terms of intimacy with the Duke de Choiseul.

letter, dated Phalsbourg, 28th June 1770, to the *Journal Encyclopedique*, accompanied by a document translated from the Italian, and inserted in a work called *An Abridgment of the History of Europe* (*Histoire Abrégée de l'Europe*), edited by Jacques Bernard, at Leyden, in 1685 to 1687. Upon the strength of this document, which gives an account, not altogether correct, of the negotiation between Louis XIV. and the Duke of Mantua, and the subsequent seizure by the former of the latter's minister, the Baron d'Heiss, with singular acumen, remarks: 'It appears that the secretary of the Duke of Mantua, who is here mentioned, might very well be the Man in the Iron Mask, transferred from Pignerol to the Isle of Sainte-Marguerite, and thence to the Bastile in 1690, when Saint-Mars was made governor of it. I am the more inclined to believe this, because M. de Voltaire, and all who have made researches on this subject, have concurred in remarking there did not at that time disappear any prince or person of consequence in any part of Europe.'

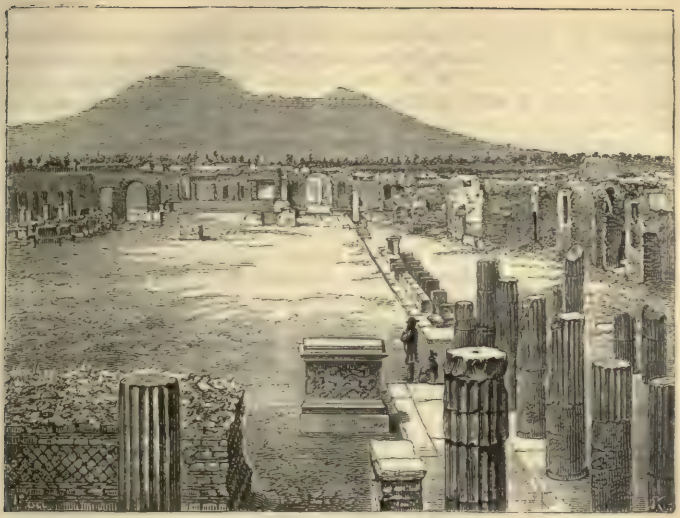
The supposition was afterwards supported by Dutens in his *Intercepted Correspondence* (1789), who, having resided at Turin in the suite of Lord Mountstuart, the British ambassador, had made it his study to acquire all the information to be gleaned upon the mysterious affair. He sums up his opinion in these emphatic words: 'There is no point of history better established than the fact, that the prisoner with the Iron Mask was a minister of the Duke of Mantua, carried off at Turin.'

Nevertheless, the Baron d'Heiss and Louis Dutens jumped to their conclusions in the dark, however happily they alighted on the truth. They were ignorant of the documents which have been since discovered and published by M. Roux-Fazillac in his *Historical and Critical Inquiry touching the Man in the Iron Mask*, in the year 1800, and by M. Delort in his *History of the Man with the Iron Mask*, in 1825, which have thrown such a flood of light upon the subject, and have been so largely quoted in the course of this analysis. It is needless to add that these two latter authors, in their respective essays, maintain the validity of the theory which fixes Matthioli as the hero of the melancholy tale. Their views have been presented in an English dress by the late Lord Dover in a short and able tract, and it is supposed that the weight of authority is so utterly preponderating, that the question may be pronounced finally determined, and thus one of the mysteries of history laid bare to public gaze.

The story of the Man with the Iron Mask has now been told, not according to the fancies of writers of fiction, but as verified by documents of whose trustworthiness there can be no reasonable doubt. In telling such a tale, we cannot but feel thankful that atrocities such as are disclosed can no longer take place in France or any other civilised nation. That they should ever have existed,

is one of the marvels of history. We may conclude our narrative with the following observations of a writer on the subject, in the thirty-fourth volume of the *Quarterly Review*: 'It has been thought incredible, and may still seem strange, that a person of no greater importance than the Duke of Mantua's agent should have been the object of those anxious precautions which distinguished the captivity of this unfortunate. Allowance must, however, be made for the false lights which have been thrown upon his fate by exaggeration and by pure fiction. That Louis XIV., and such a minister as Louvois, should doom Matthioli to perpetual imprisonment, and decree that no man should from thenceforth hear his story, or even look upon his face, was, under the circumstances, not surprising. His crime was peculiar: he had not only broken faith with the government of the great monarch, but exposed his baffled intrigue to the petty courts of Italy. Pride and resentment called aloud for his destruction, and policy concurred in the demand, if Louis still cherished his views of Transalpine encroachment. The sentence pronounced under these impulses was not likely to be revoked or essentially mitigated. He who could have told Europe how Louis had avenged his wounded dignity by an act of lawless and unworthy outrage, was never more to be trusted in free converse with mankind. He was to be as one dead, although the king's hand was kept free from his blood. To invent means of effecting this design was the business of inferior agents, whose whole ambition centered in the perfect fulfilment of commands. The expedients used by them (if we confine our attention to those authentically recorded) were not perhaps more complicated or elaborate than the service required; and even if they were so, the history of state-prisons, of the Bastile especially, will supply many other instances of fantastic and curious precaution, harassing alike to captive and to keeper, adopted from the mere excess and refinement of jealousy; as if in the practice of oppression, as of better arts, men learned to seek an excellence beyond the immediate need, and approach an ideal standard of perfect cruelty.'





The Forum, Pompeii.—From a photograph.

A VISIT TO VESUVIUS, POMPEII, AND HERCULANEUM.

IN the year 1840, I was enabled to set out upon a tour which I had long contemplated, but had never before possessed an opportunity of performing. It was a journey from England to the southern part of Italy, for the purpose of visiting some of the most remarkable objects, natural and artificial, in that interesting country. In this pleasant excursion, which was to extend over three months, I was accompanied by my wife. Mrs P—— being in some measure an invalid, I hoped the journey would be beneficial to her health; but an equally sufficient reason for her accompanying me, was the pleasure we should derive from each other's society in a far-distant land. 'Take me with you, dear Charles,' said she to me one evening before setting out. 'I know it will be very fatiguing, and I am told Italy is not a country with accommodation such as English ladies are accustomed to; but then, by going, I shall not be exposed to torturing anxieties about you at home. If you are ill, I shall know the worst; if you are well, I shall be all the happier in your

presence.' Who could turn a deaf ear to an entreaty so affectionate as this? 'By all means, let us go together,' said I; 'but remember—for ladies require to be reminded of such matters—no more luggage than a small portmanteau each; that is all that can be allowed.'

These preliminaries being agreed upon, our few things were soon packed up. I procured a passport; and with a due provision of circular notes to pay expenses,* we set out on our travels. The day of our departure from London was the 10th of April, and three days later we were in Paris. From this city we proceeded to Lyon by way of Chalons, a town on the Saone, our conveyance being one of the diligences of the country. From Lyon, a fine central city in France, noted for its silk manufactures, we descended the Rhone in a steam-boat to Marseille. This was done very rapidly, for the Rhone is an impetuous river, and the current powerfully assists the steam-vessels in their progress.

Marseille is a large seaport on the shore of the Mediterranean, and steam-vessels depart from it to every port in Italy and various other places. We stayed no longer in Marseille than to select one of the best vessels plying to Naples, and finally settled on one which was well recommended, called the *Pharamond*. This we found to be a good French-built boat, with two engines of 60 horse-power each, and handsomely fitted up for passengers.

It was on a fine clear morning, the 23d of April, that we issued from the capacious basin forming the port of Marseille, and stood away in an easterly direction towards the coast of Italy. It was the first time we had been on the waters of the Mediterranean, and there they lay before us, more beautiful and tranquil than we could have expected for the season. I thought of the many historical events in ancient and modern times which had occurred on the shores of this inland ocean, and with excited feelings contemplated its broad expanse, reflecting like a mirror the bright noonday sun.

The vessel in its course stops at various places, the first being Genoa, which we reached in twenty-five hours. Here we remained for nearly a day, and then passed on to Leghorn, where there was another stoppage of equal length. It is not my purpose to say anything of these places, neither of Civita Vecchia, where the vessel made another short delay, but at once mention, that at the end of about sixty-five hours from Marseille we were safely landed at Naples. The approach to this city is across a most capacious and beautiful bay, commanding a view of some noble scenery, in which the huge pile of Vesuvius is eminently conspicuous. In the foreground along the shore we observe for several miles an almost

*Circular notes are draughts on at least a hundred different banks throughout the continent, any one of which will pay them on presentation. They are given by certain bankers in London in exchange for money. Being payable only to the bearer named, whose signature is verified by a separate letter which he carries with him, and, if necessary, by his passport, they are convenient and safe notes for continental travelling.

continuous range of houses, villages, and quays, broken by different projections, and diversified by rows and clusters of trees already in full leaf.

Behind this interesting foreground are seen piles of building, long and handsome palaces, terrace-like gardens, towers, and, above all, the massive fortress of San Elmo on a rocky eminence. Arriving within the confines of this attractive scene, we were amused with the miscellaneous crowds of loiterers and workers on the public thoroughfares. Although early in spring, the weather was balmy and pleasant, and permitted all kinds of labour to be performed out of doors. The lively bustle was excessive. At nearly every step we are interrupted by some one carrying on his trade—a carpenter with his bench, a shoemaker hammering his leather, a cook preparing macaroni, or a knife-grinder with his wheel. Besides these impediments, there are numerous attractions to detain the idler—Punch holding forth to a gaping crowd of *lazzaroni*, as the poor and loitering populace are named; players on the guitar; and *improvisatori*, or men who will extemporise on any subject which you may please to name, inventing the incidents as they proceed.



The difficulty of getting along through this entangled mass is increased by the general narrowness of the streets, few of which are more than fifteen or twenty feet wide, and all destitute of foot-pavement. The houses are for the most part very high; some are of vast size, more like huge barracks than houses, and contain several hundred distinct dwellings, with a great number of cells answering as shops in the ground story. We were struck with the number of priests who were passing to and fro; and the oddity of the various means of conveyance added to the novelty of the scene—horses, asses, and mules carrying sacks of corn and other articles on their backs, as was the practice in England hundreds of years ago.

During our stay in Naples we took up our residence at the hotel 'Gran Bretagna,' from whose windows we commanded on one side a lovely prospect of the Bay of Naples, dotted with hundreds of little

boats, with the rocky islet of Capri in the distance; and on the other, towards the south, the double cone of Vesuvius, from whose summit curled a graceful wreath of smoke, the token of fires smouldering beneath, which might in a moment burst forth. To visit this celebrated volcanic mountain and the scene of its operations was the principal object of my journey, and I now propose to take the reader along with me on the different excursions I made to it and its neighbourhood, beginning, however, with a short

HISTORY OF VESUVIUS.

Vesuvius is one of the largest and most active volcanoes in the world. It has been burning, and smoking, and committing devastations on the surrounding country for at least two thousand years, and probably for many centuries before. Situated within a few miles of the sea, its ravages have extended across the intermediate space, laying waste vineyards and fields, and destroying the villages and cities which lie in the course of its eruptions.

As little is known respecting the origin of Vesuvius as of the cause of its combustion, although the chemical action of different metals and gases, influenced by occasional intrusions of the water of the sea, is probably the source of the burning and eruptions.* The chief

* The cause of volcanoes, earthquakes, and other subterranean movements has been the subject of several theories, but is yet by no means very satisfactorily determined. The most prevalent opinion is that which connects them with one great source of central heat—the residue of that incandescent state in which our globe originally appeared. By this hypothesis, it is assumed that the crust of the earth is of various thickness, that it contains vast caverns, and is extensively fissured—primarily by unequal contraction from cooling, and subsequently by subterranean agitations. Through these fissures water finds its way to the heated mass within; this generates steam and other gases, and these exploding, and struggling to expand, produce earthquakes and agitations, which are rendered more alarming by the cavernous and broken structure of the crust, and the yielding material upon which it rests. Occasionally, these vapours make their way through fissures and other apertures as gaseous exhalations, or as hot springs and jets of steam and water, like the geysers of Iceland. On the other hand, when the expansive forces within become so powerful as to break through the earth's crust, discharges of lava, red-hot stones, ashes, dust, steam, and other vapours follow; and repeated discharges of solid material gradually form volcanic cones and mountain-ranges. It does not follow, however, that volcanic discharges must always take place at the point where the greatest internal pressure is exerted, for volumes of expansive vapour press equally upon the crust and upon the fluid mass within, so that the latter will be propelled towards whatever craters or fissures do already exist. This theory of central heat is further supported by the occurrence of igneous phenomena in all regions of the globe, and by the fact that most volcanic centres are in intimate connection with each other—a commotion in one district being usually accompanied by similar disturbances in another. The only other hypothesis which has met with countenance from geologists, is that which supposes the internal heat to be the result of chemical action among the materials composing the earth's crust. Some of the metallic bases of the alkalies and earths, as potassium, the moment they touch water, explode, burn, melt, and become converted into red-hot matter not unlike certain lavas. This fact has given rise to the supposition that such bases may exist within the globe, where, water finding its way to them, they explode and burn, fusing the rocks among which they occur, creating various gases, and producing caverns, fissures, eruptions, and other phenomena attendant upon earthquakes and volcanoes. As yet, our knowledge of the earth's crust at great depths is exceedingly limited; we know little of the chemical and magnetic operations which may be going forward among its strata, and we are equally ignorant of the transpositions which may take place among its metallic and earthy materials; but judging from what we do

indication of an approaching eruption is an increase of smoke from the summit, sometimes rising in a branching form to a vast height. Tremendous explosions, like successive rounds of artillery, accompany the increase of smoke, and are followed by copious jets of red-coloured flames and showers of stones. At length the lava, a red-hot fluid mass, forces its way out, either by boiling over the summit of the crater, or bursting through the sides of the mountain, and covers the neighbouring plains. This melted matter, on becoming consolidated, forms a stony mass, many square miles in extent, and several yards in thickness. Nor is this awful ebullition limited to the duration of a day or a week; it has been known to continue, with only partial intermissions, for several months. After the stream of lava ceases to flow, intensely black clouds, consisting of dark-coloured dust or ashes, are emitted from the crater, and occasionally involve the surrounding country at noonday in darkness deep as midnight. The first symptom of the cessation of volcanic action consists in the change of these clouds from black to white, though, while presenting this new appearance, they still continue to shower down very fine powder, which, when consolidated, forms the well-known light and porous substance called pumice-stone.

The earliest eruption of Vesuvius on record, and one of the most fatal, took place in the year 79 of the Christian era, being the first year of the reign of the Emperor Titus. All the southern part of Italy was alarmed by its violence; and Campania, as the adjoining district is called, was devastated to a great distance. On this occasion the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were overwhelmed and lost, and the greater part of their inhabitants killed. Pompeii, which stood on the sea-shore about five miles from Vesuvius, had suffered severely from an earthquake sixteen years before the eruption of 79, but had been rebuilt and embellished with several handsome edifices, especially with a magnificent theatre, in which the people were assembled, and intent on the spectacle, when this tremendous visitation burst upon them, burying the whole city in showers of materials projected from the mouth of the volcano. So extensive and thick was the cloud of smoke and ashes which filled the atmosphere, that it was visible in Africa and Syria, and at Rome turned the light of day into the darkness of night, to the consternation of the inhabitants.

As a favourite place of occasional residence to families of distinction from Rome, Pompeii at the time contained, or had in its neighbourhood, several Romans whose names are familiar to the readers of history; among others, Cesius Bassus, a poet, and Agrippa,

know, this theory, however ingenious, seems by no means adequate to the results produced. It is true that there occurs nothing among the products of volcanoes at variance with its assumptions: but the magnitude, the universality, and the perpetuity of volcanic action, point to a more stable and uniform source—that source being the internal heat or residue of that igneous condition in which our planet originally appeared.

son of Claudius Felix, the well-known governor of Judea, both of whom became victims of the eruption. Pliny the elder, it appears, was residing at Misenum, on the northern promontory of the Gulf of Naples, along with his nephew, known to us as Pliny the younger. Fortunately, two letters written by the nephew to his friend Tacitus, describing the catastrophe which killed his uncle and overwhelmed Pompeii and other cities, have been preserved in an epistolary collection of the author. The following is the first and most valuable of these celebrated letters :



Pliny.

'Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments ; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered for ever illustrious ; and, notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance ; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works ; yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternise his name. Happy I esteem those to be whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read ; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents ; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, that I execute your commands ; and should indeed have claimed the task, if you had not enjoined it.

'My uncle was at the time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 23d of August, about one o'clock in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun,* and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, had retired to his study : he immediately arose and went out upon an eminence from which he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it

*The Romans used to lie or walk naked in the sun, after anointing their bodies with oil, which was esteemed as greatly contributing to health, and therefore daily practised by them.—Ed.

to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards; or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner. It appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies; for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea. She earnestly entreated him, therefore, to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with a heroical turn of mind. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board, with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but several others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon the beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from which others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rock; they were likewise in danger not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again, to which the pilot advising him—"Fortune favours the brave," said he; "carry me to Pomponianus."

'Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ,* separated by a gulf which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon that shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation. He embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits; and the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths

* Now called *Castel à Mar de Stabia*, in the Gulf of Naples.

to be got ready; when, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the meanwhile, the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country-people had abandoned to the flames. After this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for, being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration.

'They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins, and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell round them. Though it was now day everywhere else, with them it was darker than the most obscure night, excepting only what light proceeded from the fire and flames. They thought proper to go down further upon the shore, to observe if they might safely put out to sea; but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle having drunk a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to arise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and frequently subjected to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead.'

During these occurrences on the Pompeian side of the bay, we learn from the second letter that the younger Pliny and his mother remained at Misenum, which was also enveloped in thick darkness,

and dreadfully convulsed by the throes of the mountain. On the first morning after the eruption, the light was exceedingly faint and languid, and the buildings continued to totter; so that the mother and son resolved to quit the town—the people following them in the utmost consternation. Having got to a convenient distance from the houses, they stood still in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. Their chariots pitched backwards and forwards, though drawn out on level ground, and blocked up with large stones; the sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven upon its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; and many sea-animals were left upon the shore, from which the water had receded. Pliny's mother conjured him to make his escape, which, being young (he was then eighteen years of age), he might easily do; but he refused to leave her, and led her on from the scene of danger. The ashes began to fall upon them, though in no great quantity; but a thick sulphureous smoke like a torrent came rolling after them. Pliny proposed, while they had any light, to turn from the highway, lest his aged parent should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd which followed; and they had scarcely stepped aside when utter darkness overspread them. Nothing was then to be heard, says he, but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men: some calling for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying; some lifting up their hands to the gods; but the greater number imagining that the last day was come, which was to destroy both the gods and the world together. At length a glimmering light appeared, which, however, was not the return of day, but only the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames. The mass of hot cinders and stones luckily fell at a distance from them; then again they were enveloped in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon them, which they were obliged every now and then to shake off, to prevent being crushed and bruised in the heap. At length this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud of smoke; the real day returned, and the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on; and every object seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow.

Since this great eruption in 79, there have been others of less importance. One of the most memorable occurred in March 1767, when the mountain began to throw out a considerable quantity of ashes and stones, which raised its summit in the course of the year as much as 200 feet. These materials formed at first a conical mount within the crater, which by degrees became visible above its margin. In October, several streams of lava burst out; and one of these, from sixty to seventy feet deep and two miles in breadth, made a most formidable appearance. In June 1794, a still more

violent eruption occurred, and overwhelmed the town of Torre del Greco. This eruption was vividly described by Sir William Hamilton in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, and from this source we draw the following particulars. Early in June, the wells of Torre del Greco and its neighbourhood began to dry up, a usual signal of an approaching eruption, and the shock of an earthquake was felt at Naples, and for many miles around. On the night of the 15th, after another shock, Vesuvius sent forth clouds of black smoke, and with a loud noise there issued from its sides streams of red-hot lava, which poured down the flanks of the mountain. 'It is impossible,' says Sir William, 'for any description to give an idea of this fiery scene, or of the horrid noises that attended this great operation of nature. It resembled the loudest thunder, accompanied by a continued hollow murmur, like that of the roaring of the ocean during a violent storm; and added to these sounds was another blowing noise, like that of the going up of a large flight of sky-rockets. The frequent falling of the huge stones and scoriæ, which were thrown up to an incredible height from some of the new mouths, and one of which, having been since measured, was ten feet high and thirty-five in circumference, contributed undoubtedly to the concussion of the earth and air, which kept all the houses at Naples for several hours in a constant tremor, every door and window shaking and rattling incessantly, and the bells ringing. This was an awful moment! The sky, from a bright full moon and starlight, began to be obscured; the moon had presently the appearance of being in an eclipse, and soon after was totally lost in obscurity. The murmur of the prayers and lamentations of a numerous populace, forming various processions, and parading in the streets, added likewise to the horror. As the lava did not appear to me to have yet a sufficient vent, and it was now evident that the earthquakes we had already felt had been occasioned by the air and fiery matter confined within the bowels of the mountain, and probably at no small depth (considering the extent of those earthquakes), I recommended to the company that was with me, who began to be much alarmed, rather to go and view the mountain at some greater distance, and in the open air, than to remain in the house, which was on the sea-side, and in that part of Naples nearest and most exposed to Vesuvius. We accordingly went to Posilipo, and viewed the conflagration, now become still more considerable, from the sea-side under that mountain; but whether from the eruption having increased, or from the loud reports of the volcanic explosions being repeated by the mountain behind us, the noise was much louder and more alarming than that we had heard in our first position, at least a mile nearer to Vesuvius. After some time, and which was about two o'clock in the morning of the 16th, having observed that the lavas ran in abundance freely, and with great velocity, having made a considerable progress towards Resina, the

town which it first threatened, and that the fiery vapours which had been confined had now free vent, through many parts of a crack of more than a mile and a half in length, as was evident from the quantity of inflamed matter and black smoke which continued to issue from the new mouths above mentioned without any interruption, I concluded that at Naples all danger from earthquakes, which had been my greatest apprehension, was now totally removed, and we returned to our former station. About five o'clock in the morning of the 16th, we could plainly perceive that the lava, which had first broke out from the several new mouths on the south side of the mountain, had reached the sea, and was running into it, having overwhelmed, burnt, and destroyed the greatest part of Torre del Greco, the principal stream of lava having taken its course through the very centre of the town. We observed from Naples, that when the lava was in the vineyards in its way to the town, there issued often, and in different parts of it, a bright pale flame, and very different from the deep red of the lava: this was occasioned by the burning of the trees that supported the vines. Soon after the beginning of this eruption, ashes fell thick at the foot of the mountain, all the way from Portici to the Torre del Greco; and what is remarkable, although there were not at that time any clouds in the air, except those of smoke from the mountain, the ashes were wet, and accompanied with large drops of water, which, as I have been well assured, were to the taste very salt. The road, which is paved, was as wet as if there had been a heavy shower of rain. The lava ran but slowly at Torre del Greco after it had reached the sea; and on the 17th of June, in the morning, when I went in my boat to visit that unfortunate town, its course was stopped, excepting that at times a little rivulet of liquid fire issued from under the smoking scoriæ into the sea, and caused a hissing noise and a white vapour smoke; at other times a quantity of large scoriæ was pushed off the surface of the body of the lava into the sea, discovering that it was red-hot under that surface; and even to this day the centre of the thickest part of the lava that covers the town retains its red heat. I observed that the sea-water was boiling as in a caldron, where it washed the foot of a new-formed promontory; and although I was at least a hundred yards from it, observing that the sea smoked near my boat, I put my hand into the water, which was literally scalded; and by this time my boatmen observed that the pitch from the bottom of the boat was melting fast, and floating on the surface of the sea, and that the boat began to leak: we therefore retired hastily from this spot, and landed at some distance from the hot lava. The town of Torre del Greco contained about 18,000 inhabitants, all of whom (except about fifteen, who from either age or infirmity could not be moved, and were overwhelmed by the lava in their houses) escaped either to Castel-a-mare, which was the ancient Stabiæ, or to Naples; but the rapid progress of the

lava was such, after it had altered its course from Resina—which town it first threatened, and had joined a fresh lava that issued from one of the new mouths in a vineyard, about a mile from the town—that it ran like a torrent over the town of Torre del Greco, allowing the unfortunate inhabitants scarcely time to save their lives. Their goods and effects were totally abandoned; and indeed several of the inhabitants, whose houses had been surrounded with lava whilst they remained in them, escaped from them, and saved their lives the following day by coming out of the tops of their houses, and walking over the scoriæ on the surface of the red-hot lava.'

Towards the end of the month the commotion ceased, and the lava being now pretty well cooled on the surface, Sir William visited the mountain, where a terrible scene presented itself. Vast chasms like valleys, two hundred feet deep, and half a mile wide, had been formed by the eruptions; and ten thousand men, in as many years, could not make alterations such as had been here effected by nature in the space of a few hours. While the streams of lava had wrought great devastation in their course, much injury had been effected by the showers of fine but heavy ashes. In the town of Somma, four churches and seventy houses were found without roofs, and full of these destructive ashes. Notwithstanding the universal ruin of Torre del Greco, its inhabitants returned to the spot, and in August commenced to rebuild their houses. 'Although his Sicilian majesty, with his usual clemency,' observes Sir William, 'offered them a more secure spot on which to build their town, they are obstinately employed in rebuilding it on the late and still smoking lava that covers their former habitations; and there does not appear to be any situation more exposed to the numerous dangers that must attend the neighbourhood of an active volcano than that of Torre del Greco. It was totally destroyed in 1631; and in the year 1737 a dreadful lava ran within a few yards of one of the gates of the town, and now over the middle of it; nevertheless, such is the attachment of the inhabitants to their native spot, although attended with such imminent danger, that of 18,000, not one gave his vote to abandon it.' One of the most remarkable of the recent eruptions was that of May 1855, when vast floods of lava poured down the sides of the mountain, spreading desolation in every direction, and destroying the village of Cercolo. Before its close, 11 cones were in active operation, the discharge from which was so great that at one time a total falling-in of the mountain was dreaded.

With this explanatory account of Vesuvius, we are now prepared for a

VISIT TO THE MOUNTAIN.

Although still early in May, a season usually somewhat cold in England, the weather in Naples was charming; not so hot as

summer, but warm and pleasant, and eminently suited for a country excursion. We had strolled along the mole and quays, and loitered in spots vivified by the brilliant rays of the morning sun; but now were to perform a much longer journey, and one which I was assured Mrs P—— could not possibly undertake in its whole extent. She, however, wished to accompany me as far as it was convenient or possible; and accordingly we set out together, in a hired calesh, from our hotel in Naples.

In order to have a long day before us, eight o'clock in the morning, immediately after breakfast, was the hour appointed for starting; but as nobody is punctual to time in Italy, it was nearly nine when we found ourselves rolling on our way through the environs of the city. Vesuvius lies in a south-easterly direction from Naples, and to reach it we proceeded first southward by a broad and tolerably good road, skirting the shore of the bay, to the village of Resina, a distance of from five to six miles. This was an easily performed trip, and, from the freshness and brilliancy of the morning, afforded us no small gratification.

Having reached Resina, where we were set down at a hotel or auberge, our next consideration was that of hiring a couple of mules and a guide, the path being no longer suitable for wheeled carriages. In a wonderfully brief space of time the animals were produced, one fitted with a saddle for Mrs P——; and the guide, Pietro, as he was named, immediately after made his appearance. Every suitable arrangement being made, off our cavalcade set, pursuing a road which wound in various directions, but on the whole maintained an easterly course, and being neither level nor well made, was not so pleasant a ride as could have been desired. After proceeding perhaps four miles, always ascending higher above the general level of the green plains we had left behind us, we arrived at the hermitage of St Salvatora. Here we came to a stand. We had attained a height of 2300 feet above the sea, and the remaining part of the journey required to be performed on foot. Leaving Mrs P—— at the hermitage, and consigning the mules to a keeper, I now set out with Pietro for the top of the mountain—a stout staff in the hand, and a small flask with liquid slung on the back of the guide, our sole provision for the fatigues to be encountered.

The bare and rugged plain which till this point we had been ascending, was now succeeded by a much more steep ascent—in fact, the commencement of the cone—formed of a generally loose material, black burnt stones, calcined cinders, and ashes; yet having remained for years probably in its position, afforded a pretty secure footing, and by a kind of beaten track we pushed our way up and up, till at length, after sitting down several times to rest, we gained the summit, which is 1500 feet above the hermitage, where the sloping plain terminates. I had expected, on reaching the top of the cone, to be favoured with a view of the crater; but at the point

where we reached the head of the ascent, there were several huge masses of lava and scoriæ, forming an irregular species of terraces, which remained at some hazard to be crossed. The height, shape, and number of these terraces are seldom the same for any great length of time. They are the cooled material latest projected from the mountain, and are altered in figure by almost every eruption.

On gaining this wide expanse of cinders, I perceived that other parties, including several ladies, had already reached the same elevation, and were scattered about, some resting after their fatigues, and others poking with their sticks into the cracks in the lava, or otherwise recreating themselves. One gentleman, who had discovered a more than usually hot fissure, was roasting an egg in it; and a lady seemed to be amusing herself roasting apples for the party to which she belonged. In one of the groups of loiterers I observed a poor young lady in a condition which, though productive of compassion, was irresistibly ludicrous. She had scaled the rugged flanks of the mountain in a pair of thin stuff shoes, which were rent in pieces. According to the approved method in such circumstances, she was wrapping her bleeding and delicate feet in pocket handkerchiefs contributed by the company. No one should attempt the ascent without being provided with stout shoes. Over some of the cracks in the scorched and blackened material the heat was scarcely endurable; but not more so than the steaming effluvium of sulphur which was occasionally wafted to the nostrils. Crystals of sulphur were observable in different places. Although at a considerable altitude, the air, from the effects of the sun above and the heat beneath, felt suffocatingly hot, and the guides had generally thrown off their upper garments, and sat in picturesque groups on the larger masses of scoriæ.

The irregular plateau we had attained is usually known by the name of the old crater; and before coming to the new crater, or more recently formed and true mouth of the volcano, something more required to be done. Rising from amidst the heaps of cinders, a small cone was pointed out as containing the new crater; and following the example of others, I proceeded to mount towards its summit. This was the most difficult feat yet attempted. The sides, composed of loose ashes, did not give a firm footing, and we sunk at every step; while the odour of sulphur was almost suffocating. After a most unpleasant scramble up the ascent, we all had the satisfaction of gaining the top—the very highest point of Vesuvius—where the air felt more free and pleasant, and where we had the smoking crater before us. While the outside of the cone formed a regular slope, like the sides of a sand heap, the crater or hollow declined from the narrow rim at a similar angle of about thirty-two degrees to the bottom. In figure, the hollow resembled a basin with a flattish bottom. As nearly as I could form an estimate, the circumference at top was 1000 feet, and the depth from 100 to 150

feet. To gain anything like an exact idea, however, of either its shape or size, was scarcely possible; for the gulf into which we looked was much obscured by clouds of smoke, which, rising from the great cracks in the bottom, played round the sides, and rose in masses into the atmosphere. It was at least evident that the crater had a bottom, at about the depth I mention, composed of hardened cakes of lava, cinders, ashes, and sulphur, and which would remain entire till the next explosion. The quantity of sulphur gave the bottom and sides a yellow appearance. Tourists occasionally descend the interior of the crater to its bottom, venturing even upon the hot and smoking cinders; but this is a feat which I shrunk from attempting; nor, as I was told, would it have been by any means free from danger, the volcano having given some signs of uneasiness.

Upon the cone of Vesuvius the wreck of another lofty volcano called Monte Somma bears so closely, that some have considered they were formerly united, forming a crater of some miles in circumference. Others, from geological examinations, have stated that the two hills differ in character, and must always have been distinct volcanoes. At present, the jagged point of the fragmentary mass of Somma encroaches on the perfectly conical form of Vesuvius, rendering it unshapely in certain aspects. With this and some other but more trifling exceptions, Vesuvius may be described as a great conical mountain, covering a circle of eight to ten miles in circumference, and melting on all sides into the flat plain of Naples, from which it seems to rise as an island from the surface of the ocean.

Toilsomely making our way back to the outer edge of the desolate tract composing the rim of the old crater, I was favoured with a glimpse of one of the grandest views in the world—the Bay of Naples, with the gay shores which flank its sides, from the ancient promontory of Misenum on the one side, to the rocky islet of Capri on the other. Towns, villages, and other architectural objects, were seen dotted over an immense tract of country, the white walls contrasting with the bright green of the vineyards and gardens in which they seemed to be set.

In descending from our lofty situation—3890 feet above the level of the sea, such being the present height of Vesuvius—at my request the party explored some of the spots where the mountain has in its anger sent forth a flood of lava on the plain beneath. These points of outlet are numerous, some on the sides of the cone, and others at its base, and are in certain cases marked by small or infant cones which had been nipped in the bud. When a stream of lava bursts out, it descends as a red-hot fluid, black or partially cooled on the surface, carrying with it quantities of scoriæ or cinders and ashes like a tumultuary sea. The currents of Vesuvius have never been very deep, a few yards being their general limit; but they have accumulated here and there in thick masses, and when cool, form a hard, dark-coloured stone.

Excited with the marvels I had been witnessing, and less fatigued than I had anticipated, I reached the hermitage on my return without any accident, notwithstanding the fears which were excusably entertained on my account. I found Mrs P—— sitting out of doors enjoying the exquisite atmosphere, and anxiously waiting our arrival. My appearance at once put an end to a thousand half-formed fears; and there being nothing to detain us at the solitary spot, we remounted the patient animals which had brought us hither, and leisurely returned to Resina. Here we assumed our former means of conveyance, and were speedily restored, with highly improved appetites, to the Gran Bretagna in Naples.

POMPEII.

The day after our mountain journey was devoted to an excursion to Pompeii, one of the most deeply interesting relics of a past state of things of which the world can boast. From all that we had heard and read on the subject, our curiosity was wound up to the highest pitch: nor did the spectacle disappoint us: it indeed went considerably beyond our expectations.

Sallying again from the Gran Bretagna in a voiture, but this time as early as seven o'clock, we were wheeled along by the road southward skirting the bay, at every turn enjoying the magnificent scenery around. We passed various parties of country folks going towards the city, it being a festival of some kind; and at different places children threw the early flowers of the season into the carriage, expecting a small coin in return, and which we had not the heart to refuse. Having passed through the villages of Resina and Torre del Greco, and got over some eight or ten miles of road, habitations become more thinly scattered; we find ourselves leaving the sea on the right, and getting into a tract quite rural in aspect. Here and there we pass the cottage of a humble vine-dresser or farmer; now we turn round a cluster of mulberry-trees; and finally, in the midst of as great a degree of solitude as one meets with in the heart of the country, and without any kind of warning, we find ourselves all at once walking on the pavement of a city—a city of the dead —Pompeii. There is something truly awful in this sudden starting up before us of the ruins of a city in which not a living soul is to be found, and in which we know that life was so universally extinguished eighteen centuries ago. Another matter of surprise is, finding so fine a specimen of what an ancient Roman city was when in its glory. Rome and other cities of Italy have been so greatly altered in the course of time, that their ancient appearance is only matter of conjecture; but the accident which destroyed the city of Pompeii

has also preserved it as it was—a curiosity for modern investigations.

Pliny's account of the eruption of Vesuvius, which extended to Pompeii, has been amply verified. On the 23d of August, in the year 79, the city was suddenly exposed to a continuous and thick shower of ashes as fine as powder, and at the same time streams of mud and hot water. At the time of the disaster, the city is believed to have contained 25,000 inhabitants; the greater number of whom took to flight, and were saved. Some, however, were struck down in making their escape; and others, who took shelter within their houses,



Street of Tombs, Pompeii.—From a photograph.

were either killed by the falling of the roofs, or drowned in the sea of mud which flowed into the lower apartments. Altogether, it has been computed that 1300 persons perished. By this sad catastrophe the city does not appear to have been utterly, or at once overwhelmed. The eruption is believed to have consisted of repeated attacks, leaving sufficient intervals for the inhabitants to carry off their most valuable articles, or to return to find them. On this account, comparatively few movables of great value have been found in the houses by modern excavators. After this first and greatest eruption,

others ensued; and in a short time the city was effectually covered, and lost to observation.

When thus overwhelmed, Pompeii stood on an elevated part of the sea-shore, into which the small river Sarnus, or Sarno, ran on its southern side. Occupying a somewhat irregular surface, it offered admirable sites for elegant public buildings; and from the appearance of the ruins brought to light, it seems to have contained a great variety of temples, and other large structures in the best style of Grecian art. Behind the town was a fertile plain spreading upwards towards Vesuvius, and along the coast on each side were many pretty villages and populous cities; among others Herculaneum, which shared the same fate. In consequence of the silting up of the bay, and other changes, Pompeii is now found to be upwards of a mile from the sea, while the ancient character of the plain for fertility has been greatly deteriorated by successive volcanic eruptions. The crater of Vesuvius, from which the city received its death-blow, is about five miles distant from the ruins in a north-easterly direction.

Although it was traditionally known that Pompeii was somewhere entombed in this part of Campania, few if any attempts were made to discover it; and it was not till 1748 that, in making some excavations, its remains were accidentally brought to light. Since that period, the Neapolitan government has exerted itself to clear the ruins from the rubbish which encumbers them. This, however, has been a tedious and expensive process. The mud formed by the steam and ashes sent forth by the volcano, and by the torrents of rain accompanying the eruption, has hardened in the situations into which it poured, and is somewhat difficult to remove. The part chiefly cleared is a strip on the side next the sea, forming from a third to a fourth of the whole city. The wall, however, which environed the city on the land-side, with the gateways in it, has likewise been laid bare. Wherever the excavations have been carried on, large quantities of rubbish have been thrown out; and those on the west and north sides rise to the height of low hills, which, with the trees and shrubs that grow upon or about them, shut out the view in these directions. Excavations still go on, under careful superintendents, and it is not unusual for the government to compliment distinguished visitors by causing some particularly interesting spot to be uncovered for the first time when they are present.

The road by which we approached the city brought us to its north-western extremity, or the entrance by what is called the gate of Herculaneum; and here, in the company of our guide and a local official, we begin our explorations. The first thing to which we were introduced was the massive ruin of a villa a little to the right of the pathway, known as the house of Diomedes, a wealthy Roman. The extent of this large ruin did not more surprise us

than its open and demolished condition. It seems that here, as elsewhere, exposure to the weather for a number of years has obliterated some fine specimens of paintings on the walls, and greatly injured the different parts of the structure. We were told that, when the building was cleared out, the skeletons of seventeen persons were found in a vaulted cellar, into which they had rushed for safety. The volcanic mud which flowed in had hardened around them, and when excavated, their bodies left impressions in the surrounding material like moulds for statuary. A piece of the incrustation remains on the wall impressed with the form of a woman's breast. This hapless sufferer had been a lady, perhaps the mistress of the splendid household; for bracelets, rings, and jewels were found on the remains of her person. Our guide mentioned that, near the villa, the body of a man had been found grasping bags of money and keys in his hands, as if struck down in the effort to escape with these valuables.

Hastening on from this interesting and dismantled ruin, we proceeded along an avenue or street, singular in character, usually called the Street of Tombs. It is in reality what had been the burying-ground of the Pompeians, and is lined with monumental edifices of handsome and solid masonry, some in a tolerable state of preservation, but others dilapidated—less however by time, than the pressure of volcanic matter. The architecture is principally of the Grecian orders; columns, pilasters, mouldings in stone or marble, being conspicuous amidst the scene of desolation. Some of the monuments are in the form of small quadrangular temples, with an apartment still entire; and from relics found in these apartments, it appears that they were the resort, on certain occasions, of relatives of the deceased. This practice of decorating the houses of the dead, and of making special visits of affection to them, are among the few traits of feeling which seem to have been possessed by the Roman people. Such practices, it will be recollected by all who have visited Pére la Chaise, are customary among the Parisians, who may have had them from their Roman ancestry. In this remarkable collection of tombs in Pompeii, cenotaphs are also common; likewise niches for urns, and the remains of inscriptions.

Reaching the end of the street of tombs, and making an easy ascent, we are at the gateway already mentioned. Every part is now in ruin; but originally the entrance consisted of a central and two side arches, in a mass of building which bore a resemblance to Temple Bar in London. An attempt has been made in the annexed cut to represent this entrance of Pompeii before its destruction. When the rubbish which encumbered the street and gateway was cleared away, the skeleton of a Roman soldier was found in a niche, marked on the side of the pathway: his lance was in his hand; and, like a faithful sentinel, he had died rather than desert his post.

Passing through the now broken archway, we found ourselves in a street, evidently of considerable length, lined with broken walls



and roofless edifices, the remains generally, we were told, of inns for the accommodation of country-people. It was distressing to behold the dismantled condition of many substantial structures. The walls, built of brick or blocks of lava, and mostly plastered, formed a vista of ruins glaring under the noonday sun; and excepting another party before us, no living thing was visible. Some walls, of more than usual elegance, were covered with tiles, to protect them from rains, as represented in the small adjoining cut. The rubbish having been thoroughly removed, we see everything around us exactly as it stood nearly eighteen centuries ago. Within the deserted shops and mansions the most interesting tokens of past times present themselves. On the left is a Thermopolian, or shop in which hot drinks had been sold; the counter of marble still stands, having on its surface marks left by the wet vessels. The shops of Pompeii, of which this is a specimen, appear to have been open in front like booths, but provided with shutters for closing them in at night. Over several remaining doorways are inscriptions in Latin, in a rude form of letters, purporting to be dedications of the house or establishment to one of the gods, or to a great man; and on some the word SALVE, signifying welcome, is inscribed. The woodwork of all the



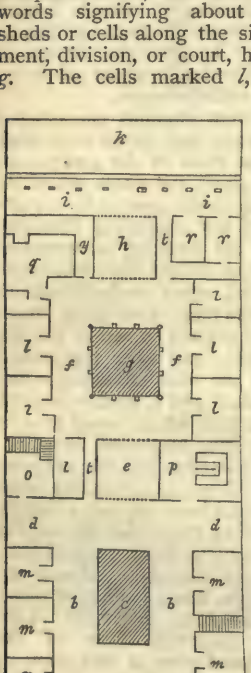
houses was gone, and also the roofs and upper floors, so that the whole exhibit a chilly and spectral appearance.

In passing along we see a number of shops, in almost every case connected with dwellings behind or above. It is also remarked that few gentlemen's houses front the street. The splendid mansions of the Roman aristocracy were evidently surrounded by shops, often of a mean order, the rents received from which formed a considerable branch of revenue. Turning up a cross street to the left, we were shewn the remains of one of the largest private mansions in the city, usually styled the house of Pansa, a public officer. This once splendid establishment extends back a considerable way; it forms, in reality, an entire block of building or division, with streets on each side of it. To give the reader an idea of ancient Roman houses of the first order, I cannot do better than present a short account of this large establishment.

Originally, the houses of the more opulent Romans consisted of small apartments surrounding a square court, and closed in by high walls. From those bounding the walls, the roofs of the apartments sloped inwards to the central court. In short, the whole establishment was little better than a series of open sheds, shut in by a gateway, the fineness of an Italian summer not rendering closeness desirable. From this rudimental form, the dwelling advanced to greater extent and elegance. The Grecian architecture was introduced, along with statuary, pictures, and other embellishments. Nevertheless the Romans never got off the plan of building round a courtyard, a practice which has been but slightly copied in Britain, but is still perpetuated in Italy, France, and some other continental countries. The house of Pansa, being of the most advanced order, consisted of two courts, one behind the other, and a garden beyond, the whole opening one into the other—a plan which would now be considered very incommodious, though striking in general effect.

In the annexed ground-plan of Pansa's mansion, *a* is the entrance or vestibule, corresponding to a modern lobby; *s*, *s*, *s*, *s*, are small shops fronting the street, three of which had been let, but a fourth, communicating with *n*, had been retained by Pansa for the sale of articles, perhaps the produce of his gardens or fields; *n* had been the chamber appointed for the keeper of the shop. From the vestibule, *a*, we proceed by a small inclination into a large apartment, *b b*, measuring about fifty feet long and forty feet wide. This apartment, called the *atrium*, is the improved form of the ancient open court. It is, indeed, not closed even at this point of advancement. The roof had in the centre an open space, *c*, through which the rain could fall into a basin of equal size in the floor beneath. The opening was called *conpluvium*, from *con*, together, and *pluvia*, rain-water. The basin was called *impluvium*, signifying a receptacle for the rain. The conpluvium was the only window —in fact, an open skylight—in this comfortless though elegantly

embellished apartment. Along the sides of the room were doors leading into bed-closets, *m, m, m, m;* rooms they would not now be called, for they are dreary cells, provided only with air-holes for windows; *d d* are recesses, which had been closed in front by curtains. The next apartment, *e*, was called the *tablinum*, from *tabella*, a picture, and here were exhibited the family pictures and other objects of taste. This apartment was divided from the atrium on one side and the further division *f f* by movable curtains, the situations of which are marked with lines of dots; *f f* is a square court, called the *peristylium*, or peristyle, from Greek words signifying about a pillar, because the roof of the sheds or cells along the sides is supported by pillars. This apartment, division, or court, has, like the atrium, an open conpluvium, *g*. The cells marked *l, l, l, l, l, l,* had been employed, like those round the atrium, as bed-closets; *h* is an apartment or hall between the peristyle, and *i i* a terrace behind, overlooking the garden, *k*. This apartment, like the tablinum, had been secluded by curtains. Alongside of this apartment, and also adjoining the tablinum, are passages marked *t t; o* is a recess for a staircase to the upper floor, now gone in Pansa's house; and *p* is a dining-room. In this dining-hall a table with sofas on three of its sides are marked. Latterly, the Romans adopted a fashion of reclining on benches when dining or supping, instead of sitting on chairs, as is customary in modern times: *q* is the kitchen, communicating through a passage, *y*, with a side street; *r r* are closets for reading or meditation, overlooking the garden. One of the small apartments was most likely the *lararium*, or chamber of devotion, in which were statues of the *lares*, or household gods. The garden behind Pansa's house must have been about a hundred feet square, and laid out ornamentally with flower-plots.



Such was a Roman mansion of the first order, exclusive of the upper apartments, which for the most part were only a species of garrets, for the accommodation of the slaves, or as storerooms. There were no sunk floors, though occasionally vaults or cellars.

The main object of the proprietors of these mansions was show—exposure of the interior to the public, with the enjoyment of open air. When the door and the curtains of the tablinum and further hall were thrown open, which was done in fine weather, parties passing could see through the whole house to the garden in the rear; pictures, statues, vases, marble pillars, mosaic pavements, flowers, and shrubs, all conspiring to present a striking perspective. To make the vista seem longer than it really was, the opposite wall of the garden was painted to represent an avenue of trees, embellished with fountains and other devices. These imposing appearances contrasted badly with the limited accommodations for sleeping or retirement. Although the bedrooms were generally plastered, and ornamented with paintings, they were small, and what would now be called mean. All the accommodations for insuring cleanliness seem to have been equally paltry. In the great house of Pansa, the water for drinking and cooking was brought in buckets from public fountains; for, although the city was supplied with water by an aqueduct from hills eight miles distant, it was not introduced by pipes into the houses. This defect, however, did not arise from an ignorance of hydraulics, because in Pompeii there are paintings of jets d'eau, or fountains spouting water. As large numbers of slaves and menials were employed in carrying water, and in various cleansing operations, the absence of any provision for introducing water to the houses in pipes was not probably experienced. Another deficiency was the absence of chimneys or fireplaces. Suitable enough for summer or pleasant dry weather, the houses could not fail to be uncomfortable in winter. Excepting where flues of warm air were led through the walls from furnaces employed for hot baths, the method of heating was by pans of burning wood or charcoal, over which the people sat shivering in cold weather. Cooking was likewise performed over pans of charcoal sunk in counters of stonework. Ancient Roman writers make grievous complaints of the smoke rising from the heating pans, which, having no contrivance to rid themselves of, wound in clouds through the apartments, spoiling the appearance of the statues and pictured walls, and in certain seasons making life within doors almost insupportable. How remarkable does it now appear that a people so far advanced in taste and luxury, so accomplished in all ornamental arts, should not have arrived at the discovery and use of chimneys! With these things forced on our notice, the feelings of regret which we experienced in wandering through the roofless halls of Pansa's palace were considerably modified. We thought of our neat dwelling in dear England, which, without any pretensions to magnificence, surpassed in every useful and substantial accommodation this once proud and lordly mansion.

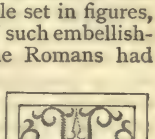
In the block of building, or island, as the Romans called a congeries of buildings in a contiguous mass, next the mansion of Pansa,

are some remains considered among the most interesting in Pompeii. The chief ruin is the house of the Tragic Poet, as it has been termed. When excavated and laid open in 1824, this building was pretty nearly entire, and at a small expense it might have been roofed and restored. The only attempt at preservation has been the tiling of the walls; but as this does not shelter their surface from the weather, some of the finest specimens of fresco-painting have been destroyed. The mosaic pavements were likewise beautiful, and these have suffered less damage. As we enter into the vestibule, the figure of an angry cur chained is observed to be wrought in the mosaic, with the motto beneath, CAVE CANEM—Beware the Dog. After the description of Pansa's mansion, no account of the arrangements in the present house is necessary. I need only say that the style of the walls and remaining pillars is exceedingly elegant. On whatever side we turn, do we lament the gradual fading and destruction of the paintings. Some have fortunately been removed to museums, and they are esteemed among the best specimens of delineations in fresco. These and other paintings throughout this unfortunate city were principally representations of the gods and goddesses in the Grecian mythology, or of characters and scenes mentioned in the works of Homer. The Romans, like their predecessors the Greeks, had little range of subjects, and copied repeatedly the same figures in various combinations. In the practice of painting on plaster, usually called fresco-painting, their artists reached great excellence; their drawing, however, being always more correct and natural than their colouring. Many of the scenes appear to have been little else than outline.

The garden wall of the Tragic Poet's house divides it from the ruins of a large trading establishment called the Fullonica, or Scouring House. Here the vats for dyeing, formed of stone and plaster, and resembling large coppers, are pointed out, likewise some interesting remains of painting. From one of these we learn that it was usual to scour woollen clothes by tramping with the bare feet in a tub—a practice, I believe, which still exists in Scotland. Adjoining the Fullonica are the houses of the fountains, where some interesting relics of art are also exhibited.

Returning from this part of the town to the narrow street which we entered from the gateway, we were shewn the house of Sallust, as it is supposed to have been. This is inferior in size to that of Pansa, and also less regular in details, but is equal to some of the best houses as respects elegance of decoration. On the side of the same street, the remains of what had been a house abounding in ornament were next pointed out, called the House of the Vestals, and over the door of which the ordinary SALVE remains inscribed. On some of the walls are various paintings, greatly faded, but still conveying an idea of their original appearance. Exposure to the weather, however, is gradually obliterating these vestiges of Roman art. A

number of years ago, when less damaged, and its movables not carried off to museums, Bonneci thus described the House of the Vestals : 'This house seems to have been originally two separate houses, afterwards probably bought by some rich man, and thrown into one. After traversing a little court, around which are the sleeping-chambers, and that destined to business, we hastened to render our visit to the Penates. We entered the pantry, and rendered back to the proprietors the greeting [of welcome] that from the threshold of this mansion they still direct to strangers. We next passed through the kitchen and its dependencies. The corn-mills [small hand-querns] seemed waiting for the accustomed hands to grind with them, after so many years of repose. Oil standing in glass vessels, chestnuts, dates, raisins, and figs, in the next chamber, announce the provision for the approaching winter, and large amphoræ of wine recall to us the consulate of Cæsar and of Cicero. We entered the private apartments. Magnificent porticoes are to be seen around it. Numerous beautiful columns covered with stucco, and with very fresh colours, surrounded a very agreeable garden, a pond, and a bath. Elegant paintings, delicate ornaments, stags, sphinxes, wild and fanciful flowers, everywhere cover the walls. The cabinets of young girls, and their toilets, with appropriate paintings, are disposed along the sides. In this last were found a great quantity of female ornaments, and the skeleton of a little dog. At the extremity is seen a semicircular room adorned with niches, and formerly statues, mosaics, and marbles. An altar, on which the sacred fire burned perpetually, rose in the centre. This is the *sacrarium*. In this secret and sacred place the most solemn and memorable days of the family were spent in rejoicing; and here, on birthdays, sacrifices were offered to Juno, or the Genius, the protector of the new-born child.' The mosaic pavements in this house, consisting of different coloured pieces of marble set in figures, are very fine. It is evident that in the preparation of such embellishments for the floors, whether tiles or marbles, the Romans had attained a pitch of perfection which England with all its wealth is now only beginning to imitate. The small cut here given represents the figure of a central compartment in one of these mosaics.



Proceeding along the street from the house of the Vestals, we arrive at a spot on the left-hand side where we are shewn the remains of the public baths, now a scene of broken arches, dilapidated walls, and marble floors, encumbered by rubbish. The establishment was evidently on a most extensive scale, and consisted of distinct divisions for men and women respectively. The baths were of cold, tepid, and hot water. One of the largest apartments, the tepidarium, being vaulted, is tolerably entire ; and here a number of the ornaments remain on the roof and walls. Light had been

admitted by a small window in the roof. The floors of the warm-bath rooms were hollow, heated air having been admitted beneath them by flues, for the purpose of taking off the chill of the atmosphere : in the present state of ruin, portions only of these flues are visible. From the number of entrances and other arrangements, the practice of bathing had been as popular among the citizens of Pompeii, if not more so, than in other Roman cities. The want of means for purification at home, the costliness of linen, and other defects in the economy of the ancients, rendered frequent bathing indispensable. The indulgence of the bath, however, was a favourite luxury among all classes. After bathing, it was customary to anoint the body with fine oils and perfumes. 'The ancients,' observes Sir William Gell, in his *Pompeiana*, 'had an astonishing number of oils, soaps, and perfumes.' Persons in a humble condition, he adds, 'sometimes used, instead of soap, meal of lupins, called lomentum, which, with common meal, is yet used in the north of England, while the rich carried their own most precious unguents to the thermæ in phials of alabaster, gold, and glass, which were of such common use, both in ordinary life and at funerals, that they have very frequently been found in modern times, when they acquired the name of lachrymatories, from a mistaken notion concerning their original destination.'

The further extremity of the bath establishment bears upon the Forum, a large area, like an open square, which we entered next in our perambulation. Passing the ruins of the temple of Jupiter, we had the cleared space of the Forum before us. And what a scene of fallen grandeur! When in its glory, this place of universal resort had consisted of an oblong area, 100 feet wide by 500 in length, paved with marble in different colours, embellished at different points with statues, and environed by temples and other edifices with fronts of elegant Grecian architecture. On one side there had been an ambulatory, or open gallery, above the rows of pillars, where the idle might lounge and look down upon the moving throngs beneath. All is now desolate; pillars broken, roofs gone, and pavement destroyed; much of this dilapidation having been caused by the earthquake sixteen years before the final destruction.

In perambulating this scene of fallen grandeur, we are forcibly reminded of the custom among the Romans of spending much of their time daily in public. While all menial offices were filled by slaves, the middle and higher orders loitered away no small portion of their existence in public places of resort. 'A Roman citizen,' says M. Simond, 'went out early, and did not return home until the evening repast. He spent his day in the Forum, at the baths, at the theatre—everywhere, in short, except at his own home; where he slept in a small room without windows, without a chimney, and almost without furniture.' To suit such customs, every Roman city was amply provided with places of amusement, erected by the

munificence of wealthy citizens, or by the state. Whatever was the form of government, a monarchy or republic, one object was steadily maintained—the amusement of the people at the public expense; and no small proportion of the plunder of countries conquered by the Roman arms was devoted to this purpose. Besides being a spot for the daily loitering of idlers, the Forum was the scene of political contentions. Here the leaders of rival factions addressed and sought the suffrages of the citizens: here was the great centre of all kinds of bribery and corruption: here were the votes of the populace shamelessly sold to the highest bidder.

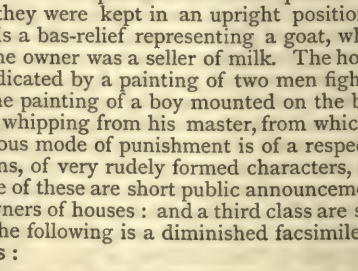
Proceeding along the western side of the Forum, we had occasion to pass the ruins of an establishment which had doubtless figured in these demoralising practices. This was the great public granary. So abject had the Roman people ultimately become, and such was the mass of pauperism, that in every city vast numbers were daily supported by doles of corn or bread; and he who was most munificent in these distributions usually attained the highest civic honours. Adjoining the public granary are the ruins of the temple of Venus, and the Basilica, or courts of justice, beneath which are vaults that had been used as a prison. In these gloomy recesses two skeletons were found with iron manacles on their legs; the poor wretches had been suffocated in their dungeons by the eruption. Going round by the east end of the Forum to the north side, we have before us, running eastwards, the Street of the Silversmiths, which has been well cleared, and shews some striking ruins.

One group of ruins in good preservation was pointed out to us as being all that remained of the temple of Isis—a building in the Roman Doric order, possessing some fine mosaics. At the further extremity of the interior stood the altar, from which a statue of Isis had been removed when the building was uncovered. We were conducted into some apartments behind, and were here shewn a recess where the priests of the temple were concealed when they uttered the oracular responses supposed to be pronounced by the goddess. The accommodations for the priests had been on an extensive scale, and included cooking, dining, and sleeping apartments. When the kitchen was explored, it was found well provided with cooking utensils and different articles of food. The skeleton of a man, supposed to have been the cook, was found in the kitchen with an axe in his hand, near a hole in the wall, which he had made in order to effect his escape. In the temple the skeleton of a priest had been also found, with a bag of money in his hand. His avarice or carefulness in remaining to secure the treasures of the temple had been the cause of his destruction.

Having now seen a number of the streets of Pompeii, I may here say a few words regarding them. All are narrow, reminding one of the confined thoroughfares of Paris; but whatever their width, they are pretty well paved with blocks of lava or stones, in the central

part, for the use of carriages and horses; while on each side is a *trottoir* or foot-pavement, raised above the causeway, and formed of a composition of lime, earth, and gravel. These foot-pavements, varying in breadth from three to six feet, are so universal in Pompeii, that the comfort of pedestrians must have been a matter of consideration by the ancient Roman authorities. In after-times, the practice of employing foot-pavements was lost in continental Europe, and it is only now resumed in Paris and elsewhere by copying English models. In some of the streets, we remarked that there were stones elevated in the causeway to form crossings from one side of the street to the other. The great torrents of rain which fall in this part of Italy at certain seasons, and the absence of underground drains, have rendered these stepping-stones necessary.

From what we had now observed of the different streets, it did not appear that any part of the town was sacred from the intrusion of trade. Shops are usually known by signs emblematic of the business which had been carried on within. The annexed small cut represents the sign of a wine-shop. It is a terra-cotta in bas-relief, shewing the figures of two men carrying between them an amphora or jar of wine. Jars of this form are of great antiquity. When set down in a cellar, their lower-pointed end was placed in a hole in a rack, and thus they were kept in an upright position. On a shop near the baths is a bas-relief representing a goat, which is believed to denote that the owner was a seller of milk. The house of a teacher of fencing is indicated by a painting of two men fighting. A school is denoted by the painting of a boy mounted on the back of another, and receiving a whipping from his master, from which we may know that this barbarous mode of punishment is of a respectable antiquity. Latin inscriptions, of very rudely formed characters, are exceedingly common. Some of these are short public announcements; others are the names of owners of houses: and a third class are signs of persons in business. The following is a diminished facsimile of one of these sign inscriptions:



These rude letters and words have been interpreted as follows:

Marcum. Cerrinium. Vatiam. Ædilem. Orat. Ut. Faveat. Scriba. Issus : Dignus. Est. In English—'The Scribe Issus beseeches Marcus Cerrinius Vatia the Edile to extend to him his patronage ; for which he is deserving.' From this modest appeal it would appear that Roman tradesmen were not more independent than those modern shopkeepers who seek to carry on business under the heraldic insignia of great personages.

From the Street of the Silversmiths we were conducted, after two turnings, into the quarter of the theatres, which is the limit of the excavations on the south, or the point opposite to that at which we had entered the town. Two theatres have been cleared, one of large size, situated on a sloping piece of ground, and so arranged that the visitors must have descended from the street to the body of the house. From the remains of the edifice, it would seem that much of the interior was formed of marble. I will not here attempt any account of the manner in which these theatres were laid out. Our time would not allow of a very deliberate examination, and we hastened to finish our tour of the excavated city. Already we had gone over the town, from the gate of Herculaneum to the further extremity of the excavations, a distance of rather more than half a mile ; and almost the only thing that remained to be visited was the amphitheatre, situated in a cleared space at the eastern termination of the city. There were two ways by which we could reach this : we might go by a road round the walls, or by a pathway across the ground which still covered the remaining part of the town. Preferring the latter, we mounted the bank of rubbish, and gained the cottage of a vine-dresser, placed nearly on the brink of the precipice which overhangs the cleared streets beneath. This is reckoned the most favourable spot for obtaining a view of Pompeii ; and I acknowledge that the spectacle of dismantled buildings, silent streets, broken pillars, mosaic pavements of palaces and temples, and painted walls, the whole bounded by the hillocks of rubbish and green vine plants, has a striking and picturesque effect.*

From this interesting spot we proceeded, across the vineyards which now occupy the surface of the ground over the uncleared part of the city, to the amphitheatre. This we found to be a most gigantic and imposing mass of building. Like all Roman amphitheatres, it is an edifice of an oval form, shewing two stories outside, while the interior consists of tiers of stone benches rising from, and environing a central arena. The floor of the arena being cleared, we are able to realise the character of the barbarous scenes which occurred in this great place of resort. The spectacles presented here for the public

* Since the visit of Mr P——, the excavations have been greatly extended, and under the new *régime* they are carried on more systematically than ever. Among the most interesting objects recently disinterred are several human bodies, or rather the hollows in the hardened mud left by their decay. By pouring liquid plaster into these cavities, casts have been obtained of these touching memorials of antiquity. The two larger wood-engravings are from photographs, and give a very good notion of the appearance of the ruins.—Ed.

amusement, consisted of fights of gladiators—victims doomed to fight in an almost naked state with swords—and combats of wild beasts, lion against lion; or one of these savage animals with an unfortunate captive. Beneath the rows of seats are vaulted dens, in which the lions and other beasts of prey had been kept, ready to be let out upon the arena. In one of these cells the skeleton of a lion was found when the building was excavated. Ascending the *podium* or parapet which surrounds the arena, we attained, first, the seats appropriated to the senators and other functionaries, after which, higher up, in an unbroken slope, come the seats of the aristocracy and common people. Although much inferior in dimensions to the Coliseum at Rome, the accommodations seem to have been sufficient for 20,000 inhabitants. The benches are in some places destroyed; but, as a whole, the amphitheatre is the most entire of the Pompeian antiquities, the solid nature of the building having resisted the earthquake and eruption which levelled so many other structures.

Amidst the silence of the now deserted amphitheatre, and on one of the stone seats commanding a view of the lower area, we spread out the provisions which we had brought with us from Naples, and after the fatigues and excitement of exploring ruins, were able to dine with no small degree of zest. Pietro, with much good-humour, acted as assistant at the feast, and brought from a rill in the neighbourhood a supply of water more cool than we could have expected, considering the warmth of the day. Leaving this interesting edifice, we proceeded by the adjoining city wall towards the point where we had entered the town, thus making a circuit of the whole. We saw several excavations in this excursion; and at about half-way passed the gate of Nola, an ancient entrance to the city, which has been exposed to view.

The day after our visit to Pompeii, while the recollections were still fresh in the memory, we visited the great museum in Naples, in which the objects of art gathered from its disinterred houses, shops, and temples have been stored for preservation. The collection is enormous, and baffles description. A volume would be required to give a mere list of the articles. Classified in departments, are shewn domestic utensils; lamps of various kinds; articles for the toilet, such as combs, mirrors, and pins; bread, eggs, grain, fruits; gems, cameos, and jewellery; vases, statues, fresco-paintings, and mosaics; books and scrolls, &c. Some of the statues are remarkably fine, and rivet the attention of all persons of taste.

HERCULANEUM.

In our excursion to and from Pompeii, we had passed near the spot of ground at Portici which covers Herculaneum, but did not stop to pay our respects to this entombed city, intending to make it the object of a special journey. This we did on the second day after visiting Pompeii, the first, as I said, having been expended on seeing the many interesting Pompeian relics contained in the museum at Naples.

Herculaneum, a larger and more populous city than Pompeii, has had literally a *harder* fate. Situated considerably nearer the volcano, its destruction was more instantaneous and complete. While Pompeii sunk under torrents of mud and showers of ashes, the whole forming a cinder-like incrustation or paste, which has been dug with comparative ease, Herculaneum received a massive stream of lava—a red-hot liquid torrent, which instantly destroyed life, and utterly overwhelmed the city in its stern grasp. As lava, on cooling, becomes a hard semi-vitreous stone, resembling basalt and greenstone, Herculaneum has been fixed in the bosom of a rocky mass, which cannot be dug with less difficulty than a quarry.

Portici, a populous village, in which is a summer palace of the king, has been built on the ground immediately over Herculaneum. This appears to have been matter of accident. All traditional knowledge of Herculaneum had been lost, and its site was discovered only last century, on the occasion of digging a well; the first signification of there being an entombed city beneath, was the striking of a pickaxe against the door of a theatre. The approach to Herculaneum, or rather the small portion which can be seen of it, is down the well-like shaft by which it was discovered. Alighting at a gate in the village of Portici, over which was inscribed, 'Scale di Ercolano' (Stair of Herculaneum), we delivered ourselves into the hands of a guide, and with wax-tapers descended a flight of nearly a hundred steps in quest of this buried city. On reaching the bottom, we found ourselves in a gloomy abyss, surrounded by walls of an elegant construction, and through which, by a doorway, we reached the interior of what had been a magnificent theatre. The seats were of marble, as well as the pillars of the pulpitum or stage. From this buried scene of gaiety we were led along some contiguous passages; but after having seen Pompeii, this dingy spectacle conveyed no pleasure to the mind, and we hastened to retreat up the staircase into the brilliant sunshine of the living and breathing world. Not only in consequence of the hardness of the material in which Herculaneum is imbedded, but from the danger of undermining the royal palace above, the excavations have been stopped,

and therefore all that has been disclosed of this once populous city is insignificant in extent.

Before our departure from this part of Italy, we had an opportunity of repeatedly visiting Pompeii, and of treasuring up recollections of those elegant objects of art which have been collected from it, as well as from Herculaneum. Of my successive visits to the ruined city, and also to the museum in Naples, however, it is not necessary for me to speak; the preceding sketch, imperfect as it is, will perhaps suffice to convey a general idea of certainly one of the most interesting spots on the surface of the earth, and stimulate inquiry on a subject so fruitful of pleasing emotions as that of ancient art.*

* A railway from Naples now facilitates the visits of travellers to the ruined cities.





THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH, AND SIR AGILTHORN.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

FIT I.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely hermit lay,
When, lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And waked his sleeping fire,
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedewed the mossy ground.

'O weep not, lady, weep not so,
Nor let vain fears alarm;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.'

'It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear,
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here.

And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah! sore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipt in yonder flood.'

'O trust in Heaven,' the hermit said,
'And to my cell repair;
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.'

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high,
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,
With careful steps and slow;
At length a voice returned his call,
Quick answering from below:

'O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanced to see
A gentle maid I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree?

But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray;
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatched her hence away.'

'Praise Heaven, my son,' the hermit said,
'The lady's safe and well;'
And soon he joined the wandering youth,
And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen these gentle friends
They loved each other dear:
The youth he pressed her to his heart,
The maid let fall a tear.

Ah! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair:

The youth was tall, with manly bloom;
She, slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
With bugle-horn so bright;
She, in a silken robe and scarf,
Snatched up in hasty flight.

'Sit down, my children,' says the sage;
'Sweet rest your limbs require:'
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

'Partake,' he said, 'my simple store—
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds;'
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

'Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare,'
The youthful couple say;
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talked their cares away.

'Now say, my children (for perchance
My counsel may avail),
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale?'

'First tell me, father,' said the youth
('Nor blame my eager tongue),
What town is near? What lands are these?
And to what lord belong?'

'Alas! my son,' the hermit said,
'Why do I live to say
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banished far away?

Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant Hotspur (so the north
Our youthful lord did call)

Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke
Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting, lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And, oh! to save him from his foes,
It was his grandsire's care.

In Scotland safe he placed the child,
Beyond the reach of strife,
Not long before the brave old earl
At Bramham lost his life.

And now the Percy name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;
Their honours reft and lost.

No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

Not far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas! now stand forlorn,
With noisome weeds o'erspread,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

Meantime, far off, 'mid Scottish hills,
The Percy lives unknown;
On strangers' bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in peace!'—
He said, and dropt a tear.

'And is the Percy still so loved
Of all his friends and thee?
Then bless me, father,' said the youth,
'For I, thy guest, am he.'

Silent he gazed, then turned aside
To wipe the tears he shed;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Poured blessings on his head.

'Welcome, our dear and much-loved lord,
Thy country's hope and care.
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wondrous fair?'

'Now, father, listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth;
And let thy sage advice direct
My inexperienced youth.

In Scotland I 've been nobly bred
Beneath the Regent's hand,*
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

With fond impatience long I burned
My native land to see;
At length I won my guardian friend
To yield that boon to me.

Then up and down, in hunter's garb,
I wandered as in chase,
Till, in the noble Neville's house,†
I gained a hunter's place.

Some time with him I lived unknown,
Till I 'd the hap so rare
To please this young and gentle dame,
That baron's daughter fair.'

'Now, Percy,' said the blushing maid,
'The truth I must reveal;
Souls great and generous like thine
Their noble deeds conceal.

It happened on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wandered forth to take the air
Among the greenwood trees.

Sudden, a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seized me for their prey.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain;
But Heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

* Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany.
† Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, whose principal residence was at Raby Castle, in the bishopric of Durham.

With nothing but his hunting-spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caused them soon to stand.

He fought till more assistance came:
The Scots were overthrown;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,
To make me more his own.'

'O happy day!' the youth replied;
'Blest were the wounds I bare!
From that fond hour she deigned to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,
She vowed to be my bride;
But oh! we feared (alas, the while)
Her princely mother's pride:

Sister of haughty Bolingbroke,
Our house's ancient foe,
To me, I thought, a banished wight,
Could ne'er such favour shew.

Despairing then to gain consent,
At length to fly with me
I won this lovely timorous maid;
To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursued,
We turnèd down the right-hand path,
And gained this lonely wood;

Then lighting from our weary steeds
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reached this friendly bower.'

'Now rest ye both,' the hermit said;
'Awhile your cares forego:
Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed—
We 'll pass the night below.'

FIT II.

Lovely smiled the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled;
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair Eleanor left her bed.

She found her Henry all alone,
And cheered him with her sight:
The youth, consulting with his friend,
Had watched the livelong night.

What sweet surprise o'erpowered her breast,
Her cheeks what blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride!

'Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet;
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss complete.'

'O Henry, when thou deign'st to sue,
Can I thy suit withstand?
When thou, loved youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand?

For thee I left a father's smiles
And mother's tender care;
And whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share.'

'And wilt thou, then, O generous maid,
Such matchless favour shew,
To share with me, a banished wight,
My peril, pain, or woe?

Now Heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast;
For, know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle,
Surrounded by the sea;
There dwells a holy friar, well known
To all thy friends and thee:*

'Tis Father Bertram, so revered
For every worthy deed:
To Raby Castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

To fetch this good and holy man,
Our reverend host is gone;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.'

* In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a cell which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tynemouth Abbey.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile:
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mixed,
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then straight to Raby's distant walls
He kindly wends his way;
Meantime, in love and dalliance sweet,
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
The hermitage they viewed,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And overhung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing through a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There, decked with many a flower and herb,
His little garden stands;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

Then, scooped within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shews:
The chief a chapel, neatly arched,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there
That should a chapel grace:
The lattice for confession framed,
And holy-water vase.

O'er either door, a sacred text
Invites to godly fear;
And in a little scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth,
Two easy steps ascend;
And near, a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb,
All in the living stone,
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel, fairly carved,
Leaned hovering o'er her breast;
A weeping warrior at her feet;
And near to these her crest.*

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wondering pair:
Eager they ask: 'What hapless dame
Lies sculptured here so fair?'

The hermit sighed, the hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak;
At length he wiped the trickling tears
That all bedewed his cheek:

'Alas! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe;
And very mournful is the tale
Which ye so fain would know.

The Hermit's Tale.

Young lord, thy grandsire had a friend
In days of youthful fame;
Yon distant hills were his domains;
Sir Bertram was his name.

Where'er the noble Percy fought,
His friend was at his side;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour tried.

Young Bertram loved a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling-place;†
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief,
Devoted to thy race.

* This is a bull's head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the figures, &c. here described are still visible, only somewhat effaced by time.
† Widdrington Castle is about five miles south of Warkworth.

Many a lord, and many a knight,
To this fair damsel came;
But Bertram was her only choice;
For him she felt a flame.

Lord Percy pleaded for his friend;
Her father soon consents;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she, with studied fond delays,
Defers the blissful hour,
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

"That heart," she said, "is lightly prized
Which is so lightly won,
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon."

Lord Percy made a solemn feast
In Alnwick's princely hall,
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassail, mirth, and revelry,
The castle rung around:
Lord Percy called for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms,
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race
They sung: their high command:
"How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
First led his northern band.*

Brave Galfred next to Normandy
With venturous Rollo came;
And from his Norman castles won,
Assumed the Percy name.†

They sung how in the Conqueror's fleet
Lord William shipped his powers,

* See Dugdale's *Baronage*, p. 269, &c.

† In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy; whence the family took the surname De Percy.

And gained a fair young Saxon bride
With all her lands and towers.*

Then journeying to the Holy Land,
There bravely fought and died:
But first the silver crescent wan,
Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
The queen's own brother wed,
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
In princely Brabant bred.†

How he the Percy name revived,
And how his noble line
Still foremost in their country's cause
With godlike ardour shine."

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
Applaud the master's song,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recall:
When lo! a damsel young and fair
Stepped forward through the hall.

She Bertram courteously addressed;
And kneeling on her knee—
"Sir Knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee."

Then forth she drew a glittering helme,
Well-plated many a fold,
The casque was wrought of tempered steel,
The crest of burnished gold.

"Sir Knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,

* William de Percy (fifth in descent from Galfred or Geffrey de Percy, son of Mainfred) assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire of Emma de Porte (so the Norman writers name her), whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, William, from a principle of honour and generosity, married; for having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, 'he' (to use the words of the old Whitby Chronicle) 'wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his conscience.' See *Harleian Manuscripts*, 692 (26). He died at Mountjoy, near Jerusalem, in the first crusade.

† Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline de Lovain, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, Duke of Brabant, and brother to Queen Adelais, second wife of King Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland. His son, Lord Richard de Percy, was one of the twenty-five barons chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

When thou hast proved this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are tried."

Young Bertram took the shining helme,
And thrice he kissed the same:
"Trust me, I 'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame."

Lord Percy and his barons bold
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late oppressed,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills,
A thousand horse and more:
Brave Widdrington, though sunk in years,
The Percy standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round:
Down the green slopes of Teviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters' cries,
And rushing forth to meet his foes,
So did the Douglas rise.

Attendant on their chief's command
A thousand warriors wait:
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest;
Lord Percy marked their gallant mien,
And thus his friend addressed:

"Now, Bertram, prove thy lady's helme;
Attack yon forward band;
Dead or alive I 'll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand."

Young Bertram bowed, with glad assent,
And spurred his eager steed,
And calling on his lady's name,
Rushed forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends,
So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks
Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces through;
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side,
They hem Sir Bertram round;
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well-nigh won the field,
When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,
And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helme in twain—
That beauteous helme, his lady's gift!—
His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord Percy saw his champion fall
Amid the unequal fight;
"And now, my noble friends," he said,
"Let's save this gallant knight."

Then rushing in, with stretched-out shield
He o'er the warrior hung,
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire:
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire?

Now, gathering round on every part,
The battle raged amain;
And many a lady wept her lord,
That hour untimely slain.

Percy and Douglas, great in arms,
There all their courage shewed;
And all the field was strewed with dead,
And all with crimson flowed.

At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wondrous valour shewn,
They slowly quit the field.

All pale, extended on their shields,
And weltering in his gore,

Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend
To Wark's fair castle bore.*

"Well hast thou earned my daughter's love,"
Her father kindly said;
"And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed."

A message went—no daughter came;
Fair Isabel ne'er appears;
"Beshrew me," said the aged chief,
"Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up, my son; thou shalt her see
So soon as thou canst ride;
And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
And she shall be thy bride."

Sir Bertram at her name revived;
He blessed the soothing sound;
Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,
And healed his ghastly wound.

FIT III.

One early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way,
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the castle seemed,
That wont to shine so bright;
And long and loud Sir Bertram called
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose,
With voice so shrill and clear:
"What wight is this that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here?"

* Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river Tweed, a little to the east of Teviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

"'Tis Bertram calls, thy lady's love,
Come from his bed of care:
All day I 've ridden o'er moor and moss,
To see thy lady fair."

"Now out, alas!" she loudly shrieked,
"Alas! how may this be?
For six long days are gone and past
Since she set out to thee."

Sad terror seized Sir Bertram's heart,
And oft he deeply sighed;
When now the drawbridge was let down,
And gates set open wide.

"Six days, young knight, are past and gone
Since she set out to thee;
And sure, if no sad harm had hap'd,
Long since thou wouldst her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance,
She tore her hair, and cried:
'Alas! I 've slain the comeliest knight
All through my folly and pride!

And now to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I 'll go myself, and nurse my love,
And soothe his bed of pain.'

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn by break of day,
And two tall yeomen went with her
To guard her on the way."

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,
And grief o'erwhelmed his mind:
"Trust me," said he, "I ne'er will rest
Till I thy lady find."

That night he spent in sorrow and care;
And with sad boding heart,
Or ere the dawning of the day,
His brother and he depart.

"Now, brother, we 'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range;
Do thou go north, and I 'll go west,
And all our dress we 'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath seized my love,
And borne her to his den,

And ne'er will I tread English ground
Till she's restored again."

The brothers straight their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram, clad in gown of gray,
Most like a palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill;
And wends to every tower and town,
O'er every dale and hill.

One day, as he sat under a thorn,
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged pilgrim passed him by,
Who marked his face of care.

"All minstrels yet that e'er I saw,
Are full of game and glee,
But thou art sad and woe-begone;
I marvel whence it be!"

"Father, I serve an aged lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind;
His only child is stolen away,
And fain I would her find."

"Cheer up, my son; perchance," he said,
"Some tidings I may bear;
For oft when human hopes have failed,
Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills, so steep and high,
Down in the lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from the abode of men.

As late I chanced to crave an alms,
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

And when I asked what harm had hap'd,
What lady sick there lay,
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away."

These tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear;
He thanked him for his tale;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reached the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

"Sir porter, is thy lord at home
To hear a minstrel's song?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong?"

"My lord," he said, "is not at home
To hear a minstrel's song;
And should I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long."

He played again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish porter's ear,
And moved his stubborn heart.

"Minstrel," he said, "thou play'st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou shouldst win;
But, alas! I'm sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou'lt find a sheltering cave;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have."

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear:
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watched,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew;
He saw his lady through the grate,
But 'twas a transient view.

The third night, wearied out, he slept
Till near the morning tide,

When, starting up, he seized his sword,
And to the castle hied.

When lo! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall;
And o'er the moat was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

And soon he saw his love descend,
Wrapt in a tartan plaid,
Assisted by a sturdy youth,
In Highland garb y-clad.

Amazed, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown to all within,
The youthful couple fly;
But what can 'scape the lover's ken,
Or shun his piercing eye?

With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

"Thanks, gentle youth," she often said;
"My thanks thou well hast won:
For me what wiles hast thou contrived!
For me what dangers run!

And ever shall my grateful heart
Thy services repay:"
Sir Bertram would no further hear,
But cried: "Vile traitor, stay!

Vile traitor, yield that lady up!"
And quick his sword he drew:
The stranger turned in sudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vig'rous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow:
But Bertram's stronger hand prevailed,
And laid the stranger low.

"Die, traitor, die!" A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word;
Ah! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rushed beneath his sword.

"O stop," she cried—"O stop thy arm!
Thou dost thy brother slay!"'
And here the hermit paused and wept:
His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried: 'Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest?
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stabbed her breast.'

'Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?
Ah, cruel fate!' they said.
The hermit wept, and so did they:
They sighed; he hung his head.

'O blind and jealous rage,' he cried,
'What evils from thee flow!'
The hermit paused; they silent mourned;
He wept, and they were woe.

'Ah! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I raved, I wept, I cursed my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasped her to my breast,
And closed the ghastly wound;
In vain I pressed his bleeding corpse,
And raised it from the ground.

My brother, alas! spake ne'er more;
His precious life was flown;
She kindly strove to soothe my pain,
Regardless of her own.

"Bertram," she said, "be comforted,
And live to think on me:
May we in heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be.

Bertram," she said, "I still was true;
Thou only hadst my heart:
May we hereafter meet in bliss!
We now, alas! must part.

For thee I left my father's hall,
And flew to thy relief;
When, lo! near Cheviot's fatal hills,
I met a Scottish chief:

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love
I had refused with scorn;

He slew my guards, and seized on me
Upon that fatal morn.

And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confined,
And fondly sued and warmly pressed
To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increased my pain,
Each night increased my fear;
When wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

He quickly formed his brave design
To set me captive free;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love; escape away,
And for thyself provide;
And sometimes fondly think on her
Who should have been thy bride."

Thus pouring comfort on my soul
Even with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And closed her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense I lay:
Then sudden all in frantic mood
I meant myself to slay.

And rising up in furious haste,
I seized the bloody brand;
A sturdy arm here interposed,
And wrenched it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,
Had missed their lovely ward,
And seizing me, to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barred.

It chanced that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en:
Lord Percy had us soon exchanged,
And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon those honoured dear remains
To England were conveyed,
And there within their silent tombs
With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loathed my wretched life,
And long to end it thought;
Till time, and books, and holy men,
Had better counsels taught.

They raised my heart to that pure source
Whence heavenly comfort flows:
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care,
I meekly vowed to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram now no more
Impetuous, haughty, wild,
But poor and humble benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild.

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise,
And here, a lonely anchoret,
I came to end my days.

This sweet sequestered vale I chose,
These rocks and hanging grove;
For oft beside that murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approved my choice;
This blest retreat he gave;
And here I carved her beauteous form,
And scooped this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I 've lingered here;
And daily o'er this sculptured saint
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue!

Yet not unpitied passed my life,
Forsaken, or forgot,
The Percy and his noble son
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great earl, from toils of state
And cumbrous pomp of power,

Would gladly seek my little cell
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe;
I lived to mourn his fall:
I lived to mourn his godlike son,
Their friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Loved youth, shalt now restore,
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before.'

He ceased, and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid,
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take,
They ask the good old sire,
And, guided by his sage advice,
To Scotland they retire.

Meantime their suit such favour found
At Raby's stately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely spouse
Now gladly pardon all.

She, suppliant at her nephew's throne,
The royal grace implored:
To all the honours of his race
The Percy was restored.

The youthful earl still more and more
Admired his beauteous dame:
Nine noble sons to him she bore,
All worthy of their name.*

* Warkworth Castle, the scene of the above ballad, occupies a bold situation on a neck of land near the sea-shore, on the coast of Northumberland, and almost surrounded by the river Coquet. About a mile from the castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a hermitage, or religious establishment, of which the chapel is still entire. This is hollowed in a cliff near the river, as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for the sacristy and vestry—the whole executed with elegance, and resembling a Gothic church. The chapel contains a tomb or monument, on which is a female figure cut in stone, and around it are several other figures likewise sculptured from the rock. It is universally agreed that the founder of the hermitage was one of the Bertram family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently lords of Bothal Castle, situated about ten miles from Warkworth. The traditions respecting Warkworth and its hermitage did not escape the notice of the late Dr Thomas Percy, Dean of Carlisle and Bishop of Dromore, and have been by him handed down to us in the preceding elegant ballad, which has become deservedly popular in the part of the country to which it refers. The only other poem of any length written by Dr Percy is a ballad called *The Friar of Orders Gray*. The service he performed to our literature in collecting his *Reliques of English Poetry*, has been properly esteemed.

SIR AGILTHORN.

BY M. G. LEWIS.

Oh! gentle huntsman, softly tread,
And softly wind thy bugle-horn;
Nor rudely break the silence shed
Around the grave of Agilthorn!

Oh! gentle huntsman, if a tear
E'er dimmed for others' woe thine eyes,
Thou 'lt surely dew, with drops sincere,
The sod where Lady Eva lies.

Yon crumbling chapel's sainted bound
Their hands and hearts beheld them plight;
Long held yon towers, with ivy crowned,
The beauteous dame and gallant knight.

Alas! the hour of bliss is past,
For hark! the din of discord rings;
War's clarion sounds; Joy hears the blast,
And trembling plies his radiant wings.

And must sad Eva lose her lord?
And must he seek the martial plain?
Oh! see, she brings his casque and sword!
Oh! hark, she pours her plaintive strain!

'Blest is the village damsel's fate,
Though poor and low her station be;
Safe from the cares which haunt the great,
Safe from the cares which torture me!

No doubting fear, no cruel pain,
No dread suspense her breast alarms;
No tyrant honour rules her swain,
And tears him from her folding arms.

She, careless wandering 'midst the rocks,
In pleasing toil consumes the day;
And tends her goats, or feeds her flocks,
Or joins her rustic lover's lay.

Though hard her couch, each sorrow flies
The pillow which supports her head;
She sleeps, nor fears at morn her eyes
Shall wake to mourn a husband dead.

Hush, impious fears! the good and brave
Heaven's arm will guard from danger free;
When death with thousands gluts the grave,
His dart, my love, shall glance from thee:

While thine shall fly direct and sure,
This buckler every blow repel;
This casque from wounds that face secure,
Where all the loves and graces dwell.

This glittering scarf, with tenderest care,
My hands in happier moments wove;
Curst be the wretch whose sword shall tear
The spell-bound work of wedded love!

Lo! on thy falchion, keen and bright,
I shed a trembling consort's tears;
Oh! when their traces meet thy sight,
Remember wretched Eva's fears.

Think how thy lips she fondly prest;
Think how she wept, compelled to part;
Think every wound which scars thy breast,
Is doubly marked on Eva's heart!'

'O thou! my mistress, wife, and friend!'
Thus Agilthorn with sighs began;
'Thy fond complaints my bosom rend,
Thy tears my fainting soul unman:

In pity, cease, my gentle dame,
Such sweetness and such grief to join!
Lest I forget the voice of fame,
And only list to love's and thine.

Flow, flow, my tears, unbounded gush!
Rise, rise, my sobs! I set ye free;
Bleed, bleed, my heart! I need not blush
To own that life is dear to me.

The wretch whose lips have pressed the bowl,
The bitter bowl of pain and woe,
May careless reach his mortal goal,
May boldly meet the final blow:

His hopes destroyed, his comfort wrecked,
A happier life he hopes to find;
But what can I in heaven expect,
Beyond the bliss I leave behind?

O no! the joys of yonder skies
To prosperous love presents no charms;
My heaven is placed in Eva's eyes,
My paradise in Eva's arms.

Yet mark me, sweet! If Heaven's command
Hath doomed my fall in martial strife,
Oh! let not anguish tempt thy hand
To rashly break the thread of life!

No! let our boy thy care engross;
Let him thy stay, thy comfort be;
Supply his luckless father's loss,
And love him for thyself and me.

So may oblivion soon efface
The grief which clouds this fatal morn;
And soon thy cheeks afford no trace
Of tears which fall for Agilthorn!'

He said, and couched his quivering lance;
He said, and braced his moony shield;
Sealed a last kiss, threw a last glance,
Then spurred his steed to Flodden Field.

But Eva, of all joy bereft,
Stood rooted at the castle-gate,
And viewed the prints his courser left,
While hurrying at the call of fate.

Forebodings sad her bosom told,
The steed which bore him thence so light,
Her longing eyes would ne'er behold
Again bring home her own true knight.

While many a sigh her bosom heaves,
She thus addressed her orphan page:
'Dear youth, if e'er my love relieved
The sorrows of thy infant age;

If e'er I taught thy locks to play,
Luxuriant, round thy blooming face;

If e'er I wiped thy tears away,
And bade them yield to smiles their place:

Oh! speed thee, swift as steed can bear,
Where Flodden groans with heaps of dead,
And, o'er the combat, home repair,
And tell me how my lord has sped.

Till thou return'st, each hour 's an age,
An age employed in doubt and pain;
Oh! haste thee, haste, my little foot-page,
Oh! haste, and soon return again.'

'Now, lady dear, thy grief assuage!
Good tidings soon shall ease thy pain:
I 'll haste, I 'll haste, thy little foot-page,
I 'll haste, and soon return again.'

Then Oswy bade his courser fly;
But still, while hapless Eva wept,
Time scarcely seemed his wings to ply,
So slow the tedious moments crept.

And oft she kissed her baby's cheek,
Who slumbered on her throbbing breast;
And now she bade the warder speak,
And now she lulled her child to rest.

'Good warder, say, what meets thy sight?
What see'st thou from the castle tower?'
'Nought but the rocks of Elginbright,
Nought but the shades of Forest Bower.'

'Oh! pretty babe! thy mother's joy,
Pledge of the purest, fondest flame,
To-morrow's sun, dear helpless boy,
Must see thee bear an orphan's name!

Perhaps, e'en now, some Scottish sword
The life-blood of thy father drains;
Perhaps, e'en now, that heart is gored,
Whose streams supplied thy little veins.

Oh! warder, from the castle tower
Now say what objects meet thy sight?'
'None but the shades of Forest Bower,
None but the rocks of Elginbright.'

'Smil'st thou, my babe? so smiled thy sire,
When gazing on his Eva's face;
His eyes shot beams of gentle fire,
And joyed such beams in mine to trace.

Sleep, sleep, my babe! of care devoid;
Thy mother breathes this fervent vow:
Oh! never be thy soul employed
On thoughts so sad as hers are now!

Now, warder, warder, speak again;
What see'st thou from the turret's height?'
'Oh! lady, speeding o'er the plain,
The little foot-page appears in sight.'

Quick beat her heart, short grew her breath,
Close to her breast the babe she drew—
'Now, Heaven,' she cried, 'for life or death!
And forth to meet the page she flew.

'And is thy lord from danger free?
And is the deadly combat o'er?'
In silence Oswy bent his knee,
And laid a scarf her feet before.

The well-known scarf with blood was stained,
And tears from Oswy's eyelids fell;
Too truly Eva's heart explained
What meant those silent tears to tell.

'Come, come, my babe!' she wildly cried;
'We needs must seek the field of woe:
Come, come, my babe! cast fear aside!
To dig thy father's grave we go.'

'Stay, lady, stay! a storm impends;
Lo! threatening clouds the sky o'erspread;
The thunder roars, the rain descends,
And lightning streaks the heavens with red.

Hark, hark! the winds tempestuous rave!
Oh! be thy dread intent resigned!
Or, if resolved the storm to brave,
Be this dear infant left behind!'

'No, no! with me my baby stays;
With me he lives, with me he dies!
Flash, lightnings, flash! your friendly blaze
Will shew me where my warrior lies.'

Oh! see, she roams the bloody field,
And wildly shrieks her husband's name;
Oh! see, she stops and eyes a shield,
A heart the symbol, wrapt in flame.

His armour broke in many a place,
A knight lay stretched that shield beside;
She raised his visor, kissed his face,
Then on his bosom sunk, and died.

Huntsman, their rustic grave behold:
'Tis here, at night, the fairy king,
Where sleeps the fair, where sleeps the bold,
Oft forms his light fantastic ring.

'Tis here, at eve, each village youth
With freshest flowers the turf adorns;
'Tis here he swears eternal truth,
By Eva's faith and Agilthorn's.

And here the virgins sadly tell,
Each seated by her shepherd's side,
How brave the gallant warrior fell,
How true his lovely lady died.

Ah! gentle huntsman, pitying hear,
And mourn the gentle lover's doom:
Oh! gentle huntsman, drop a tear,
And dew the turf of Eva's tomb!

So ne'er may fate thy hopes oppose;
So ne'er may grief to thee be known:
They who can weep for others' woes,
Should ne'er have cause to weep their own.





LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WALTER SCOTT derived his origin from a family which was conspicuous in the rude and warlike times of the Scottish Border; but his father, as befitted a peaceable age, had devoted himself to legal business in Edinburgh: he was what is called in Scotland a *writer to the signet*, or practitioner of the highest grade, next to the barristers. The mother of the novelist was daughter to an eminent medical professor of the Edinburgh University, Dr Rutherford. Simple worth and good manners alone distinguished this couple, whose lot it was to have six children that survived infancy, of whom the subject of

this notice was the third. He was born in Edinburgh on the 15th August 1771. A fever in infancy being attended with an effect fatal to the use of his right limb, he was sent to be brought up at the farm-house of his paternal grandfather, that free exercise in the open air might have a chance of working his cure by the recovery of the constitution. This new situation was romantic. Five or six miles from Kelso, and overlooking the course of the Tweed, is a little upland district, where the rocks push through a meagre soil, the highest being crowned by one of those tall narrow fortalices, once required by a warlike population on the Borders, but now almost all dismantled. Here was placed the retreat of the future poet. Decent and venerable relatives around the old-fashioned fireside—the affairs of a pastoral farm out of doors—an extensive tract of beautiful country presented to the eye, and the rocks and turrets of Smailholm Tower to ramble amongst—it was upon these things that the mind of Scott awoke from the sleep of infancy. For a long time he could at the most crawl about the house and its neighbourhood; but the intellect was early active. He listened with deep interest to the stories which his relatives had to tell of the *old riding times* of the Border history, as well as to their recollections of the romantic war of 1745; and, learning to read beside the knee of a kind aunt, he quickly seized upon such specimens of poetry and history as were within his reach—Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*, to wit, and Josephus's *Wars of the Jews*.

A visit to Bath, under the charge of his aunt, proved of no avail in healing the lameness, which, however, gradually gave way in the course of years, so as to terminate in only such a shortening of the limb as was remediable by the use of a walking-cane. The early schooling of Scott was rendered irregular by his bad health; yet he was fitted at seven years to commence the study of Latin in the High School of his native city. He did not distinguish himself as a scholar, yet often surprised his instructors by the miscellaneous knowledge which he possessed, and now and then was acknowledged to display a sense of the beauties of the Latin authors such as is seldom seen in boys. In the rough amusements which went on out of school, his spirit enabled him to take a leading share, notwithstanding his lameness. He would help to man the Cowgate Port in a snow-ball match, and pass the Kittle Nine Steps on the Castle Rock with the best of them. In the winter evenings, when out-of-door exercise was not attractive, he would gather his companions round him at the fireside, and entertain them with stories, real and imaginary, of which he seemed to have an endless store. Unluckily, his classical studies, neglected as they comparatively were, experienced an interruption from bad health, just as he was beginning to acquire some sense of their value. He was sent to live with his aunt at Kelso, that he might recover strength. There, indeed, he gave some attendance at a school kept by one

Whale (where he first met with his future friend, Mr James Ballantyne); but this did not compensate the break of his High School course. It would, nevertheless, be difficult to say whether Scott was the worse or the better of the interruptions he experienced in school learning. He lost a certain kind of knowledge, it is true, but he gained another. The vacant time at his disposal he gave to general reading. History, travels, poetry, and prose fiction he devoured without discrimination, unless it were that he preferred imaginative literature to every other; and of all imaginative writers, was fondest of such as Spenser, whose knights and ladies, and dragons and giants, he was never tired of contemplating. Any passage of a favourite poet which pleased him particularly was sure to remain on his memory, and thus he was able to astonish his friends with his poetical recitations. At the same time, he admits that solidly useful matters had a poor chance of being remembered. His sober-minded parents and other friends regarded these acquirements without pride or satisfaction; they marvelled at the thirst for reading and the powers of memory, but thought it all to little good purpose, and only excused it in consideration of the infirm health of the young prodigy. Scott himself lived to lament the indifference he shewed to that regular mental discipline which is to be acquired at school. He says: 'It is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of study which I neglected in my youth; through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good-fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a solid foundation of learning and science.'

This acknowledgment refers more particularly to his subsequent career at the Edinburgh University, where, in the Latin class, he only lost what he had formerly acquired; while in the Greek he became stubborn, and refused to learn, so that the professor finally pronounced him a dunce; and he actually failed to impress even the letters of the alphabet upon his memory. The bursting of a blood-vessel in the lower bowels now laid him once more aside from even the appearance of learning, and he was again left to pursue his own course, first in his sick-chamber in his father's house, and afterwards at his uncle's residence at Kelso. He probably little lamented an illness which enabled him to cultivate still more deeply the society of the poets and romance-writers. Regaining strength, he was, in his fifteenth year, indentured as an apprentice to his father, who wished him to be his own successor in business. Respect for his parents and for the common duties of life, was always a strong feeling in Scott; he therefore applied himself without a murmur to the desk in his father's office, though he acknowledges that the recess beneath was generally stuffed with his favourite books, from which, at intervals, he would 'snatch a fearful joy.' He even made

his diligence in copying law-papers a means of gratifying his intellectual passions, often writing an unusual quantity, that with the result he might purchase some book or object of virtù which he wished to possess. It should be mentioned that the little room assigned to him on the kitchen-floor of his father's house in George Square was already made a kind of museum by his taste for curiosities, especially those of an antiquarian nature. He never was heard to grudge the years he had spent in his father's painstaking business; on the contrary, he recollected them with pleasure, for it was always a matter of pride with him to be a man of business as well as a man of letters. The discipline of the office gave him a number of little technical habits, which he never afterwards lost. He was, for instance, much of a formalist in the folding and disposal of papers. The writer of this narrative recollects folding a paper in a wrong fashion in his presence, when he instantly undid it, and shewed, with a schoolmasterlike nicety, but with great good-humour, the proper way to perform this little piece of business.

While advancing to manhood, and during its first few years, Scott, besides keeping up his desultory system of reading, attended the meetings of a literary society composed of such youths as himself. A selection of these and of his early schoolfellows, became his ordinary companions. Amongst them was Adam Ferguson, son of the well-known professor of that name; another was William Clerk, son of Mr Clerk of Eldin, and afterwards a member of the Scottish bar. It was the pleasure of this group of young men to take frequent rambles in the country, visiting any ancient castle or other remarkable object within their reach. Scott, notwithstanding his limp, walked as stoutly, and sustained fatigue as well, as any of them. Sometimes they would, according to the general habits of those days, resort to taverns for oysters and punch. Scott entered into such indulgences without losing self-control; but he lived to think this ill-spent time. As to other follies equally besetting to youth, it is admitted by all his early friends that he was in a singular degree pure and blameless. His genial good-humour made him a favourite with his young friends, and they could not deny his possessing much out-of-the-way knowledge; yet it does not appear that they saw in him any intellectual superiority, or reason to expect the brilliant destiny which awaited him. The tendency of all testimony from those who knew him at this time is rather to set him down as one from whom nothing extraordinary was to be looked for in mature manhood.

We can easily see the grounds of this opinion. Scott had not been a good scholar. He shewed none of the peculiarities of the young sonneteer, for poetry was not yet developed in his nature. Any advantage he possessed over others of his own standing lay

in a kind of learning which seemed useless. It is not, then, surprising that he ranked only with ordinary youths, or perhaps a little below them. It is asserted, however, by James Ballantyne, that there was a certain firmness of understanding in Scott, which enabled him to acquire an ascendency over some of his companions; giving him the power of allaying their quarrels by a few words, and disposing them to submit to him on many other occasions. Still, this must have looked like a quality of the common world, and especially unconnected with literary genius.

When Scott's apprenticeship expired, the father was willing to introduce him at once into a business which would have yielded a tolerable income; but the youth, stirred by ambition, preferred advancing to the bar, for which his service in a writer's office was the reverse of a disqualification. Having therefore passed through the usual studies, he was admitted of the Faculty of Advocates, July 1792. This is a profession in which a young man usually spends a few years to little purpose, unless peculiar advantages in the way of patronage help him on. Scott does not appear to have done more for some sessions than pass creditably enough through certain routine duties which his father and others imposed upon him, and for which only moderate remuneration was made. He wanted the ready fluent address which is required for pleading, and his knowledge of law was not such as to attract business to him as a consulting counsel. While lingering out the first few idle years of professional life, he studied the German language and some of its modern writers. He also continued the same kind of antiquarian reading for which he had already become remarkable. Amongst other things giving a character to his mind, were certain annual journeys he made into the pastoral district of Liddesdale, where the castles of the old Border chiefs, and the legends of their exploits, were still rife. On these occasions, he was accompanied by an intelligent friend, Mr Robert Shortreed, long after sheriff-substitute at Jedburgh. No inns, and hardly any roads, were then in Liddesdale. The farmers were a simple race, knowing nothing of the outward world. So much was this the case, that one honest fellow, at whose house the travellers alighted to spend a night, was actually frightened at the idea of meeting an Edinburgh advocate. Willie o' Milburn, as this hero was called, at length took a careful survey of Scott round a corner of the stable, and getting somewhat reassured from the sight, said to Mr Shortreed: 'Weel, de'il ha'e me if I's be a bit feared for him now; he's just a chield like ourselves, I think.' On these excursions, Scott took down from old people anecdotes of the old rough times, and copies of the ballads in which the adventures of the Elliots and Armstrongs were recorded. Thus were laid the foundations of the collection which became in time the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. The friendship of Mr Edmonstone of Newton led him, in like manner, to visit those districts of Stirlingshire and lower

Perthshire where he afterwards localised his *Lady of the Lake.* There he learned much of the more recent rough times of the Highlands, and even conversed with one gentleman who had had to do with Rob Roy. These things constituted the real education of Scott's mind, as far as his character as a literary man is concerned.

Overlooking some boyish efforts in verse, which he had long forgotten, Scott could not be said to have as yet attempted the vocation of a poet. He must be considered as somewhat singular in the tuneful list, as having written no poetry worthy of the name before his twenty-fifth year. The cause of this undoubtedly lay in the preponderance which circumstances had hitherto given to other portions of his well-poised character, his anxiety to be a successful man of business, and a respected man of the world. It becomes, however, the more wonderful, as Scott, from early youth, had entertained a zealous affection for a young lady somewhat above his own rank in life, and who was well qualified to inspire a sonnet. At length, in 1796, the hearing a translation of Bürger's ballad of *Lenore* roused him to a similar attempt, and he produced in one night a most spirited version of this remarkable production. It was appreciated highly by a few persons of sensibility, among whom was Jane Anne Cranstoun, afterwards Countess Purgstall. In October of the above-named year, he was induced to venture into print with his translation of *Lenore*, joined to that of another of Bürger's ballads, *The Wild Huntsman;* but the little volume entirely failed to attract public attention.

From his earliest thinking years, Scott had been of Tory leanings. Montrose, Claverhouse, and the heroes of the '15 and '45, were his favourites in Scottish history, by reason of the romantic circumstances with which they were connected. More retrospective at all times than prospective, he partook deeply in the zeal with which liberal politics were now discouraged in Britain. In April 1794—the time when Robespierre was at his zenith in France—some Irish students produced a riot in the Edinburgh theatre by calling for revolutionary tunes. Scott and some other young zealots of the opposite side distinguished themselves much in the tumult; he himself was bound over to keep the peace, with three broken heads laid to his especial charge. In the early part of 1797, we find him exhibiting his political sentiments in a more laudable manner, by joining a troop of volunteer cavalry as their quarter-master, and writing a war-song for them. In the drills and other doings of this corps, he displayed an ardour which lay deep in his nature, and which had a strong affinity for military affairs. But the affair told in no discernible way on his future life. He was about this time subjected to a severe trial of spirit by the marriage of his mistress to a more fortunate lover. Even thirty years afterwards, he could not set down a few words about this lady in his journal without some agitation. His disappointment, by perhaps a natural reaction of feeling, led soon after to a change in his condition. Spending a few idle days at Gilsland

Wells in Cumberland, he chanced there to meet a young French emigrée lady of English extraction, named Charlotte Carpenter. Possessing beauty and some little fortune, she suited Scott both as a poet and a man of the world, and little more than two months from the commencement of their acquaintance, they were united at Carlisle. He now commenced housekeeping in Edinburgh, where he had hitherto lived in his father's house.

We now see Scott as a young married man, spending the winter in the bosom of a frugal but elegant society in Edinburgh, and the summer months in a retired cottage on the beautiful banks of the Esk at Lasswade; cultivating, as before, literary tastes, and storing his mind with his favourite kind of learning, but not as yet conscious of his active literary powers, or thinking of aught but the duties of his profession and the claims of his little family. Simple and manly in habits, good-humoured, and averse to disputation, full of delightful information, kind and obliging to all who came near him, yet possessed of a rectitude and solidity of understanding which never allowed him to be the fool of any of his feelings, it is no wonder that Walter Scott was a general favourite, or that he attracted the regard of several persons of rank, as the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Melville, and others. It was through the kindness of the first of these noblemen that, in 1799, he obtained the appointment of sheriff of Selkirkshire, an office of light duty, with a salary of £300 per annum. Though anxious to attain professional reputation, to which literary notoriety is supposed to be adverse, he could not altogether refrain from the poetical exercises in which he had already broken ground. We therefore find him at this time translating and publishing a version of Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*, a drama of such a romantic cast as harmonised entirely with his peculiar taste. He also was induced, by Mr M. G. Lewis, the well-known author of *The Monk*, to write two or three ballads on supernatural themes for a collection which was to be entitled *Tales of Wonder*. *Goetz* appeared in February 1799, but met the fate of the former publication. When the *Tales of Wonder* came out, Scott's ballads, though unfortunate in their association, obtained some praise, yet, on the whole, might also be considered as a failure. These would have been disappointments to a man who had set his heart on literary reputation. To Scott, who was at all periods of his career humble-minded about his literary efforts, they were nothing of the kind. In this respect he was a pattern to all authors, present and to come.

The circumstances seem to have been almost accidental which led him to make his first serious adventure in the literary world. His schoolfellow, James Ballantyne, was now settled at Kelso in the management of a weekly newspaper. Merely to give employment to his friend's types during the intervals of their ordinary use, Scott proposed to print a small collection of the old ballads which for some years he had been collecting on the Border. When the design

was formed, he set about preparing the work, for which he soon obtained some assistance from Richard Heber and John Leyden—the former an Englishman of fortune, and an enthusiastic collector of books; the latter a Scottish peasant's son, who had studied for the church, and become a marvel of learning, especially in languages and antiquities. The *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* thus grew upon his hands, until it became such an assemblage of ballads, ancient and modern, and of historical annotation, as could only be contained in three octavo volumes. The first two made their appearance in January 1802, and met a favourable reception. Many of the ballads were entirely new to the world; even those which had been published before, here appeared in superior versions. Industry in the collection of copies, and taste in the selection of readings, had enabled the editor to present this branch of popular literature with attractions it never possessed before; while the graceful and intelligent prose interspersed throughout, rich with curious learning, and enlivened by many a pleasant traditionary anecdote, served to constitute the whole as a most agreeable mélange. The work gave Scott at once a respectable place in the literary republic, more indeed as an editor than as an author, though one would suppose few could be altogether insensible to the spirit and graphic power displayed in the ballads of his own composition.

The public generally, and the booksellers in particular, were agreeably surprised to find the *Minstrelsy*, while bearing the unwonted imprint of 'Kelso,' a marvel of beautiful typography; a circumstance owing to the good taste of James Ballantyne, and which was of some avail in increasing the popularity of the work. It appears that Scott, besides some gains from the first edition, obtained soon after £500 for the copyright.

About this time he inherited between five and six thousand pounds from a paternal uncle. This, with his share of his deceased father's property, his sheriffship, and his wife's allowance from her brother, now advancing to fortune in India, made his income altogether about a thousand a year. He had been ten years at the bar with little success; his gains seldom reaching two hundred a year, and these from the merest drudgeries of the profession. It began, therefore, to appear to him that, in as far as any further income might be required to support his station in life, and advance the prospects of his children, it would be well to look for it rather to some post in the Court of Session, such as one of the principal clerkships, than to practice as a barrister. Assured in the meantime against want, and trusting to such a prospect being realisable by his friends the Buccleuchs and Melvilles, he gradually became disposed to give more of his regards to literature. As to income from this source, he had little hope or faith. Literary research and composition were as yet their own reward with him; if any more solid remuneration accrued, he was happy to receive it; but he would not depend on

such gains. Let literature, he said, be at the utmost a staff—not a crutch. It was natural for a prudent man of the world to form these ideas at that time, when literary biography was little besides a record of privation and sorrow. But it would have, nevertheless, been well for Scott if he had been content with his secured income, and the prospect of only such contingent additions to it as a fixed post or the profits of literature might hold out. To his over-anxious mind, when the temptation came, it appeared different, as we shall presently see.

It was about the time when the *Minstrelsy* was issuing from the press, that Scott was asked by the lovely and amiable Countess of Dalkeith to write a ballad upon a traditionary goblin story respecting the Buccleuch family. He commenced such a composition accordingly, adopting for its measure that of a recent poem of Coleridge; but it grew upon his hands far beyond ballad size. It became, in short, a long romantic narrative, divided into cantos, and *set* in a subordinate narrative, wherein the author represented it as a recitation by the last survivor of the fraternity of minstrels. This was published in January 1805, as *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and at once placed Scott in the first rank as an original poet, besides determining his fate as henceforth chiefly that of a man of letters. Immediately on the first edition proving successful, the publishers gave £600 for the copyright.

Before this time, Mr Ballantyne had set up a printing-office in Edinburgh, partly by the assistance of a loan from his old friend. Getting rapidly into a considerable business, which his skill and taste amply justified, he came to require additional capital, and Scott at length agreed to advance the needful sum, on condition of his being made a partner, but a secret one, in the concern. His dread of dependence on literary gains seems to have blinded him to the fact, that mercantile gains are also precarious, and usually attended by risks.

By the interest of his titled friends, he soon after obtained an appointment to the duties of a clerkship in the Court of Session; the salary, however, which afterwards was fixed at £1300 a year, was not to be realised till the death of a superannuated predecessor in office, and, in fact, Scott touched nothing of it till 1812. With such an addition to his solid prospects, one cannot but wonder at the eagerness and assiduity with which he commenced and pursued literary labours of a severely tasking kind; such as an edition of the works of Dryden, a publication of Sadler's State Papers, and a reprint of Somers's collection of Tracts. It seems as if a naturally ambitious and ardent spirit had at length found a vent for its energies, and felt a self-rewarding pleasure in their exercise. At the same time, he gave much of his time to volunteer soldiering, to politics, and to the affairs of literary men less fortunate than himself. The recollections of his friends present a charming picture of his

ordinary life at his summer retreat of Ashestiel on the Tweed, where he had found it necessary to establish himself on account of his duties as sheriff of Selkirkshire. His household, enlivened by four healthy children, and superintended by Mrs Scott, was marked by simple elegance. On Sundays, being far from church, he read prayers and a sermon to his family; then, if the weather was good, he would walk with them, servants and all, to some favourite spot at a convenient distance, and dine with them in the open air. Frequent excursions on horseback, and coursing matches, varied the tenor of common domestic life. Friends coming to pay visits found him in constant good-humour, and at all times willing to introduce them to the fine scenery and interesting antiquities of the district. In the evenings, his conversation, in which stories and anecdotes formed a large part, was a sure resource against ennui. As a husband and father, he was most kind and indulgent. His children had access to his room at all times; and when they came—unconscious of the nature of his studies—and asked for a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a tale or a ballad, kiss them, and then set them down again to their sports, never apparently feeling the least annoyance at the interruption. His dogs, of which he always had two or three, were even more privileged, for he kept his window open in nearly all weathers, that they might leap out and in as they pleased. These were the happiest days of Scott's life, when as yet in the enjoyment of full vigour of body and mind, rather acquiring than reposing upon fame, and unembarrassed by possessions and dignities which afterwards made his position false and dangerous. He occasionally visited London, and allowed himself to go through that kind of exhibition called *lionising*, to which everything famous or even notorious is liable to be subjected in the metropolis; but he never was in the slightest degree spoiled by such idolatry. He fully shewed that he estimated it at its real worth, and, after good-naturedly submitting to it, could laugh at its absurdity. It is less pleasant to record a change in his arrangements for study which took place about this time. Finding the day apt to be broken in upon by little duties and by visitors, he adopted the habit of rising and commencing his literary toils at six in the morning, usually finishing them at twelve, after the interruption of breakfast at ten. His biographer, Mr Lockhart, tells us how careful he was to dress neatly before sitting down, but he says nothing of his preparing for the duty before him by taking food. We have come to understand such things better now, and can easily see what fatal effects might arise in a few years from a habit of performing the principal duties of life with an exhausted system.

The year 1808 saw his poetical reputation brought to its zenith by the publication of the admirable romantic tale of *Marmion*, for which, to the astonishment of the public, Mr Constable undertook beforehand to pay a thousand guineas. Not long after, his zeal in

Tory politics, or, as he thought it, solicitude for the honour and safety of his country, then harassed by the Bonaparte wars, led to his quarrelling with this eminent publisher, and to his taking an interest in the establishment of the *Quarterly*, as an opposition to the *Edinburgh Review*. It would have been well if he had stopped here; but the same feelings, helped, perhaps, by that trafficking spirit which had entered into him since he lost hopes at the bar, induced the false step of his setting up a publishing-house in Edinburgh, under the *firm* of John Ballantyne and Company, the ostensible manager being a younger brother of the printer, a clever comical being, not overstocked with worldly prudence, and possessed of few qualifications for business beyond a knowledge of accounts.

From this house issued, in May 1810, his most pleasing poem, the *Lady of the Lake*, which experienced even greater popularity than either of its two predecessors, and might, if anything could, have made its author a vain man. In this and his two preceding poems, the chief charm lay in the vividness with which the author brought the past before the minds of his readers. He gave the grace, the dignity, the gallantry of old times, free from all their rudeness and grossness. All was done, too, in such an easy and fluent style, that the reader was never wearied. The singular fascination of these writings shewed itself in numberless ways; for one thing, there was a rush of tourists to the scene of the *Lady of the Lake*, so great, as to produce a marked rise of the amount of post-horse duty raised in Scotland. Scott's own firm, in connection with another, undertook to pay two thousand guineas for the *Lady of the Lake*, a fact in authorship at that time without anything approaching to a parallel. Meanwhile, he was urging into print, as a publisher, an *Annual Register* (to commence with the year 1808); an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, under the care of a drudging German of the name of Weber; a huge quarto, under the title of *Tixall Poetry;* an edition of Defoe's novels; the *Secret Memoirs of the Court of James I.;* and some other books agreeable to his own taste, but hardly to that of the public. These huge indigestible masses of paper and print had brought his outlay in the printing and publishing concerns up to £9000 before the end of this year. Scarcely ever did the most thoughtless of the tuneful tribe make a more unfortunate adventure than this publishing affair was destined to prove itself. If Scott had instituted some safe and modest copartnery, to give himself the publishing profits of his own writings, diminished only by expenses and the small profits due to his acting associates, he would have been doing what perhaps it will yet be seen all authors of decided popularity may rightly do. But he had an antiquarian taste, and a disposition to over-estimate all literary productions save his own—he indulged these tendencies in his firm of John Ballantyne and Company, and unavoidably became a great loser. Before it was fully seen that such was to be his fate as a

man of business—namely, in the summer of 1811—he had thought so well of his means and prospects—the clerkship salary being now on the eve of realisation—as to resolve on purchasing a hundred acres of land on Tweedside, in order to build a cottage residence for himself, and this notwithstanding that the £4000 requisite in the very first place had to be borrowed, the one half as a permanent burden on the property. Such was the origin of his estate of Abbotsford, where ultimately he reared a castle. The purchase would have been perfectly a right one, if he had not involved his superfluous fortune in business: as things actually stood, it was only preparing for himself needless embarrassments.

His removal to the little estate which he had purchased took place in May 1812, and he soon became involved in the pleasant but costly labours attendant on building, planting, and what is called *making a place*. At the same time, besides attending to other literary avocations, he was composing a fourth romance in verse, which appeared just before the close of the year under the title of *Rokeby*, but in point of popularity proved a comparative failure. Ere this time, the concerns of John Ballantyne and Company were seriously embarrassed, insomuch that Scott was glad to accept of a little credit from his friend Mr Morritt of Rokeby Park. The difficulties had only increased during the early months of 1813, and it then became necessary for those who had begun in rivalry to Mr Constable, to resort to that publisher for his friendly aid. To give an idea of the fatality of the whole adventure, it appears that the single publication of *Tixall Poetry*, which proved a dead failure, involved an outlay of £2500, while the *Edinburgh Annual Register* was attended by an annual loss of £1000. At the same time, all the parties concerned were living in a style rather suited to their hopes than to their realised profits. To sustain so severe a drainage, the private fortune of Scott, and even his unprecedented literary gains, were inadequate. Fortunately, the hope of regaining the author of *Marmion* as an adherent of his house, induced Mr Constable to grant relief to some extent by the purchase of stock, trusting that the rival house would as soon as possible be extinguished. The Duke of Buccleuch also extended the favour of his credit for the sum of £4000, by means of which, and of further sales of stock to other publishers, the principal difficulties were passed, though not without the most serious vexation to Scott for the greater part of a year. In the midst of his worst perplexities, he resigned an offer of the laureateship to Mr Southey, and was liberal as usual to unfortunate men of letters, sending, for one thing, fifty pounds to Mr Maturin, the Irish novelist.

Scott had, so early as 1805, commenced a prose fiction on the manners of the Highlanders, which he designated *Waverley, or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since*. Discouraged by the unfavourable opinion of his friends regarding the first few chapters, he threw aside the

manuscript, which lay accordingly unthought of in an old desk for nine years. Happening to find it while rummaging for fishing-tackle, he bethought him of completing the story, and seriously trying his fortune in a new walk of literature. Three weeks of June 1814 enabled him to add the second and third volumes, and the tale appeared anonymously in the ensuing month. The public almost immediately appreciated its merits, and the first edition of a thousand copies meeting with a quick sale, was speedily followed by a second and a third. The lifelike representation here given of times not too remote for sympathy, and yet sufficiently so in character to tell as eminently romantic, joined to the wonderful ease, spirit, and mingled humour and pathos of the narrative, gave *Waverley* at once a place far above all contemporary novels, and awakened great curiosity regarding the unknown author. Always unconcerned about the fate of his works, Scott immediately set out on a six weeks' yachting excursion round the north of Scotland, with hardly a chance of hearing news from the world of letters during that time; and when he came back, he found himself famous in a new and impersonal capacity. Many reflecting persons were at no loss to see that only the same mind which had reproduced the times of the Jameses in *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, could have resuscitated the court and camp of the Chevalier in 1745; but with the mass of the public the mystery was successful. Some thought it most likely that Scott's brother, Thomas, had produced this romance; there were even some who attributed it to Mr Jeffrey. Of Thomas he had himself so high an opinion, that he about this time offered him money from his own pocket for any novel he might produce. But the opinion of Walter Scott regarding the literary powers of his contemporaries was of absolutely not the least value, in consequence of the peculiar generosity of his nature. Thomas Scott and many others whom he stimulated, and helped to become authors, were in the eyes of the world very ordinary persons, and can only be remembered because they were the objects of this great man's love and esteem.

The success of *Waverley*, and the necessity of money to relieve the Ballantyne concern, quickly urged Scott to a new effort in the same walk. During the short vacation at the Christmas of this year (1814), he produced his tale of *Guy Mannering*, which, being published in the ensuing February, was received with transports of delight (more sober language would be quite inappropriate) by both the Scottish and English public. The author had, only a month before, brought out his last great poem, *The Lord of the Isles*, which met with a reception so cool as to convince him that he must now resign the top of the poetical walk to his young rival, Lord Byron. He heard the report of the public decision on this point from James Ballantyne, was disconcerted for a few minutes, and then, recovering his usual spirits, tranquilly resumed the writing

of his novel. How much it would tell to the happiness of literary men in general, if they had but a tithe of the equanimity of Scott about the success of their exertions! In the summer of this memorable year he visited the field of Waterloo, and wrote on that subject a descriptive work, entitled *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, and also a poem, which proved a failure in respect of popular approbation. The results of these various labours, with his professional income, not only set him free of the immediate pressure of the publishing encumbrances, but enabled him to add somewhat to his domains on Tweedside. This year was also memorable to him as that which introduced him to the personal notice of the Prince Regent, who, after greatly enjoying his society at Carlton House, sent him a present of a gold snuff-box set in brilliants.

Scott was now at ease in his circumstances. His ordinary and assured income sufficed for any domestic expenditure he chose to indulge in; the recent embarrassments were at an end; and he might calculate on easily adding a few occasional thousands, for the sake of posterity, by no very great exertion of his ever-fertile brain. But who of mortal mould can ever say 'enough?' especially when the temptation of great facility in acquiring is before him. For Scott at this time to grow from the idea of a cottage retreat in the country, to that of a little lairdship and a good sort of mansion, was certainly very natural, when he found that the work of little more than a month at any time could secure him enough of money to buy from fifty to a hundred acres of ground. It was the more so in his case, as his education, and the original bent of his own feelings, alike tended to create in him a veneration for the possession of land. Add to this, that he had a taste for planting and decoration, and felt a genial joy in being bread-giver to a retinue of that kindly peasantry whose virtues he has himself depicted in such lively colours. Of vulgar ambition for wealth and state, there was in Scott not one particle: to be a chief of the soil and its people, and contemplate his children as succeeding him in the same character, was only, with him, to realise, or set forth in substance, one of the poetical dreams which haunted his mind. It is therefore not surprising at this period to find him far from being disposed to suspend his energies, even although he might have done so under the excuse of somewhat broken health, for he now had frequent visits of stomach-cramp—in no small degree a consequence of some of his literary habits.

The spring of 1816 saw the public in possession of his novel of *The Antiquary*, perhaps, of all his works, the one in which there is most of the current matter of his own mind. It was scarcely published before he had designed his *Tales of My Landlord*, the first series of which came out, as by a new author, in December, and was at once hailed with all the applause accorded to its predecessors, and set down as another offshoot of the same tree. Early in 1817

appeared *Harold the Dauntless*, which, not bearing his name, and being even a greater failure than any of his recent poems, formed the last of that class of his publications. The public might now, perhaps, have had a more rapid succession of novels from his pen, if he had not thought proper to write the historical part of his *Annual Register*, in a vain hope to float that unfortunate work into popularity. As it was, he produced this year his novel of *Rob Roy*, which came out at New Year 1818, and experienced a brilliant reception. So great was his sense of the encouragement extended to these novels, that in 1817 he made purchase of an addition to his property, involving an outlay of no less than £10,000. Just to shew, however, how much generosity towards others was mixed with the no way mean ambition of Scott, his prime object here was to secure a residence for his old school-friend, Adam Ferguson, and his sisters, whom he was eager to plant near his own fireside. On his concluding a rather hasty bargain for this estate, Ferguson expressed his surprise and concern at seeing him exert so little pains to cheapen it. 'Never say a word about it,' said Scott; 'it will just answer you and the ladies exactly; and it's only scribbling a little more nonsense some of these mornings, to pay anything it costs me more than enough.' From calculations of this kind, Scott is understood to have bought nearly the whole of his landed property at a very large percentage above its actual value.

From this time till the close of 1825—a space of eight years—prosperity reigned unchecked over the life of Scott. His novels of *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Legend of Montrose*, *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, *The Abbot*, *The Pirate*, *Kenilworth*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, *St Ronan's Well*, *Redgauntlet*, and the *Tales of the Crusaders*, streamed from his pen with a rapidity as wonderful as their general merits were great. The public read with delight, and Scott was happy to pipe to a dance which led to such solid results for his own benefit. Generally, the first burst of sale called for ten thousand copies, after which the books continued to go off in large numbers in handsome collective reprints. It is odd after all, since Scott had shewed a desire to increase his gains by being his own printer and publisher, that he gave these books to be published by Constable, or whatever other person, on the principle of a division of the profits—a plan far too favourable to the tradesman, considering that the works were sure to sell with little aid from that quarter. A more grasping author would have given them to be published on commission, and thus realised the whole profit excepting a fraction. The only deduction he made from this liberality to the actual publisher consisted in its being a point with him that the Ballantynes should have a share of that portion of the profits—a mere grace on his part towards men for whom he entertained a friendship. In 1819, Messrs Constable and Company agreed to give him, for the

copyright of the novels published up to that time, and certain shares of poetical copyrights, the sum of £12,000. Two years later, the same booksellers purchased for £5000 the copyright of four succeeding novels—little more than a year's work—from which the author had already drawn £10,000. After another similar interval, the author received five thousand guineas for other four novels, which likewise had previously yielded him half profits. Scott spoke of these sums with triumph and pleasure, as wonderful prices for what he was pleased to call his *yeld kye*—that is, cows which have ceased to give milk. Such a matter of successful authorship was a surprising novelty in its day. Nor was the author alone blessed by the pecuniary productiveness of the Waverley Novels. We find the Edinburgh theatrical manager realising £3000 by the brilliant run of the drama formed from *Rob Roy*. A painter gets £300 for sketches to illustrate a section of the tales. If we reflect on the facility with which Scott could write these novels—devoting to them merely the mornings of a life full of other business and of amusement—we can hardly be surprised to learn that he thought nothing of entering into engagements with Constable and Company for producing four novels, not one line of which had then been written, nor even the leading theme determined on. Nor was it wonderful that he should have gradually been tempted to build additions to his house on Tweedside till it became the architectural romance which it now is, and fitted to receive and entertain a large assortment of company. Scott was social and good-natured; to see him and his mansion was an object of ambition to half the public, including the highest persons in the land. He was thus led, during the seven months of the year which he spent in the country, to be the host of so many persons of every kind, that his wife spoke of the house as a hotel in all but the name. Not that he would have voluntarily indulged in any undue expense on this account, if he had been in limited circumstances; but believing himself to be able to afford it, benevolence gave her irresistible dictate that he should thus make himself the servant of the public, even at the expense of much personal inconvenience to himself and his family. It is stated in Mr Lockhart's biography that sixteen uninvited parties came in one day to Abbotsford. These would pass quickly away; but fashionable tourists, some of them of high rank, came in scarcely smaller shoals, to stay one or two days. A lady reports to us, from the conversation of Miss Anne Scott, the younger daughter of Sir Walter, that on one occasion there were *thirteen ladies'-maids* in the house.

In 1820, Scott was made a baronet. The honour was unsolicited, and he considered himself as accepting it, partly because it was gratifying to his family, and partly with a view to the interests of his eldest son, who had entered a hussar regiment. If he had any enjoyment of the honour in his own breast, it probably arose from no common worldly vanity, but from its touching on some string of

romantic feeling amongst those to which we owe his delightful works. Though now a *laird* and a man of title, as well as the head idol in the temple of the intellect-worshippers of his time, he was no whit different from what he had been in his younger days, when content with love and a cottage at Lasswade. His personal tastes and habits, his bearing to his friends, his familiarity with the poor and lowly, remained the same. As Wilkes is said to have never been a Wilkite, so Scott never, to any appearance, joined the opinion which the world entertained about him as an author. He spoke of his labours in this manner to Southey: 'Dallying with time—tossing my ball and driving my hoop.' Such men as Davy and Watt he considered as the true honour of his age and country. At home, in the bosom of his family, when the world would let him alone, he was the most simple and kindly of associates. As he walked about his grounds, he conversed freely and easily with his servants and the peasantry, amongst whom he was an object of the deepest reverence and affection. Often would this illustrious man work half a day at the felling of trees in his woods, beside several workmen, trying which could cut down one with the fewest blows, and laughing heartily when he was victor. He delighted to walk in the evening towards the house of an aged servant, that he might hear the psalm which the old man was raising with his wife, as they conducted their evening devotions. One of his retinue said to a visitor one day: 'Sir Walter speaks to every man as if they were blood-relations.' It was not a condescending kind of talk he indulged in with these people. He entered into their feelings and tastes, and, speaking their own homely dialect, witched them out of the idea that a master or a laird was before them.

The year 1822 was a somewhat memorable one in Scott's life, on account of the concern he had to take in the arrangements necessary on the occasion of the king's visit to Scotland. The external character of this piece of pageantry was much determined by that revival of national and medieval associations which the novels had effected. Everywhere we were reminded of the Stuarts in Holyrood, and the plaided clansmen on their mountains. Feelings due towards the romantic kings of an elder day were expended, often ludicrously, on the battered beau of Carlton House and St James's Street. Amidst the delirium of the time, the man chiefly concerned in giving it a peculiar character, moved in perfect possession of his wonderful powers of management, dictating or advising in the principal doings, and attending to the minutest details of many of them. The king afterwards expressed, both formally and in private, his deep sense of obligation to Scott for what he had done to make this visit pass off well. The affair is interesting for the proof it gives of the business genius of Scott, and his qualifications for the affairs of the world. Assuredly never was high imagination united with so many of the soberest mental qualities as in his instance.

His qualifications as a man of the world shone in various functions which he consented to assume about this time, as the presidency of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, that of an antiquarian book-printing association called the Bannatyne Club, the chairmanship of an oil-gas factory, and so forth. He had no inclination to thrust himself into such situations, but having been drawn into them, he set about the business which they involved with all the requisite zeal, and with a marvellous amount of skill, good temper, and judgment. The common-sense and sagacity which he exhibited in the performance of these duties, form, perhaps, a greater distinction between Scott and the generality of literary men than even his transcendent genius.

He had at this time, when the writer of these pages first knew him, the appearance of a respectable elderly country-gentleman. Tall, robust, and rather handsome in person, he was deformed by the shortness of his right limb, the foot of which only touched the ground at the toes, while he rocked from side to side on the support of a stout walking-cane, which he moved along with the foot, and put down at the same time. While living in town, he wore a common black suit; in the country, he had gray trousers, a short green jacket, and a white hat. The public is made familiar with his face by numberless portraits; it is only necessary to mention, that at this time it was ruddy with the glow of health, and at the same time somewhat venerable from his thin gray hair. The countenance and quick gray eye usually had a common-world expression, but of a benevolent kind. All was changed, however, when he told anything serious, or recited a piece of ballad poetry; he then seemed to become a being of a totally different grade and sphere.

It has been hinted that Scott's eldest son, Walter, had become an officer in a hussar regiment. This youth, in 1825, wedded a young heiress, Miss Jobson, much to the satisfaction of his father, who, in the marriage-contract, placed against the young lady's fortune a settlement of the estate of Abbotsford upon his son, reserving only his own liferent. He declared that he thus parted with the property of his lands with more pleasure than he ever derived from the acquisition or possession of them. He at the same time expended £3500 in purchasing a company for his son. It was now that the great poet might be considered as at the height of his fortunes. His career had hitherto been an almost uninterrupted series of prosperous and happy events; he had risen from the briefless barrister to the head of the literary world, a title, and the possession of a landed fortune, with the prospect of leaving a race of gentry to follow him. Alas! even while thus triumphantly exalted, the ground was hollow beneath his feet, and a sad prostration was approaching.

Keeping this reverse for its proper place, it is proper here to mention that the novels had fallen off somewhat in popularity since

The Monastery. The author was not made aware of this fact; but he nevertheless felt the necessity of varying his themes as much as possible, in order to preserve the public favour. Hence his shifting ground to England and France, and his attempt, in *St Ronan's Well*, to depict the society of the modern world. Latterly, he bethought him that history was a field of some promise, and he was disposed to enter it. It was now (June 1825) that Mr Constable, moved by some examples of popular publishing in London, adopted the idea that that trade had never been conducted on right principles, seeing that it sought customers only in the more affluent classes, while the masses were left to regard books as luxuries beyond their reach. He projected a periodical issue of volumes, at a comparatively low price, to consist of reprints of approved copyright works belonging to his house, mingled with original works; and claiming and obtaining the support of Scott, it was arranged that the Waverley Novels should reappear in this cheap form, alternated at starting with the volumes of a *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, to be composed for the purpose by the same author. Thus was Scott set down, in 1825, to the history of one whose career he had beheld, while it lasted, with the strongest sentiments of reprobation and hatred, feeling, as he did, that the French emperor was the public enemy of England in the first place, and all Europe in the second. It was at first intended that the work should consist of four volumes, or less than a half of what it ultimately became. Just before going seriously into his task, he paid a visit to his son in Ireland, where he was received and entertained with the greatest enthusiasm by all classes—to his own surprise, as he had regarded the Irish as not a reading people. He had not reflected that there is such a thing as lionising great authors on the strength of their fame, and without any but a superficial acquaintance, if so much, with their writings. The contrast between the elegant mansions of the gentry in which he lived, with the misery of the houses of the general population, awoke painful feelings in his mind; but upon the whole, he much enjoyed his tour in Ireland. In the latter part of this year, a second domestic change took place. His eldest daughter, Sophia, had been married in 1820 to Mr J. G. Lockhart, a young barrister, whose talents in literature have since been acknowledged by the public. Hitherto, the young couple had lived in his immediate neighbourhood, both in town and country. He delighted in the ballads which Mrs Lockhart sang to him with the accompaniment of her harp; he found Mr Lockhart a useful adviser in literary matters, and a most agreeable companion; and he felt the tenderest interest in their eldest child, called John Hugh, or, familiarly, 'Hugh Littlejohn,' whose fatal delicacy of constitution only heightened the affection he was otherwise fitted to excite. In consequence of an offer of the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, Mr Lockhart removed to London with his family, by which Scott's family circle was of course much

contracted. This, however, was but a trifling evil compared with others which were about to befall the hitherto fortunate author of *Waverley*.

The years 1824 and 1825 were distinguished by an extraordinary mania for speculation, the consequence of which was, that, towards the close of the latter year, a scarcity of money began to be generally felt. A tightening of this kind always of course tells severely upon men who have been keeping up their trade by means of fictitious bills; and of this class it now appeared were Archibald Constable and Company. The leading member of this firm had been fortunate in the proprietorship of the *Edinburgh Review*, and the publishing of many of the works of Scott. Naturally grand in his ideas, and of an aspiring temper, at the same time that he despised, and in practice wholly overlooked, common mercantile calculations, he had come to conduct business in a manner which usually leads to ruin. We have seen that the bookselling concern of Scott (John Ballantyne and Company) was indebted to him for some important assistance in enabling it to wind up; the printing concern (James Ballantyne and Company) was also indebted to him for a vast amount of business; while Scott, more personally, was so imprudent as to take bill payments from him for works as yet unwritten, that he might help out his equally imprudent purchases of land. By these means, it came about very naturally that the name of James Ballantyne and Company—that is, Sir Walter Scott—was lent to Constable and Company for the raising of large sums amongst the banks. Scott, venerating the supposed sagacity of Constable, recked not of the danger of this traffic. Constable himself, inflated with a high sense of the literary property and stock which he held, regarded himself as a rich man, notwithstanding the large borrowings to which he condescended. James Ballantyne, venerating both, easy of nature, and unprepared by education or habit to keep a rigid supervision over business matters, gave no alarm regarding the immense compromise of his own and his friend's name.

These explanations serve so far; for what more is necessary, it must, we fear, be admitted that the whole group of persons concerned in the poems and novels, including the mighty Magician himself, were naturally enough intoxicated to a certain degree by a literary success so infinitely exceeding all precedent. All of them, excepting James Ballantyne, had lived in an expensive manner. Scott himself had gone in this respect a good way beyond what prudence dictated, though it is also very certain that if his writings had been published under reasonably favourable circumstances for the realisation of profit, he might have bought land, and kept house as he did, without injury to anybody. All, moreover, had been culpably negligent about accounts and bargainings—Scott ridiculously so, to his own injury, as there appears no good reason for his dividing the six or eight thousand pounds realised by the first issues

of his novels with his booksellers, to whom a commission on sales would have been remuneration sufficient. There was, however, at that time a much more loose and heedless fashion in most business affairs than now prevails, and this requires that some allowance should be made with regard to individual cases. So it was that one of the firmest, and, generally speaking, most sagacious men of his time, discovered, in the course of January 1826, that he was involved in obligations far exceeding the extent of his whole fortune—was, in short, a ruined man.

On the 18th December 1825, fearing bad news of Constable's affairs, he says, in a diary which he kept, and surely few more touching words have ever fallen from any man's pen: 'Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth, on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest?—how live a poor indebted man, where I was once the wealthy, the honoured? I was to have gone there on Saturday, in joy and prosperity, to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things! I must get them kind masters. There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees—I hear them whining and seeking me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is what they would do could they know how things may be.'

The evil day had not yet come in all its reality. Mr Constable went to London, to endeavour to raise money on the copyrights he possessed, in order to put over the difficulties. Moderate-minded men of the present day read, as of something belonging to a different state of society, of this 'Napoleon of the realms of print' seriously expecting to raise one or two hundred thousand pounds on the pledge of his copyrights, one large section of which afterwards, at a fair auction, brought only £8500; his whole property being such as only in the long-run to pay 2s. 9d. a pound upon debts amounting to £256,000. Having utterly failed in raising money on any terms amongst those who deal in it, he induced Scott to advance him ten thousand, which the Laird of Abbotsford was only able to do by acting upon a right he had reserved in his son's marriage-contract to borrow that sum on the security of his estate, for the benefit of his younger children. And this last sacrifice for Mr Constable he

afterwards, very naturally, grudged more than all the rest. It was on the 17th of January that Scott finally ascertained the ruin of his affairs. 'It was hard, after having fought such a battle,' as he says in his diary; but he sustained the first shock with Roman firmness. His resolution was immediately taken, to accept of no grace from his creditors beyond time. 'God grant me health and strength,' he said in deep solemnity to his several friends, 'and I will yet pay every man his due.' To those marvellous powers which he had exerted for the purpose of buying land and keeping state, he trusted for the means of clearing off the tremendous encumbrance which had fallen upon him. At the same time, *state* was to be given wholly up. He resolved to sell his house in Edinburgh, and use a common lodging while obliged to attend his duties in the Court of Session. At other times he would join his family in strict retirement at Abbotsford, which obviously could have been put to no better use. There was no bravado in all this—nothing but a good, sound, honest resolution to redeem the painful obligations into which his imprudence had hurried him. In the same frame of mind, he declined many offers of money made to him by friends.

He was engaged at the time of his misfortunes in writing the *Life of Bonaparte*, taking up his new novel of *Woodstock* at intervals by way of relief. These tasks he continued with steady perseverance in the midst of all his distresses. Even on the day which brought him assurance of the grand catastrophe, he resumed in the afternoon the task which had engaged him in the morning. There was more triumph over circumstances here than might be supposed, for he had lately begun to feel the first touches of the infirmities of age—age, to which ease, not hard work, is naturally appropriate. His sleep was now less sound than it had been; his eyesight was failing; and, above all, he felt that backwardness of the intellectual power which is inseparable from years. The will, however, was green as ever, and, under the prompting of an honourable spirit, it did its work nobly. Doggedly, doggedly did this glorious old man rouse himself from his melancholy couch, and set to his task at an hour when gaiety has little more than sought his. Firmly did he keep to his desk during long hours, till he could satisfy himself that he had done his utmost. The temptations of society, the more insinuating claims of an overworked system for rest, were alike resolutely rejected. The world must ever hear with wonder, that between the third day after his bankruptcy and the fifteenth day thereafter, he had written a volume of *Woodstock*, although several of these days had been spent in comparative vacancy, to allow the imagination time for brooding. He believed that, for a bet, he could have written this volume *in ten days!* Just a fortnight after his final breach with fortune, he says in his journal: 'I have now no pecuniary provisions to embarrass me, and I think, now the shock of the discovery is past and over, I am much better off on the whole. . . . I shall be

free of a hundred petty public duties imposed on me as a man of consideration—of the expense of a great hospitality—and, what is better, of the waste of time connected with it. I have known in my day all kinds of society, and can pretty well estimate how much or how little one loses by retiring from all but that which is very intimate. . . . If I could see those about me as indifferent to the loss of rank as I am, I should be completely happy. As it is, time must salve that sore, and to time I trust it.' With such philosophy could Scott regard his reverses, even in the very crisis of their occurrence, and yet from many other passages we find a keen sensibility to the circumstances of his downfall. It was rectitude of mind, and not stoicism, which enabled him to rise above his misfortunes. Nothing, indeed, of sensibility appeared in his external demeanour, even to his children. To them, as to the world, it must have been a lost secret, but for his diary.

The obligations of James Ballantyne and Company—that is, of Sir Walter Scott—were finally ascertained to amount to £117,000, of which only £46,000 were the proper liabilities of his company.

Early in spring, the ministry made an effort to correct the unsound state of things which had led to the late fatal mania, by attempting to pass a bill for the limitation of bank circulation. It was determined to suppress all notes under five pounds. In Scotland, where there is a vast faith in the utility of one-pound bank-notes, and no other circulation is so much liked, this measure was very unpopular. By the banks, it was regarded as fraught with ruin to their interests. Scott, who had disapproved of some recent changes affecting old Scottish institutions, and whose mind, serene as it was, perhaps required some kind of vent for its own vexations, was led to take a strong, perhaps exaggerated view of this question, under which he wrote three letters, in the character of Malachi Malagrowther, originally published in a newspaper, afterwards as a pamphlet. His great humour and fund of droll anecdote gave wings to this production, and helped to rouse the Scottish people to an attitude of resistance, to which, in the long-run, the ministry gave way. The affair presented Scott in a new light—namely, as one setting himself up against authority, and appealing to popular sentiment on the adverse side. The public was somewhat surprised; the ministers, some of whom were his friends, felt hurt at opposition from such a quarter; and there was actually some dryness between him and Lord Melville for a short time. The explanation is, that Scott never was a servile friend of power, but one only as far as his view of what was good for the country led him; and there was a manliness and independence in his character which admitted of no hesitation about a course, when he saw only men on the one side, and the land of his birth on the other. It is gratifying to think that Scott lost no friendship by his conduct on this occasion, beyond a temporary coldness on the part of a few persons.

The novel of *Woodstock* came rapidly to completion, and, early in April, the first edition of it was sold in the printed sheets for £8228, in itself a proof that the author might have all along had a better market for his works if he had chosen. This was a cheering omen of what he was to do for his creditors. Removing at the close of the winter session to Abbotsford, he continued there his habits of application with unabated vigour, although, as appears from the diary, not without some battlings between duty and inclination. The daily amount of work he set to himself in the writing of Napoleon's life was four sheets of manuscript a day, making about twenty-four of the printed pages. We find him on one occasion finishing this before noon—a surprising effort, considering that reference to his authorities or materials must have often been necessary during the progress of the work. At the same time he commenced another work of fiction, a series of tales, entitled *Chronicles of the Canongate*, for he felt the one task as a relief to the other.

He now of course received no company at his rural retreat. Only a few intimate friends of his neighbourhood occasionally joined the family circle. It was a melancholy spring to one whose life in the country had hitherto been a constant holiday. To add to his griefs, the health of his wife had sunk to a low pitch. His kind-hearted Charlotte died on the 16th of May, of water in the chest, the end being somewhat accelerated by the late disasters. Scott, absent at the moment on duty in Edinburgh, quickly hurried home. The event itself, and the grief of his younger daughter on the occasion, powerfully affected him. He thus communes with himself in his journal: 'It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger—what was it, then, to the father and the husband! For myself, I scarce know how I feel—sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone. Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections.'

Allowing himself little rest for the indulgence of grief, he quickly resumed, or rather hardly interrupted, his usual employments. Between the 12th of June and the 12th of August he wrote the fourth volume of *Napoleon*, besides a portion of his novel. Thus he wrought all the summer, and part of the autumn, till it was found necessary that he should pay a visit to London and Paris, in order to consult documents necessary for *Napoleon*. This journey occupied six weeks, and perhaps was useful as a rally to his spirits. It is

hardly necessary to say that, with high and low, wherever he went, he was an object of as cordial admiration and interest as ever. The king, the Duke of Wellington, and many other eminent persons, paid him marked attentions. In France, he was treated with no less distinction. Public papers in both countries were placed at his disposal without reserve; and in London he obtained an assurance that his second son, Charles, would be employed in the diplomatic department.

The Waverley secret had of course been much blown upon, in consequence of the insolvency of the author; yet some obscurity still rested on the point. It was dispelled in February of next year, at a dinner for the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, where Scott presided; for he there gratified the audience with a distinct avowal that he was the sole author of that series of fictions. It is now known that the mystery was confided to about twenty persons, all of whom had so respected the charge, that no evidence for Scott as the author had ever come before the public.

The spring of 1827 was past, and summer had gone to June, ere Scott's great task was completed. He then finished the last volume of his *Life of Napoleon*, which he had been engaged upon for about two years, but had actually written in scarcely more than a twelvemonth of continuous time. The paper and print of the first and second editions, in nine volumes, brought the creditors £18,000—an amount of gain, in relation to amount of labour, unexampled in the history of literature, and which will probably have no parallel for ages to come. The book was unfortunate in its excessive length; and, written in such haste, it could not be expected to be very perfect, either in style or in facts. Yet it made a tolerably fair impression on the public, and it has since rather advanced than receded in public esteem. The contrast between the manner of its composition and that of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon's works, is startling. All of these narratives were the study and the production of years. It had never till now entered the head of man to think of a great historical task being executed in a twelvemonth. The last-century historians filed and polished their writings sentence by sentence—Scott did not once reperuse the matter which had flowed from his pen. And all this labour had been performed in the midst of grief and shaken health, and without interfering with official duties, one of which called for several hours a day during five months of the twelve.

Immediately on concluding *Napoleon*, he commenced another historical work, his delightful *Tales of a Grandfather;* presenting a selection of the most striking points from the Scottish chroniclers, in a style designed to suit the intelligence of his descendant, 'Hugh Littlejohn.' This he carried on alternately with his *Chronicles of the Canongate*, the first series of which appeared early in the ensuing winter, and was well, though not brilliantly received. He

underwent at this period some harassment from a Jewish London house, holding one of Constable and Company's bills for £2000. With a view to forcing payment by some means, they threatened Scott with arrest; and he actually contemplated at one moment resorting to that sanctuary (Holyrood), in which he placed his imaginary hero, Chrystal Croftangry. At length the vexation was taken off his head by Sir William Forbes, the leading member of a banking company who were amongst his chief creditors. This generous man paid the sum out of his own pocket, without letting Scott suppose but that it was arranged for by the body of creditors. It is pleasant to know that Scott unconsciously underwent several obligations of this nature on the part of other old friends. The first series of the *Tales of a Grandfather* appeared before the end of 1827, and was hailed with more rapture than any work of his for several years. This was the date of another happy circumstance of a more important kind. The copyrights of his novels and of a large proportion of his poetical writings being presented for sale by Constable and Company's creditors, a purchase of them was made for £8500, on the part of his own creditors as half-sharers, while the other half belonged to Mr Robert Cadell, a member of Constable's late house, now in business by himself. It was designed that the novels should be republished by Cadell in a comparatively cheap form, with notes and prefaces by the author, and certain trinkets of embellishment, such as—according to his own phrase—elderly beauties are supposed to require. It was hoped that the share of profits due to his creditors would tell materially to the reduction of the debts; and this hope was more than realised. Meanwhile, a first dividend was paid to these gentlemen from the aggregate gains of Scott's pen during the two past years, amounting very nearly to the unheard-of sum of £40,000. Such were the first-fruits of that hardy industry which he had determined to exert for the redemption of his credit and good name.

Scott's conduct and demeanour towards his old associates in business affairs becomes a matter of some importance, as it too often happens that commercial adversity introduces wrath into such fraternities. It is pleasant to relate, that even towards Mr Constable, who had been the cause of so much loss, he maintained a friendly bearing. He did not, indeed, shut his eyes to the new view he had obtained of Mr Constable's character as a man of business; but though he could trust no longer, he was far from hardening his heart. One thing he felt sorely—his last advance for Constable when in the jaws of ruin. Nor was it a soothing circumstance that the bookseller had endeavoured to get his credit for £20,000 more, which would have only been an additional loss at the speedy and inevitable day of reckoning. Still, he was willing to regard all this as only the effect of sanguine calculations; and accordingly all his expressions regarding the fallen publisher, both in his diary and his

letters, are of a mild and even kindly tenor. Mr Cadell, on the other hand, had secured Sir Walter's esteem and confidence by an honest warning which he gave as to the above £20,000. From the first, he determined to befriend this member of the late house in preference to the other. With regard to James Ballantyne, Scott told him, on the very day when ruin was declared, that he would never forsake him. Mr Ballantyne now conducted business on his own account, and was honoured with the steady friendship and patronage of his old schoolfellow, as of yore.

On the other hand, the conduct of Scott's immediate dependents had been highly creditable. Deeply attached, in consequence of his long-enduring kindness, all were anxious to remain, if possible, about his person. His butler, Dalgleish, said he would take any or no wages, but go he would not. His coachman, Peter Matheson, went to work with his horses at the plough, glad to the core that he was allowed to remain at Abbotsford on such terms.

The spring of 1828 gave the world *The Fair Maid of Perth*, his last popular novel. He then indulged in a little relaxation, by spending a few weeks in London, in the enjoyment of Mr and Mrs Lockhart's society, as well as that of many attached friends. We have at this time a valuable addition to that testimony to his temper which the second last paragraph affords. He had some years before engaged his credit for £1200 in favour of his friend Daniel Terry the actor, who was then undertaking the management of the Adelphi Theatre. Being now informed of the ruin of Mr Terry's affairs, he wrote him a letter, in which the following passage occurs: 'For my part, I feel as little title, as God knows I have the wish, to make any reflections on the matter, beyond the most sincere regret on your own account. The sum for which I stand noted in the schedule is of no consequence in the now more favourable condition of my affairs. . . . I told your solicitor that I desired he would consider me as a friend of yours, desirous to take, as a creditor, the measures which seemed best to forward your interest.' These are precious things to put into a biography; but they do not exhaust the list. Even while drudging so hard for the means of diminishing his own encumbrances, he is found pretty frequently composing and giving away a paper for the benefit of some unfortunate man of letters, little regarding, perhaps, the strict merits of the object of his bounty. One of the most remarkable of these benefactions consisted in his allowing the publication of two religious discourses for the benefit of a young man endeared to him by misfortune as well as merit. This publication yielded £250, a sum which few other literary men would allow to pass from their own pockets in such a manner.

A great part of his time was now taken up with the new writing connected with the popular edition of his works; yet before the end of 1828 he had advanced a good way with a new novel, the ground of which he laid in Switzerland, notwithstanding his being acquainted

with the scenery of that country only by description and engravings. His mind was now in a more cheerful mood regarding his affairs than it had been since the dreadful January 1826; and if he had been free of various ailments, inclusive of rheumatism, caught from a damp bed in France, he might have enjoyed his life in the country almost as heartily as ever. Suffer as he might, perseverance at his desk was a fixed principle with him. Of this we have a striking trait in his finishing *Anne of Geierstein* before breakfast one morning, and commencing, as soon as the meal was over, a new work, a *History of Scotland*, for Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. The prospectus of what he called his *opus magnum*—namely, the re-issue of the Waverley Novels—came out in February 1829, and was so well received that an edition of 10,000 seemed the least he could throw off, a number which in those days appeared immense. When the book was published, it was quickly found that this edition would be quite insufficient to supply the public demand. In short, the sale of the early volumes was not under 35,000. This was of course magnificent success, and afforded the prognostic of a much quicker and more easy settlement of the debts than had been anticipated. The volumes were sold at five shillings. It was easy to see that, when a certain section of the public had been supplied at that rate, a still cheaper edition might be issued with benefit to all concerned. Thus it might be hoped that Sir Walter would in time rest a free man, with little help from his own immediate exertions. His heart rebounded at the prospect; and he even glanced at the possibility of adding to his son's estate before he died. The public, too, had their visions on the subject, and, under the idea that his embarrassments were, comparatively speaking, at an end, the old stream of tourists and friend-visitors began once more to pour into Abbotsford. The only drawback was in the infirm and failing health.

In February 1830, he experienced the first decidedly bad symptom, in an attack of an apoplectic nature, which caused him to fall speechless and insensible on the floor. This, it seems, was a hereditary affection in his family, and it therefore gave him the greater apprehension, though his physicians were of opinion that the attack proceeded from the stomach. On still went the pen of the ready-writer, now engaged on a volume of *Demonology* for Murray's *Family Library*. To obtain even more time for literary taskwork, he now resigned his clerkship on a retiring allowance of £800 a year, and went to fix himself at Abbotsford as a permanent residence. It was an injudicious step, as it deprived him of the society of most of his old friends, and threw him more and more upon that taskwork which had already been prosecuted only too zealously. His friends, Cadell and Ballantyne, were now sensible that he had carried his zeal for the discharge of his debts too far, and would have fain restricted him to lighter duty; but it was difficult to deal with a mind acting under such powerful impulses. Greatly against their wishes, he

commenced a new novel, styled *Count Robert of Paris*, which, when it appeared, shewed very clearly how glory had departed from him. He also embroiled his mind in the politics of the crisis then passing, and wrote a long pamphlet against the reforming measures of the day, which afterwards he was induced to suppress. The exaggerated view which he took of the reform cause is a painful chapter in his history, not merely as shewing him unusually ill informed and weak of judgment on passing events, but because it gave a needless addition to anxieties of a real kind which were now pressing severely on the springs of life. Amidst the vexations arising to him from public affairs, one ray of pleasure visited him when his creditors (December 1830) presented him with his library, furniture, plate, and articles of virtù, considered as equivalent to £10,000, thus enabling him to make a provision for the younger branches of his family. These gentlemen were led to this act of generosity by their sense of his unparalleled exertions in their behalf. Their claims against Scott had now been reduced to £54,000, and as he had insured £22,000 upon his life in their favour, and the Waverley Novels were continuing to produce large returns, all doubt of the ultimate discharge of the claims had ceased. About this time, the honour of being made a member of the Privy Council was offered to him, but peremptorily declined, as unsuitable to his circumstances.

In November of the past year, Scott had had another slight stroke of apoplexy. He lived in the most sparing manner, yet this did not prevent a distinct paralytic affection befalling him in April 1831. From this he recovered, by the care of a good surgeon, in a few days, and was then placed, by way of caution, upon extremely low diet, which, however, he did not always adhere to. He was now extremely infirm in walking, and, from heedlessness, often tumbled over articles of furniture or other impediments. The desire to be writing continued, nevertheless, in full vigour as a ruling passion. Here, however, he was destined to receive a shock more terrible to him than bodily illness, when his friends, Cadell and Ballantyne, felt it right to tell him that his tale of *Count Robert of Paris* was, in their opinion, an entire failure. 'The blow is a stunning one, I suppose'—thus he speaks in his diary—'for I scarcely feel it. . . . I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain. I have suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than in mind, and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can.' His friends and medical attendants strongly advised him to intermit these severe exertions, which evidently were only a gentle form of self-murder; but they preached to deaf ears. They were equally unsuccessful in their endeavours to keep him back from a county election in which he felt interested. He went—took part in the proceedings—and came to a collision with the populace, which could not but leave distressing effects on one who, on all other points, delighted to stand in kindly

relations towards the humbler classes. In the very depth of this dark crisis he began a tale, called *Castle Dangerous*, in which the failing powers of his mind became even more painfully conspicuous. He was now fully sensible that, in all probability, he had but a short time to live; but it only made him the more eager to work for the acquittance of his great obligations. So much was this the case, that, being at a country-house in Lanarkshire on a short visit, the intelligence of a friend having fallen down suddenly in a fit, from which it was not expected he would recover, caused him instantly to break up his engagement, and go home; answering to all remonstrances on the subject: 'The night cometh when no man may work.'

He was now advised to spend the ensuing winter in Italy; and the government having handsomely placed a ship at his disposal, he sailed for Naples in October, attended by his eldest son and younger daughter. He was most unwilling to leave home, but a long-entertained wish to see some of the continental countries besides France served to reconcile him to the change. The voyage was a pleasant one: he enjoyed the objects to be seen at Malta, so full of middle-age associations, and thought of fictions he could found upon them. On the 17th December, he reached Naples, where everything was done by the king and the best society of the place, including many English, to render his residence happy. His chief companion here was Sir William Gell, an invalid English gentleman, who wrote upon the antiquities of Italy, and with whom Scott at once became extremely intimate. He beheld most of the classical antiquities with indifference—saying only at Pompeii: 'The city of the dead!' —but was keenly interested in any object or document which took his mind into the middle ages. Here he actually wrote a new tale (entitled *The Siege of Malta*), and commenced a second, neither of which was deemed by his friends as fit to see the light. For some time he entertained cheerful views about his health; he was also under an impression that his debts were all discharged: it is needless to say that in both particulars he was deceived. Thus about four months rolled on. He then became anxious to return home, and, as he would not obey rule either as to writing or his diet, it was thought best to gratify him, in the hope that a more effectual control might there be exercised.

Attended by his younger son, who had been placed at Naples as an attaché to the embassy there, and by his younger daughter as before, Scott left Naples for Tweedside on the 16th of April. He paused a few weeks at Rome, chiefly to gratify his daughter with the sights, of which, however, he himself also partook, beholding, as before, the medieval antiquities with the greater share of interest. The houses occupied by the dethroned Stuarts, and their tombs in St Peter's, were objects of peculiar interest in his eyes. Here, as at Naples, he was treated by persons of the highest rank, native and

foreign, with the greatest respect. Leaving Rome on the 11th of May, he proceeded by Venice, through the Tyrol, to Frankfort, with a haste which must have been unfavourable to him, but which nothing could control. It was soon after necessary for him to have blood let by his servant Nicolson, who had been instructed for that purpose. On the 13th of June he reached London, totally exhausted. It was now evident that this illustrious man was drawing near to the end of a greater journey. He was kept three weeks in London, during which his friends saw in him but occasional gleams of sense. He never knew distinctly where he was: he knew, however, that he was not at Abbotsford, and there he yearned to be. To gratify him, he was taken to Scotland by sea, and from Edinburgh, as soon as possible, to his own house. As he approached it, he began faintly to recognise familiar objects, and by and by it was found difficult to keep him in the carriage, so greatly was he excited. At length, alighting at the porch, and seeing his steward and friend, he exclaimed: 'Ha, Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!' His dogs came about his knees, and he sobbed over them until stupor fell again upon him. He remained in the sad state to which he was now reduced for two months. Sometimes the mind cleared a little, and on one occasion he caused himself to be placed at his desk to write, where, however, the fingers failed to grasp the pen, and he sunk back weeping in his chair. More generally he was in a state of slumber. When sensible, he caused the Bible and church services to be read to him. At length, on the 21st of September, the scene was gently closed. Sir Walter died in the sixty-second year of his age. He was buried a few days after in a family sepulchre within the limits of Dryburgh Abbey.

The character of Scott has already been indicated in the tenor of his life, and it is not necessary to say much in addition. It certainly included a wonderful amount of the very noblest and most lovable of the qualities of humanity—rarely, perhaps, have so many been combined in one person. The public had a stronger sense of this in Scott's lifetime than even now, for the revelations made by Mr Lockhart and others regarding his commercial affairs have had the effect of derogating considerably from his reputation. But we venture to predict that this is only a temporary effect. It has damaged the ideal image only; it has not injured the real man. Far better, we would say, to look the actual character in the face, and judge of it from its shadows as well as its lights; then only can we truly appreciate even the worth and goodness of Scott, for then only do we see a bearer of our own nature, charged with a share of its infirmities, as well as of its glories. Admit, for instance, that he erred in his anxiety for wealth; see, on the other hand, what objects he had here in view! There was nothing sordid in this passion of his—the results were mainly used to realise a poetic dream from which others were to derive the substantial benefits. A large share

was also devoted without a grudge to solace the unfortunate. Grant, again, that he venerated rank; the feeling was essentially connected with his historic taste. He worshipped not the title or its living bearer; his idol was constituted by the romantic associations which it awoke—and thus he has been known to pay far more practical respect to a poor Highland chieftain than to a modern English peer. It may, in like manner, be admitted that his judgments on passing affairs were obsolete, and they may be excused by a similar reference to his poetic habits. It was the same romance of the brain from which we derived his novels, that misled him on these points. The gravest charge against him lies undeniably in his heedlessness regarding his affairs. Apart altogether from his accommodations to Constable and Company, he had entered deeply into a false system of credit on his own account; and while much debt was consequently hanging over him, he is found transferring the only solid security for it—his estate—to his son. This, however, should be contemplated in connection with all the circumstances which we can suppose to have justified it in his own mind. To one who was producing ten thousand a year by his pen, and who had done so for years, who, moreover, saw large possessions in his own hands, there might appear no pressing reason for looking anxiously into the accounts concerning even so large a sum of floating debt as forty-six thousand pounds; at least to one whose temperament, we now see, was sanguine and ideal as ever poet manifested, though in his case usually veiled under an air of worldly seeming. When this is considered, the weight of the charge will, we think, appear much lessened, though it cannot be altogether done away. For what remains, let us reflect on the latter days of Scott, and surely we must own that never was fault more nobly expiated, or punishment more nobly borne, than by the great Minstrel.

Since the death of Scott, the whole of his debts have been cleared off by the profits of his writings.





CANNON STREET RAILWAY STATION, CITY.—See No. 74.



Skerryvore Light-house.

WONDERS AND CURIOSITIES OF CIVIL-ENGINEERING.

THE civil-engineer is one to whom the word *impossible* is scarcely permitted. His professional duties call upon him to devise the means for surmounting obstacles of the most formidable kind. He has to work in the water, over the water, under the water; to cause streams to flow; to check them from overflowing; to raise water to a great height; to build docks and walls that will bear the dashing of waves; to convert dry land into harbours, and low-water shores into dry land; to construct light-houses on lonely rocks; to build lofty aqueducts for the conveyance of water, and viaducts for the conveyance of railway-trains; to burrow into the bowels of the earth with tunnels, shafts, pits, and mines; to span torrents and ravines with bridges; to construct chimneys that rival the loftiest spires and pyramids in height; to climb mountains with roads and railways; to sink wells to vast depths in search of water. By untiring patience, skill, energy, and invention, he produces in these several ways works which certainly rank among the marvels of human power.

LIGHT-HOUSES AND BEACONS.

Among the achievements of engineering art, none exhibit greater ingenuity or boldness of design than those erections generally placed in most perilous and difficult situations for the guidance of vessels at sea. The most ancient structure of this description which we read of was the Tower of Pharos—regarded by the ancients as one of the seven wonders of the world. It was commenced by Ptolemy the Elder, and finished some years after by himself and his son Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the year of the world 3670, on the island of Pharos in the bay of Alexandria. 'It was built,' says an ancient authority, 'on the east end of this island, upon a rock of white marble, of a large square structure, on the top of which fires were kept constantly burning for the direction of vessels. It was a most magnificent tower, 450 feet high, consisting of several stories and galleries,' with a lantern at top, which could be seen many leagues at sea.

The Colossus of Rhodes was another ancient erection for this purpose, regarded as one of the seven Wonders of the World. According to popular tradition, it was the statue or figure of a man, dedicated to Apollo, and built in such a manner as to stand astride the entrance into the harbour, that ships might sail between its legs, which were full 50 feet asunder. A staircase was built up the inside of it, and in the outstretched right hand was a basin or dish to hold fire, as a landmark or guide to mariners. The entire figure was 105 feet in height, and built of brass. It was twelve years in building, and stood only fifty-six, being thrown down by an earthquake, in which state it remained till the year 672 A.D. When the Saracens took possession of the island, they demolished the Colossus, and sold the remains of the metal. It is but right to state, however, that we have no ancient authority for this account, Pliny and others simply mentioning the proportions of the Colossus, the date of its erection, and the fact of its overthrow.

The Light-tower of Cordouan, in France, situated upon a low rock about three miles from land, at the mouth of the Garonne, was for a long time regarded as one of the chief marvels of modern Europe. It was founded in 1584, and completed in 1610. Its lower part consists of a solid platform of masonry, 135 feet in diameter, above which, in succession, are a number of apartments, all narrowing in circumference till the upper story is reached—being in all 145 feet high.

In our own day, one of the most celebrated light-houses is that which is built on the Eddystone Rock—a low reef, situated south-south-west from the middle of Plymouth Sound, fourteen miles from that port, and about ten from the promontory of Ramhead. The reef, which stretches across the channel for upwards of 200 yards, slopes gradually towards the south to the distance of a mile, so that

the swell sweeps up, as it were, an incline, till within a few fathoms of the exposed rock, where, striking against a sudden ledge, it breaks, and dashes upwards to a height of forty or fifty feet. On this dangerous reef the necessity of a light-house was early felt; and accordingly, in 1696, a gentleman named Winstanley was furnished with the necessary official powers to carry such a design into execution. He entered upon his task in 1696, and completed it in four years. So certain was Winstanley of the stability of his wooden structure, that he declared it to be his wish to be in it 'during the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of heaven;' a wish that was but too soon and fatally gratified, for in November 1703, while there with some workmen and the light-keepers, a storm of unparalleled violence arose, and in one night the whole fabric was swept away. In 1709 another light-house was built of wood by a Mr Rudyerd; this structure, after braving the elements for forty-six years, was burned down in 1755. On the destruction of this light-house, Mr Smeaton, the celebrated engineer, was next applied to; he at once fixed upon the more durable material stone, and chose for his model the natural figure of the trunk or bole of a large spreading oak. With these views as to the proper form of the superstructure, Mr Smeaton began the work on the 2d of April 1757, and finished it on the 4th of August 1759. The rock, which slopes toward the south-west, has been cut into horizontal steps, into which are dovetailed and united by a strong cement Portland stone and granite. The whole, to the height of 35 feet from the foundation, is a solid of stones, ingrafted into each other, and united by every means of additional strength. The building has four rooms, one over the other, and at the top a gallery and lantern. It is nearly 80 feet high; and since its completion, has been assaulted by the fury of the elements, without suffering any appreciable injury.

Equally remarkable with the light-house of the Eddystone, is that of the Bell Rock—a sunken reef, lying at the distance of eleven miles from the promontory called the Red Head, in Forfarshire, and on the highway to the firths of Forth and Tay, two of the most frequented estuaries in the kingdom. The ledge is about 850 yards in length and 110 in breadth; at low-water, some of its summits appear from 4 to 8 feet above the level of the sea; but at high-water, they are always covered to the depth of 10 or 12 feet. Tradition says that the abbots of the monastery of Aberbrothwick succeeded in fixing a bell, which was rung by the swell of the sea, so as to warn the mariner of his situation; but that this benevolent erection was destroyed by a Dutch pirate, who (to complete the story) was afterwards lost upon the rock with his vessel and crew. However this may have been, it was not till the beginning of the present century that a solid substantial light-house, after the model of the Eddystone, was determined upon, and erected. This work was intrusted to Mr Stevenson, the Scottish engineer;

was begun in 1808, and completed in 1810. Being lower in the water than any rock on which a similar building had been previously raised, the difficulties of the engineer were greatly increased; but by preparing all the stones on shore, and conveying them in lighters to the reef, where a tender and other accommodation were provided for the workmen, his success was complete, and the revolving ruddy light of the Bell Rock now ranks among the chief achievements of British ingenuity. 'The light-house,' we quote the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, 'is a circular building, measuring 42 feet in diameter at the base, and 13 feet in diameter at the top. The masonry is 100 feet in height, or, including the light-room, 115 feet. The ascent from the rock to the top of the solid, or lowest thirty feet, is by means of a kind of trap-ladder; the ascent from the level of the entrance door is by means of a circular stair to the first apartment, containing the water, fuel, &c.; and from thence to the several apartments the communication is by wooden steps. The windows have all double sash-frames, glazed with plate-glass, besides a storm-shutter of timber for the defence of the glass against the sprays of the sea.'

Still more remarkable for its height, and for the difficulties encountered in building, is the Skerryvore Light-house, finished in 1844, by Mr Alan Stevenson. It stands on a rock ten miles from the nearest point of the island of Tiree, in a very wild and stormy part of the Hebrides. Every block of masonry to construct the light-house had to be landed on the rock in the face of a tremendous sea dashing in from the Atlantic; and when the wind as well as the sea was violent, to effect a landing was impossible. The light-house is 138½ feet high—far in excess of the Eddystone or the Bell Rock; it is 42 feet diameter at the base, and 16 at the top. The light, a revolving one of the first class, can be seen at a distance of 18 miles. The Skerryvore cost nearly £90,000.

Cast-iron light-houses are among the constructions which modern ingenuity has succeeded in producing. A specimen of this kind was made in London for the Bahamas a few years ago. It was to be erected on a dangerous rock, near the Bahama group of islands in the West Indies. The height of the light-house tower is 124 feet with an additional 15 feet for the revolving lantern. The diameter, varies from 25 to 14 feet as it tapers upwards; and it contains about 300 tons of iron. The building is divided into seven floors or stories, each about 16 feet high. The lowest, at some distance above the level of the ground, and reached by an exterior iron stair, is fitted up as a kitchen; the second is used as a sitting-room; the third as a bed-room; while the remaining stories are occupied in various ways for purposes connected with the business of the light-house. The core or centre of the structure is a large metal shaft, two feet in diameter, from top to bottom. From this, at intervals of 16 feet, strong iron girders radiate to the circumference, and serve to support

the floors of the different chambers, and to knit together the exterior with the interior. Most of the rooms are lined with corrugated iron; and the building is pierced all round at short intervals with small glazed loopholes, for the purposes of light and ventilation. The exterior of the tower consists of 155 cast-iron plates, varying from 15 to 40 hundredweights each, and made to fit into each other with the greatest nicety. The framework of the lantern is constructed of gun-metal, with a view to the greatest possible durability, and glazed with plate-glass five-eighths of an inch thick. Specimens of iron light-houses were displayed at the Paris International Exhibition of 1867.

The light-houses which are upon land are, in almost all cases, perched up to a greater height above the level of the sea than those built on rocks, like the Eddystone, Bell Rock, and Skerryvore. As a consequence, the light is visible to a much greater distance. The Admiralty has published a list of twenty such land light-houses, built at various times between 1718 (St Bee's Head) and 1833 (Barra Head). The light itself is elevated above the sea to a height in some instances very great—especially Cape Wrath, 400 feet; Cape Clear, 455; the Needles, 469; Lundy Island, 540; and Barra Head, not less than 680 feet. The light, in clear weather, is visible at the following distances: Inchkeith, 18 miles; Flamborough Head, 19; the Lizard, 20; the Isle of May, 21; Beachy Head, Cromer, Sumburgh Head, Kintyre, and Calf of Man, 22; Dunnet Head, Mull of Galloway, and St Bee's Head, 23; South Foreland, Cape Wrath, and Skelligs Rock, 25; the Needles, Cape Clear, and Clare Island, 27; Lundy Island, 30; and Barra Head, 32 miles.

BREAKWATERS AND HARBOUR-WORKS.

Closely allied to light-houses in maritime importance are breakwaters and other large engineering works at the mouths of harbours. Few of these can boast of more utility or greater national importance than the Plymouth Breakwater. This erection consists of an immense mole, stretching for a full mile across the middle of the sound or opening which forms the entrance to the harbours of Plymouth and Devonport. This sound has been for many years the principal place of rendezvous for the fleets of the royal navy; but, though possessing numerous advantages over every other port in the south-west of England, it had one great fault—that of being open to the fury of gales from the south and west, to which this part of the coast is much exposed. Some defence from the inroads of these gales had long been a subject of public discussion; and in 1812 the suggestion of Messrs Rennie and Whidbey, that an 'insulated pier should be constructed, extending 1700 yards across the middle of the sound,' was adopted, and the work commenced. Twenty-five acres of limestone rock, on the east bank of Catwater, were

purchased from the Duke of Bedford for its construction; and on the 12th of August the foundation-stone, a huge block of marble raised for the purpose, was laid, or rather thrown into the sea, with great ceremony. In March 1813 the first stone was observed above the surface of low-water; and by the end of 1816 the work was considered as half completed, at an expense of £364,000. The blocks, weighing from one to eight tons each, were carried to the spot in vessels constructed for the purpose. In 1822 about two millions of tons of stones had been laid; and the principal object of the breakwater being attained, there was a great reduction in the number of men and vessels employed, and a consequent slowness in bringing the work to a conclusion. In February 1841 a light-house was begun at the western extremity—the western entrance to the sound being the safest, and the only one used by large vessels at night. The height of this tower is about 60 feet, or more than 120 feet from the bottom of the sea. It is wholly built of granite, and is divided into five stories—respectively serving for oil-room, store-room, dwelling-room, sleeping-room, and one above, over which is placed the lantern. The entrance, about twelve feet from the breakwater, is guarded by two massive sliding doors of bell-metal; and the steps, or winding stairs, which lead to the different apartments, are hewn out of the stones which form the thick walls of the structure. The sashes of the windows are also of bell-metal, and the panes of thick plate-glass. The light-house, which may be said to have completed the breakwater, was finished in 1843; the whole structure having required upwards of four millions of tons of rough stones, besides about eighty thousand tons of cut granite.

The Portland Breakwater is one of several which have been constructed or commenced within the last few years to form artificial harbours. Holyhead harbour, thus formed, covers an area of 267 acres; Dover (when finished), 374; Portland, 1590; and Plymouth, 1741. This is the area at three fathoms depth of water; but at Portland the area at low water exceeds that of any of the others, being no less than 2100 acres. The breakwater is virtually a wall built up in the sea, nearly a mile and a half long, and in the deepest part nearly 100 feet high by 300 thick at the base. The portion of this wall visible above water bears but a very small ratio to the portion immersed; on account of the necessity for a broad base to give stability to the structure. Six million tons of stone have been required to effect this—a mass which, it has been calculated, would form a column 100 feet in diameter, and as high as Mont Blanc. There has been no regular mason's work, except near and above the surface of the water; the rough stones were thrown down at the rate of 2000 to 3000 tons per day, and allowed to settle in their own positions. The wall or breakwater is built in two portions, meeting each other at an obtuse angle. Starting from the Isle of Portland, it first stretches 3500 feet in a north-east direction, and then 5000

feet northward, in deeper water. The two sections are not actually joined; there is an opening between them, wide enough to admit the passage of ships in certain states of the wind, when it is not desirable to pass round the extreme northern end. The stone has been wholly derived from the Isle of Portland, and was conveyed down by tramways to the spot where it was precipitated into the sea. Almost all the work has been executed by convicts, housed in the penal prison at Portland, and employed out of doors during the day under vigilant supervision. It has been a very admirable mode of employing the time of men who had made themselves amenable to the laws; for the work has been executed at a cheap rate, and the harbour of Portland has been vastly improved thereby.

The breakwater, dock, and harbour-works at Cherbourg are among the most extensive in Europe. They were commenced ninety years ago, and even now can hardly be deemed finished. The principal work, the breakwater, is chiefly a mass of rubble stone thrown into the sea, with masonry at the top, and huge blocks of artificial stone to protect the sloping sides from too violent an action of the waves. The breakwater is in two branches; and at the apex of the angle formed by their meeting is a large central fort, the curved front of which measures more than 500 feet. Beyond this fort is an elliptic central tower, 225 feet by 123. Two large circular forts are at the ends of the breakwater; and there is also a case-mated fort on the western or longer branch. The harbour and basins are on a gigantic scale. There is an outer harbour, 776 feet by 662, with a minimum depth of 58 feet of water. There is a floating basin 957 feet by 713, communicating with the outer harbour by a lock 130 feet by 59. There are four fine covered building-slips for 120-gun ships, uncovered slips for smaller vessels, and a graving-dock 245 feet by 78. There is an inner floating-harbour of immense size, 2788 feet by 1312, all hewn out of the solid rock on shore, extremely hard and tough. All around this harbour are building-slips and graving-docks; together with quays, magazines, storehouses, lofts, workshops, &c. As a combined military and naval port, artificially constructed, Cherbourg has now scarcely a parallel in any part of the world.

EMBANKMENTS AND RIVER WALLS.

Some of the most important examples of engineering are those which bear relation to the straightening and deepening of rivers, and the making quay walls, &c. along their banks. One notable specimen of this class is the Thames Embankment, formed to straighten the northern bank of the Thames from Westminster to Blackfriars, to reclaim and render useful a muddy strip of foreshore, to form a fine public road and terrace where such conveniences were much wanted, to provide a locality for the low-level sewer of the Main

Drainage System, and to deepen the water of the river by improving the scour. The works have required the exercise of great skill, to insure all these results. The width varies from 200 feet near Temple Gardens, to 450 feet near Charing Cross Bridge. When finished, the public roadway at the top will be 70 feet wide, and the two footpaths 15 feet each. Between the Temple Gardens and Blackfriars Bridge, the dimensions and the mode of construction differ somewhat from those adopted at the portion between Temple Gardens and Westminster Bridge; but in this last-named section the earthworks and masonry are on a vast scale. The river wall forming the water frontage of the embankment is constructed by the aid of an elaborate system of iron caissons; these are so placed side by side as to form an impermeable barrier, allowing the water to be pumped out from behind them, and the earthwork and masonry work to be carried on. Granite work of the finest kind forms the river face, with stairs to descend to steam-boat piers, parapets and balustrades, and massive pedestals on which sculptures might possibly be placed. At low-water, this river wall presents the appearance of a noble quay of solid granite, 26 feet high by nearly a mile and a half in length. The height of the roadway itself above high-water mark scarcely exceeds four feet, with a protecting parapet of four additional feet; but at the two ends there are gradually ascending curved roads to the level of Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges. The embankment, in its whole width, passes under Waterloo and Charing Cross Bridges. Some of the reclaimed ground is to be laid out as gardens—quite a novelty in such a busy part of London. The Metropolitan District Railway passes along and beneath the embankment; and the low level sewer of the main drainage also passes along under it—very elaborate engineering arrangements being necessary to effect this. The embankment lately formed on the south of the Thames, from Westminster Bridge to Vauxhall, is of a less elaborate character. Any continuation of the northern embankment eastward to London Bridge would interfere with property of enormous value.

The processes of engineering under water are very materially aided by the diving-bell. As one instance, there was an English vessel, the *Columbian*, sunk in Brest harbour in 1865, and extensive operations were planned to raise her. In the course of these a diver, named Casimir Deschamps, put on the water-tight dress and casque, and descended to examine the sunken vessel. He descended to a depth of no less than 197 English feet, when the feed-pipe of the pump having burst, he was hastily drawn up to prevent further calamity. A lamp, which was at the same time lowered to give him light, was crushed in by the enormous pressure. A second descent proved that neither the man nor the apparatus could bear so vast a pressure as 85 lbs. on the square inch. For all practical engineering operations the necessary depth is of course much less,

and then these divers render very valuable service. It is in the building of docks, basins, quays, sea-walls, and the like, that these services are mostly in request; but there have been remarkable cases of sunken ships blown up by electro-blasting charges affixed to the hulls by divers.

HYDRAULIC POWERS AND LIFTS.

The application of water-power to lifting, and to the mechanical movement of heavy masses, has extended to a surprising degree within the last few years. By the numerous inventions of Sir William Armstrong and other engineers, all kinds of dock-machinery, especially, have been brought within its grasp. In the new dock-works at Swansea, for instance, hydraulic apparatus opens the gates, swings the bridges, works the sluices, lifts the hoists, and performs numerous other operations. There are a mile and a half of pipes to effect this, capable of bearing a water-pressure of 700 lbs. to the square inch; and at any point in this vast length the power can be practically applied. In the fine new docks at Grimsby, there is a noble water-tower 300 feet high, visible to a vast distance at sea; a 20 horse-power steam-engine drives up water to a tank at the top of the tower; and the immense pressure of this head of water supplies power to perform a very extensive amount of dock-work.

Another valuable application of water-power is in the hydraulic lift, such as that which has been constructed at the Victoria Docks. The purpose is to lift a ship bodily up out of the water, and keep it dry during repairs. There are 32 upright hydraulic rams, in two rows of 16 each, the length of each row being equal to that of a very large ship, and the distance between the rows to its width. Iron girders, extending across from row to row, are suspended by iron straps fastened to cross-heads at the top of the rams. A pontoon, formed of strongly-ribbed wrought-iron plate, open at the top, but closed at the bottom and sides, rests upon the girders. When the rams are down, the girders sink to the bottom of the water; and the pontoon, being filled with water by opening certain valves, sinks in like manner. A ship of 1000 tons or more can be warped into the pontoon. A steam-engine being set to work, the hydraulic power is developed in the cylinder; the rams rise slowly, and with them the girders, pontoon, and ship. The whole pontoon rises above the surface of the water; it is kept water-tight by closing the valves, and then the ship is held up high and dry. The pontoon can be floated out to a receptacle where workmen are employed in repairing the ship; and the rams are left ready to act upon a similar pontoon. This apparatus is now largely used in various colonial and foreign ports, to facilitate the repairing of ships where docks are wanting or inefficient.

AQUEDUCTS.

We cannot look back to the aqueducts of the ancients—those stupendous tiers of arches upon which they conducted their supplies of water across valleys and rivers—without regarding them with curious interest. Though remains of aqueducts, or water-courses, are yet to be discerned in Syria, Persia, and other eastern countries, it was only among the Romans that the construction of such works was carried to true magnificence and perfection, and this not only for the supply of their own capital, but also for the benefit of the chief towns in their subject provinces. The aqueducts of Rome extended thirty, forty, and even sixty miles from the city, in one continued covered channel of stone, carried by arcades over the deepest and widest valleys, and by tunnels, running in many parts for miles through mountains, and through the solid rock.

In one part, the New Anio is said to have extended six miles and a half in one continued series of arches, many of them upwards of 100 feet high. The Aqua Martia, which owed its formation to Quintus Martius, rose from a spring thirty-three miles distant from Rome, made a circuit of three miles, and afterwards forming a vault 16 feet in diameter, it ran thirty-eight miles along a series of arcades at an elevation of 70 feet—making in all not fewer than 7000 arches! The Aqua Julia and the Aqua Tepula were brought to Rome by the same aqueduct as the Aqua Martia, but on higher levels. The whole aqueduct above the arcades was divided into three stories or channels. In the uppermost flowed the Aqua Julia, in the second the Aqua Tepula, and in the lowest the Aqua Martia. From the ruins of this combined fabric which still exist, it appears to have been a very superb structure. The Aqua Claudia—begun by Nero and completed by Claudius—took its rise thirty-eight miles from the city. It formed a subterranean stream thirty-six miles and a quarter in length, ran ten miles and three-quarters along the surface of the ground, was vaulted for the space of three miles, and supported on arcades through a space of seven miles, being carried along as high a level as to supply all the hills of Rome. It still continues to furnish the modern city with water of the best quality, which has hence procured it the present name of *Aqua Felice.*

Of the provincial aqueducts which still remain as relics of Roman grandeur, the most remarkable are the aqueduct of Metz, the aqueduct of Nîmes, or the Pont du Gard, and that of Segovia in Spain.. The Pont du Gard—that part of the aqueduct of Nîmes which crosses the deep valley in which the Gardon flows—was executed in the reign of Augustus, and is one of the noblest remains of Roman architecture among the Gauls. It is composed of three ranges of arches, one above another. The first row comprehends six arches, each 60 feet span, excepting one which was the

largest, and was 75 feet span; the second row contained twelve arches of the same span as those of the first; and the third had thirty-six little arches, on the top of which was the channel



The Pont du Gard.

for conducting the water. The total height of the structure above the water of the river was 160 feet, and its length 300 yards. Of the aqueduct of Segovia, there still remain 159 arches, all built of large stones, and without any cement. There are two tiers, and the entire height of the edifice is 102 feet.

The reader must not by any means suppose that the erection of aqueducts ceased with the Roman Empire. Since then, some of almost equally remarkable character have been completed, of which we may mention the aqueduct of Spoleto, constructed in 741 by Theodoric, king of the Goths, to communicate with the town of Spoleto, situated on the summit of a mountain. It is one of the handsomest structures of the kind, and remains entire to the present day. In crossing the river De La Morgia, the channel-way is supported upon two tiers of Gothic arches, the lower containing ten grand arches, and the upper thirty. The length of this arcade is 800 feet, the breadth 44, and the height 420 feet! The aqueduct of Caserta, built in 1753 by Charles III. of Naples, is also an expensive and gigantic structure, one of its arcades consisting of three tiers of arches 1724 feet long and 190 feet in height.

The greatest work of the kind in America is the Croton aqueduct, which conveys the water of the Croton River, for a distance of thirty-eight miles, to the city of New York. This magnificent undertaking was finished in 1842; is capable of discharging sixty millions of gallons in twenty-four hours; and cost about three millions sterling. The chief arcade in its course is that of the Haarlem, which consists of fifteen arches, seven of which are 50 feet span, and eight of 80 feet—the greatest height being 150 feet from the foundation.

The largest aqueduct in our own country is comparatively small. It is the system for the supply of the city of Glasgow with

water. Lochs Katrine, Vennachar, and Achray are placed under requisition for this purpose. The water is first conducted by a tunnel, 6975 feet long, through a mountain, and then by numerous aqueducts and tunnels to a reservoir near Glasgow, a distance of 25 miles. Vast schemes were put forth in 1866 for supplying London with water, either from the Westmoreland lakes or from the Welsh mountains, by means of aqueducts and tunnels. A scheme, less vast but still very extensive, has been executed for supplying Dublin with water from certain lakes and rivers in the Wicklow Mountains.

ARTESIAN WELLS AND WATER-WORKS.

The sinking of Artesian wells has been conducted on a very large scale in and near Paris. One notable example is that at Passy, near the Bois de Boulogne. Paris is underlied by chalk at a depth of about 1600 feet below the surface; and an Artesian well at Grenelle had already reached a supply of water in the greensand adjacent to the chalk. But the need for an increased supply of water to Paris rendered it desirable to sink a well with a larger bore than had been tried. With a bore of 8 to 12 inches, from 2000 to 4000 cubic mètres of water can be raised per day at Grenelle; but it was wished to obtain at least 13,000 cubic mètres; and M. Kind, the engineer, determined for this purpose to adopt a bore of 24 inches. The works were commenced in 1855, but were fraught with difficulty, which required patience and skill to overcome. On a particular day in 1857, when the boring had reached a depth of 1800 feet (more than one-third of a mile), the tube of sheet-iron which enclosed the bore was crushed by pressure at a place about 100 feet below the surface of the ground. This seemingly trifling accident was a trying one, for it took three years to repair; they had to dig a shaft from 6 to 10 feet in diameter, to a point far below the locality of the rupture, to line this shaft with iron and masonry, and then to strengthen the upper part of the bore-hole. So great was the pressure of the surrounding earth at some points, that iron tubes were starred and cracked in all directions like glass. The damage having been repaired, and the orifice cleared from dirt, boring recommenced in 1860. When it had got down to nearly 1900 feet, another disaster stopped the works; but as M. Elie de Beaumont, the eminent geologist, inferred from the quality of the soil drawn up the tube, that water was near at hand, a smaller bore was continued further downwards. At last, in 1862, at a depth of more than 2000 feet, success crowned the untiring and long-continued efforts; water appeared, and in such a copious stream as to send up, above the surface of the ground, no less than 20,000 cubic mètres per day—nearly equal to 50,000,000 gallons.

The Artesian wells which supply the fountain in Trafalgar Square, and many of the government offices, although important works in

their way, and although much deeper than St Paul's is high, are less than one-fifth the depth of the Passy well.

However desirable it may be in future years to increase the supply of water for the metropolis, it would be unjust to the existing companies to ignore the great improvements which they have made during the last few years. Three of them have combined to establish a very fine series of buildings at Hampton, to facilitate the transfer of Thames water to London. The water is taken from the river at that point (two or three miles above Kingston), and is then brought by the companies to their several works for deposit, filtration, and distribution. The main pipes are nearly three feet in diameter; and they can together bring 60,000,000 gallons of water per day. These mains run side by side as far as Twickenham, where the Grand Junction Company's main diverges through Isleworth and Brentford to the works of that company near Kew Bridge. The other two mains, after being taken under the bed of the Thames at Richmond, separate at Sheen; the West Middlesex Company's main goes through Mortlake to their reservoirs for deposit and filtration at Barnes Elms, which are connected by a main under the Thames with their works at Hammersmith; while the Southwark and Vauxhall Company's main extends through Putney and Wandsworth to their works near Battersea Park. The length of these gigantic iron pipes together reaches 29 miles. The deposit and filter reservoirs at Kew Bridge, Hammersmith, Barnes Elms, and Battersea, cover 120 acres. Then commence other systems of mains to bring the water to London, and distribute it along the hundreds of miles of streets.

DRAINAGE AND LAND RECLAMATION.

Instead of bringing water for the supply of towns and buildings, engineers have sometimes to devise means for keeping off or carrying away water and drainage of various kinds.

One meaning of the word *Draining*, as applied to great engineering operations, is the emptying of a lake or large body of water, and the conversion of the bed or bottom to agricultural purposes. A remarkable instance of this kind is the drainage of Haarlem lake. In the sixteenth century a violent storm caused the sea to burst through a land barrier between it and a low-lying district in Holland; villages were swept away, fertile farms submerged, and the four lakes or ponds of Haarlem, Leyden, Spieger, and Helle permanently formed. They covered 60,000 acres in all, with a maximum depth of 15 feet. Great expense was incurred in constructing and maintaining dams and sluices to prevent overflowing during storms. At length, in 1836, so much damage was done to the cities of Amsterdam and Leyden by a storm, that it was resolved to get rid of the evil altogether by draining the lake. A company was

formed, money raised, and a plan digested. A canal was dug entirely round and above the level of the lake, with a descending outlet to the sea; gigantic steam-engines were erected, to work night and day for years together, pumping up water from the lake into the canal. By this means nearly the whole of the lake has been emptied. It was calculated that the value of the reclaimed land, sold or leased for farming purposes, would pay all expenses; but happily it has done more than this; the new ground is so rich that farmers are willing to give a very high price for it, and the drainage operations have proved to be both nationally and commercially successful.

Another species of draining, effected rather by constructing new outlets than by pumping, is illustrated by the *Bedford Level*. This is a portion of a large tract of low country, extending into the six counties of Northampton, Huntingdon, Cambridge, Lincoln, Norfolk, and Suffolk. It is bounded by the German Ocean and the Wash on the seaward side, and by a curved line of high ground inland. The whole of the low, flat, swampy district thus circumscribed covers an area 60 miles long by 40 wide; but the portion known as the Bedford Level covers about 400,000 acres. All this was in ancient days a forest, the trees of which were gradually cut down, and the land moderately cultivated, with roads and rivers running through it. The land was evidently below the level of the sea; and many storms in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries caused the sea to burst its boundaries, and inundate the fields and villages. Embankments were made and remade over and over again; but they were so clumsily contrived that the upland waters could find no outlet to the sea, and the district was converted into a morass, spongy and boggy in some parts, and covered with stagnant water in others; the few inhabitants could communicate with each other only by boats. Age after age passed with only slight attempts to drain this morass. At length, in the time of Charles I., the Earl of Bedford, who owned part of the property, conceived a plan for giving to this property an increased money value; he undertook to drain and reclaim a vast tract, on condition that he and his co-adventurers should receive as payment 95,000 acres of the land so reclaimed. Beginning in 1634, the work commenced, the name of Bedford Level being given to the district in compliment to the Earl. The mode of draining consisted mainly in making new canals, rivers, or cuts, to carry off the surplus waters; there were several of these, from six to twenty miles in length, and from 20 to 70 feet wide. The Civil War interfered with the project; but operations were renewed afterwards, and a corporate body was established about two centuries ago, to continue the works, maintain them in good order, and administer the revenues. A great series of works were commenced in 1827, for completing the drainage of all the lands adjacent to the river Nene. Wind-mills, and afterwards steam-engines, were employed

to pump the water from the meres and marshes into the new channels; but by improved management of these channels, such aid is now nearly dispensed with. By such operations as these, hundreds of thousands of acres of land, formerly covered with water, are now valuable arable and pasture land, meeting the eye of the traveller on the Great Eastern and Great Northern Railways. The district (called popularly the Fens) is certainly not very picturesque, but it is more valuable and more healthy than it was for many ages. A recent bursting of the banks has entailed heavy expense in compensating farmers whose land was flooded.

Still another kind of drainage is that which relates to the means for carrying off the liquid refuse of towns. The *Cloacæ* of Rome were the most remarkable works of this kind in old times. In modern times the grandest example is unquestionably that of London, executed under the plans of Mr Bazalgette between 1860 and 1870, at a cost (even in an incomplete state) of more than £4,000,000. The problem was to drain more than a hundred square miles of area, and to convey the sewage and refuse into the Thames at a point far below London, in order to lessen the evil of contaminating the water and the atmosphere. The works form two entire and distinct systems: one on the north side of the river, with an outlet at Barking Creek; and the other on the south side, with an outlet at Crossness. The northern system comprises three great sewers, known as the High Level, Middle Level, and Low Level. The high level begins at Hampstead, passes by Kentish Town, the new cattle-market, Highbury Vale, Stoke Newington, and Victoria Park to Old Ford, crossing in its way the New River, the Lea Canal, and the Great Northern and Great Eastern Railways. It is wholly an underground tunnel, in some places as much as 12 feet high by 9 feet wide. The middle-level sewer, beginning at Kensal Green, passes through or near Kensington Park, Notting Hill, Bayswater Road, Oxford Street, Clerkenwell, and Shoreditch to Old Ford, where it forms a junction with the high level. These two vast sewers together extend to the length of 22 miles. At Old Ford there is a large and comprehensive work called the Penstock chamber, consisting of numerous receptacles, flood-gates, &c.; the whole being so contrived that if, during storms and floodings, the sewage in passing through the chambers exceeds the level at which it can readily escape by the usual channel, it will run away into the River Lea. The upper and middle level sewers then proceed side by side to Barking Creek, by the northern outfall, by way of West Ham, Abbey Mills, Plaistow, and East Ham. This being low ground, the sewers are enclosed in an enormous embankment, which is pierced for roads and railways. The low-level sewer will, when finished, extend from Chelsea to Abbey Mills, burrowing under the busiest part of the metropolis, and taking the line of the Thames Embankment in its way. At Abbey Mills the sewage will be pumped up to

the level of the other two sewers, and then all three will proceed side by side to Barking Creek, where immense works have been constructed to regulate the flow of sewage into the river at particular states of the tide. So much for the northern side of the Thames. On the southern side: There are only two main sewers here, the high level and the low level; the former to drain Clapham, Brixton, Camberwell, &c. while the latter drains Lambeth, Southwark, Bermondsey, &c. There are vast works at Deptford, comprising a pumping station, a Penstock chamber, &c. The contents of the low level are pumped up several feet, and then both sewers travel onwards by way of Greenwich, Charlton, Woolwich, and Plumstead, to the southern outfall at Crossness Point, near Erith, where the sewage flows into the river at certain states of the tide, just as at Barking Creek. All these great sewers furnish examples of the finest brickwork ever executed for underground and invisible works; the tunnels, twelve feet by nine for many miles of their length, are almost as smooth as dressed stone on their inner surfaces, and (the engineer hopes) almost as durable. The five great systems all running from west to east, intercept the older cross sewers, receive their sewage, and convey it out to a broad and deep part of the Thames.—Such are the works which comprise 50 miles of new main sewer, and 800 miles of old smaller channels; which have consumed 800,000 cubic yards of concrete, and 300,000,000 bricks; and which will eventually carry off 200,000 gallons of sewage per day.

BRIDGES AND VIADUCTS.

The difference between aqueducts, bridges, and viaducts is easily defined. The object of an aqueduct, as we have seen, is to carry a flow of water over a valley or river, on a level, or nearly so, with the surrounding country; that of a bridge is merely to afford transit over a river, with or without regard to level; and that of a viaduct to carry a roadway across any depression at a desired level, having the same object in view in reference to a road which an aqueduct had to a supply of water.

The Chinese, remarkable for the ingenuity and patient perseverance with which they execute some of the most surprising undertakings, possess several bridges of no mean pretensions. One, generally known as the 'Flying Bridge,' from its being built over a river from one height to another, and consisting only of a single arch, is said to be 500 feet high and 400 long. That of Fu-chow, the capital of Fo-kien, is about 100 perches long, and consists of 100 lofty arches, the parapets of which are adorned with a variety of grotesque sculptures. Another sort of bridge, consisting of huge flat stones laid upon pillars, and without any arches, is common in China; and some of these are of great length and breadth. One,

in the province of Fo-kien, is said to be 360 perches long and 1½ broad; it is supported by 300 stone pillars, and has its parapets surmounted by figures of lions and dragons. Another, at Tsiuen-tchou, in the province of Fo-kien, is built over an arm of the sea, and supported by 300 pillars. Its length is above 2500 feet, its breadth 20, and the stone-work, from pillar to pillar, consists of single blocks.

The cultivation of peace and commerce, and direct and speedy means of permanent communication by roads and bridges, were matters never fully developed in ancient times, and therefore we look in vain for monuments of this class which can at all compare with those of our own era. As in India, so in Persia, Syria, Egypt, and even in Greece, we find no important application of the arch to the crossing of ravines and rivers; indeed it has been justly observed, that while Pericles lavished vast sums on the adornment of Athens, he never constructed a bridge over the small river Cephisus, although upon the most frequented road to that city. It was not till the time of the Romans—whose magnificent aqueduct arcades we have already noticed—that we find bridges, in the proper sense, of any importance. The bridge at Narni appears to be the most magnificent bridge the Romans constructed in Italy, though in the provinces there were several of much more extensive dimensions. Thus that of Nerida, upon the Guadiana, in Spain, consists of sixty-five arches, its total length being about 1300 paces; and that of Alcantara, upon the Tagus, of six arches, its length being 670 Spanish feet, and its height from the bottom of the river to the roadway not less than 205!

After the revival of the arts in Europe, though power and wealth were directed chiefly to the erection of religious edifices, yet we are not without examples of such utilitarian structures as bridges, and these often of very superb dimensions. Thus the bridge of Avignon, on the Rhone, built between 1176 and 1188, consisted of eighteen arches; that of Lyon, of twenty; and that of St Esprit, of twenty-six. Perronet mentions an arch at Verona of 160 feet span, and another at Ville-Brioude, on the Allier, of not less than 183½ feet. Venice, from her peculiar situation, early boasted of more bridges than any other city—these at one time numbering between three and four hundred. The finest is the Rialto, a single arch of 98½ feet span, and only 23 feet of rise. It was designed by Michael Angelo, and erected between 1588 and 1591. Within the last two centuries several superb bridges have been erected in France. The bridge at Orleans, erected in place of an old structure of nineteen arches, was completed in 1760, and consists of nine elegant arches, the largest of which has a span of 98¼ feet. The bridge of Nantes, on the Seine, which was completed in 1756, consists of three arches, the middle one having a span of 128 feet; and that of Neuilly, consisting of five arches, each having a span of 128 feet, with a rise of 32 feet.

There are two in Switzerland generally spoken of as curiosities. One of these is at Bex, in the canton of Vaud: it consists of a single arch spanning the Rhone, which is here of considerable width. The other is in the canton of Uri, over the Reuss, and is also of an old, solitary arch, resting upon high rocks—so elevated, indeed, that the peasants give it the name of the 'Devil's Bridge,' believing that supernatural agency must have been concerned in the erection of so stupendous a structure.

In England, the art of bridge-building seems to have taken its rise about the middle of the ninth century; but the structures of that early period are not to be compared with those of the same era on the continent. The earliest of any importance were London Bridge, finished in 1206; that of Newcastle-on-Tyne, built in 1281; and that of Rochester, much about the same time. The former originally consisted of nineteen arches; but in 1758 the middle pier was removed, and the two adjacent arches converted into one of 72 feet span. Since then, a number of bridges have been built across the Thames—all of which may be justly regarded with interest, seeing that an artificial foundation has to be prepared for the piers, and this in a river where the tide rises twice every day from thirteen to eighteen feet. Westminster Bridge, built in 1750, was replaced in 1860 by a lighter, wider, flatter, and in all respects more beautiful structure. Blackfriars Bridge, built in 1770, has just (1869) been replaced in a similar manner. Waterloo Bridge, begun in 1811, and completed in 1817, is another of those costly erections which modern enterprise has thrown across the Thames. It consists of nine arches, all of equal span and height, so as to form a level roadway; and this road is continued on either side the river, and supported on a number of brick arches. The length of the stone-work or bridge is 1242 feet, the brickwork of forty arches on the Surrey side is 1250 feet, and of that on the Strand side 400 feet. Each stone arch has a span of 120 feet, and the height of the road above the river is 50 feet. The new London Bridge, begun in 1825, and opened in 1831, consists of five arches—the centre one having a span of 152 feet, the two on each side a span of 140 feet, and the abutment arches a span of 130 feet. The rise of the middle arch is 32 feet, that of the abutment arch falls to 25 feet. The extreme length of this structure is 950, and its breadth 55 feet. With the exception of the packings, it is constructed of granite of the finest description and workmanship; and including the approaches, is said to have cost about two millions sterling.

But it is not in the neighbourhood of the metropolis alone that we find structures of this class evincing both boldness and ingenuity of design. The Severn, the Ouse, the Tees, the Tyne, and other English rivers, are spanned by stone arches, some of which are of surprising dimensions. Scotland can also boast of some very handsome bridges; chiefly, however, of modern erection. The Tay

at Perth, for example, is crossed by one of nine arches, the largest of which has a span of 77 feet; the Tweed, at Coldstream, by one of five arches; the North Esk, near Montrose, by one of seven; the Tweed, at Kelso, by one of five arches, each with a span of 73 feet; the Spey, near Gordon Castle, by one of four arches, the largest having a span of 95 feet; and the Tay, at Dunkeld, by one of seven arches, the largest having a span of 90 feet—which is perhaps the finest structure of the kind in Scotland.

IRON, CHAIN, AND WIRE BRIDGES.

Within the last half-century, iron has been frequently substituted for stone in the construction of large arches; so that, instead of a solid vault of masonry, we have now a light but substantial framework of metal. The first iron bridge of any importance constructed in Britain was one near Coalbrookdale, on the Severn—the invention of Mr Darby. It was completed in 1779, and consists of a single arch 101½ feet span, with a rise of 45. Since then, a vast number of such structures have been erected—some of them nearly triple the span and elevation of their humble parent.

In 1796, an iron bridge was erected at Buildwas, near Coalbrookdale, under the direction of Mr Telford, the span of which is 130 feet, and its rise only 17 feet. In the same year Mr Burdon completed the celebrated iron arch across the Wear at Sunderland, the span of which is 240 feet, and its elevation above low-water fully 105 feet. This elevation consists of seventy-five feet of stone pier, and thirty of a rise in the arch—thus allowing large vessels to pass under without striking their masts! In 1803, an elegant iron bridge, somewhat resembling that of Sunderland, was erected at Staines, having a span of 180 feet, and a rise of only 16½. Since then, a number of others have been constructed of 80, 90, and 100 feet span, some rising so little in their curve as 5 feet. But all these works have been far exceeded in extent and importance by those built over the Thames. Vauxhall Bridge, which was completed in 1816, consists of nine arches of cast iron, each having a span of 78 feet, and 11 and 12 feet rise; and that of Southwark of three arches, each 240 feet span, and only 24 feet rise! In most of these structures the iron arch rests on stone piers and abutments; but in some the piers are also of iron, thus giving to the whole an appearance of lightness and elegance which it is impossible to equal in stone erections.

Suspension bridges are such as are hung on chains; these chains being supported on piers or pillars, and stretched across the chasm or water-course over which it is designed to form a passage. From the chains a platform for the roadway is suspended by means of a series of equidistant vertical rods. In Peru, China, and other remote regions, bridges on this principle, though of an extremely rude and perishable construction, and forming a most unstable and

oscillating path, seem to have existed anterior to anything which is at present known of the history of those countries; but the introduction of suspension-bridges into civilised states, at least on a large scale and of a substantial fabric, is of very recent date. Although excelled by others since, the finest suspension-bridge up to that time was the one constructed in 1826 by Mr Telford across the Menai Strait, to connect the island of Anglesea with the mainland of Wales. The span of the suspended or central arch, between the highest points of the chains on the top of the piers, and 153 feet above high-water, is 560 feet. Seven stone arches, of 52½ feet span, make up the rest of the bridge; four of those being next the island, and three on the Welsh coast. The chains, of which there are sixteen, reach over the whole structure, and, besides, descend 60 feet into sloping pits or shafts, to where they are secured, by means of cast-iron frames ingrafted in the rocks; the entire length of each chain being 1714 feet, or almost a third of a mile. The two suspension piers of the great arch rise 52 feet above the roadway, and are surmounted by cast-iron blocks and saddles, movable upon friction rollers, for the purpose of allowing the chains which pass over them to move freely when expanding or contracting under change of temperature. The suspension platform, elevated 100 feet above high-water, is occupied by two carriage-roads, each 12 feet wide, with a footpath of 4 feet between them. These pass through arches in the suspension piers; and each is separated, and strongly railed in, by lattice ironwork, both for protection and for stiffening the roadway, to prevent vibration. Each of the chains is fivefold, and of such complexity in design, that any part of the chain may with safety be removed at any time for repair, or be replaced by a new one.

The Menai Bridge, however, has been greatly surpassed, both in length and in height by a far lighter and much less expensive one, though of great strength, which has since been constructed by M. Chaley of Lyon, over the Saane at Friburg, in Switzerland. This was completed in 1834. The span is 870 feet, and the roadway is elevated 167 feet above the river. The lightness of this bridge is in a great measure owing to its being suspended neither by chains nor solid iron rods, but by four cables of iron wire, each containing about 1200 wires, the united strength of which could support three times the weight of two rows of loaded wagons extending over its whole length. The wires are simply laid together, and bound in a cylindrical form by means of annealed wire wound round them at distances of two or three feet; and the whole is painted white, both for preservation, and that the least tendency to rust might be detected at once. But iron, even in its most approved form of wire cable, has been surpassed by the employment of steel; for in 1832 a bridge of this material was erected over the Danube, near Vienna. The span of

this structure is 234 feet, with a rise of only 15. A saving of one-half in the total weight is calculated to have been effected by the use of steel instead of iron; and the strength is also said to be much greater.

Setting aside the four railway bridges—Cannon Street, Blackfriars, Charing Cross, and Pimlico—the Thames bridges, from London Bridge to Chelsea, exhibit the following comparative dimensions:

	Length. Feet.	Width. Feet.
London Bridge	904	53½
Southwark	800	42½
Blackfriars	980	76
Waterloo	1380	41½
Westminster	990	85
Lambeth (suspension)	1040	32
Vauxhall	840	36
Chelsea (suspension)	922	40

The magnificent width of the new Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges is rendered manifest by this table. The new suspension bridge at Lambeth is remarkable as a cheap structure, having cost only £40,000. The roadway is suspended from clusters of iron-wire rope, not from chains.

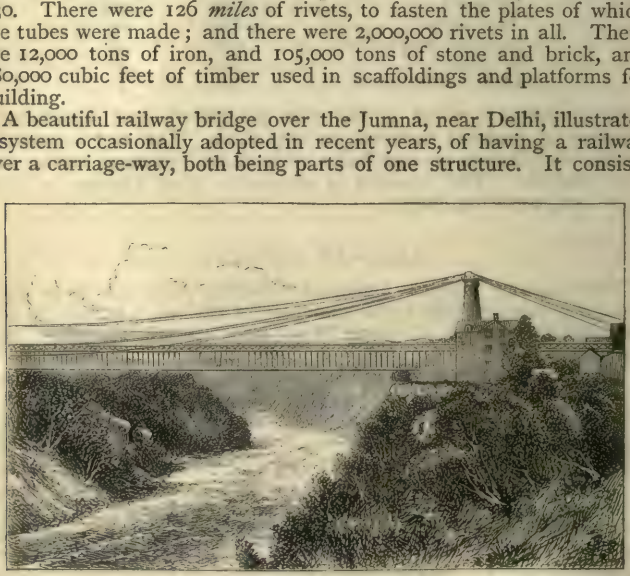
RAILWAY BRIDGES.

The railway bridges constructed within the last forty years comprise some of the finest examples of the art, whether rigid or suspension, whether of stone or of iron. A few examples must suffice.

The Charing Cross railway bridge, although not so wide as that near the Cannon Street station (both belonging to the South-eastern Company), is nearly twice as long, and is a structure of great magnitude. The 1350 feet of length is divided into 9 spans. The bridge, except at two piers and two abutments, rests on massive iron cylinders varying from 6 to 14 feet in diameter; these cylinders were sunk through the mud and gravel to the London clay, by the combined operation of enormous pressure, excavation by divers, and pumping; some of them being driven down as deep as 72 feet below high-water mark. The cylinders were filled up partly with concrete and partly with brickwork; and the masonry which rests on them supports the ironwork of the bridge. The bridge itself, a series of immense wrought-iron girders, is wide enough for four lines of rail and two footpaths; and its flat surfaces are mostly formed of boiler plate. The roadway on which the rails are laid is of planking from 4 to 6 inches thick. There are nearly 7000 tons of iron altogether. Portions of the two piers of the former Hungerford suspension bridge were brought into use.

The Menai tubular bridge is the largest railway structure of the kind in Great Britain, though certainly not the most beautiful. It crosses the Menai Strait at a point about a mile from Telford's suspension bridge. On a rock in the centre of the strait a stone tower is built to a height of 192 feet above water-level; two other towers are built to a similar height; and these three towers, with the shore abutments, divide the whole width of the strait into four spans—two of 460 feet, and two of 230 feet. The grandest *lift* ever effected in engineering was to raise each quadrangular iron tube complete to its own portion of span—the weight being 1800 tons raised 192 feet. There being double tubes, each for one line of rails, there were four portions of 460 feet, and four of 230. There were 126 *miles* of rivets, to fasten the plates of which the tubes were made; and there were 2,000,000 rivets in all. There are 12,000 tons of iron, and 105,000 tons of stone and brick, and 580,000 cubic feet of timber used in scaffoldings and platforms for building.

A beautiful railway bridge over the Jumna, near Delhi, illustrates a system occasionally adopted in recent years, of having a railway over a carriage-way, both being parts of one structure. It consists



Niagara Suspension-bridge.

of 12 spans of 205 feet each, and is so built up of plates and lattice girders, as to form the two tiers of roadway just adverted to. Having a lattice girder at each side, instead of continuous iron sheeting, it presents a lighter and more elegant appearance than the Menai tubular bridge.

The Niagara suspension railway bridge is remarkable for crossing the Niagara so near the world-renowned Falls, as to seem a very

daring undertaking. The roaring rapids are immediately beneath, 250 feet below the level of the rails. The bridge, 800 feet long, is much shorter than many railway bridges; but it was difficult to build in such a situation. It is not supported by chains of plate-links like most suspension bridges, but by four enormous cables of wire, stretching from the Canadian cliff to the United States cliff of the river. Each cable consists of no less than 4000 distinct wires; the four cables pass over the tops of lofty stone towers; and the roadway hangs from them by 624 suspending rods. A locomotive first crossed the Niagara in 1855, forming the first railway link between the British and United States empires.

The Victoria railway bridge in Canada is the largest and grandest in the world. It consists of 24 piers, rising 60 feet above the water, with intervals of 242 feet apart, except one of 330 feet in the centre. These piers support a quadrangular iron tube, more than 6000 feet long, 19 to 22 feet high, and 16 feet wide; and through this tube the trains run. Owing to the depth of the St Lawrence at the spot where the bridge crosses at Montreal, the swiftness of the current, and the enormous masses of ice accumulated there every winter, the work of constructing the bridge was one of trying difficulty, and lasted from 1854 to 1860. Every spring, when the ice of the St Lawrence breaks up, the crushing, crashing, and pressure against the piers of the bridge are almost inconceivable, subjecting the work of the engineers to a very severe test.

The following, from the *Engineer*, gives the dimensions of some of the largest spans for bridges yet constructed—some for suspension and others for ordinary bridges. Britannia tubular bridge, Menai, largest span, 460 feet. Saltash railway bridge, two of 455 feet each. Conway tubular bridge, 400 feet. Prussian railway bridge over the Vistula, six of 397 feet each. Nogat bridge, on the same line, two of 321 feet each. Railway bridge over the Rhine at Cologne, six of 310 feet. Victoria railway bridge at Montreal, one of 330 and twenty-four of 242 feet each. South Wales railway bridge over the Wye at Chepstow, 306 feet. Boyne viaduct, 264 feet. Newark Dyke bridge, 240 feet. Spey viaduct, Inverness and Aberdeen Railway, 230 feet. Tubular bridge at Brotherton, 225 feet. Cascade bridge on the New York and Erie Railway, the greatest timber span in the world, 275 feet. (Two timber spans, one of 340 feet in America, and the other of 390 feet in Germany, are no longer in existence.) The Hook Island railway bridge over the Mississippi, five timber spans of 250 feet each; and the same number of the same span over the Great Miami River. A railway bridge over the Delaware River, 260 feet. The largest cast-iron spans for a railway bridge are said to be those on the Pimlico bridge, four of 175 feet each; and the largest masonry arch for a railway bridge that which carries the Glasgow and South-western Railway over the river Ayr. The fine

high-level bridge at Newcastle-upon-Tyne (a railway over a roadway) has spans of only 125 feet to each of its six openings. But there are two spans which far eclipse any here noticed—namely the Niagara suspension railway bridge, 822 feet; and the Lexington and Danville railway bridge over the Kentucky River, no less than 1224 feet, and at a height of 300 feet above the water.—The reader will perhaps notice that these spans are smaller than some mentioned in an earlier paragraph about China; but the truth is that facts concerning that extraordinary country often rest upon insufficient testimony, and are not always reliable to the engineer.

TUNNELS.

A tunnel is merely a hole or passage cut through a hill, in order to carry a canal, a road, or a railway in an advantageous course, and is generally resorted to as a means of lessening the expense which would ensue if an open cutting were made. Since railways began to be spread like a network over our island, tunnels have become exceedingly common, some of them from two to three miles in length.

One remarkable work, the Thames Tunnel, was to afford a free communication between both sides of the river without impeding the navigation, as a bridge or any kind of ferry would undoubtedly do. It seems that, in 1804, an attempt was made to construct a tunnel from Rotherhithe to Limehouse; but although a driftway was carried under the river to the extent of 923 feet, and within 150 feet of the opposite shore, the work was abandoned, owing to difficulties that had occurred, and which the engineer declared at the time to be insurmountable. The plan of a tunnel under the river was, however, always looked upon as a matter of deep interest and great importance; and when Sir I. Brunel, in 1824, exhibited his plan for constructing one with a double and capacious roadway, it was not only well received, but liberally supported. The spot selected for the formation of the work in question—namely, from Rotherhithe to Wapping—was considered to be the most desirable, not only as regarded the traffic in the immediate neighbourhood of the tunnel, but also as related to the neighbouring counties. An act of parliament having been obtained on the 24th of June 1824, and £180,000 having been raised by means of shares, Sir I. Brunel, the engineer, began his operations in March 1825. His first object was to prepare a shaft of descent, which he did by forming one 50 feet in diameter, at 150 feet from the Rotherhithe bank of the river. This he effected by constructing a brickwork cylinder of the above diameter, 42 feet in height, and 3 feet thick. Over this he set up an engine for pumping out the water, and for raising the earth taken out from within the cylinder, which he then sunk *en masse* into the ground, after the manner that well-shafts are

sometimes sunk. When the 50-feet shaft was sunk to the depth of 65 feet, another shaft of 25 feet diameter was sunk still lower for the purpose of drainage. At 63 feet, the tunnel commences, dipping $2\frac{1}{4}$ feet per 100 feet. The excavation was 38 feet wide, and $22\frac{1}{2}$ feet high; and the bottom, at the deepest part of the river, is 76 feet below high-water. The excavation was effected by a shield composed of twelve frames close together, having each three cells above one another, for the miners—making in all room for thirty-six workmen. Its mode of operation, which was truly ingenious, was somewhat as follows: The front was placed against the earth to be removed, and the workmen having removed one board, excavated the earth behind it to the depth directed, and placed the board against the new surface exposed. The board was then in advance of the cell, and was kept in its place by props; and having thus proceeded with all the boards, each cell was advanced by two screws, one at its head and the other at its foot, which, resting against the finished brickwork, and turned, impelled it forward into the vacant space. The other set of divisions then advanced. As the miners worked at one end of the cell, so the bricklayers formed at the other the top, sides, and bottom, the superincumbent earth of the top being still held up by the shield till the bricklayers had finished; and following the shield, in each archway was a stage for the assistance of the men in the upper cells. On the 1st of January 1826 this shield was placed at the bottom of the shaft, ready for the reception of the excavators. The double archway of the tunnel was then proceeded with; but on the 25th of the same month, the stratum of clay through which the work was being carried forward, broke off abruptly, and for six weeks the shield was left open to a considerable influx of land water. The consequence was, that the progress of the work was much impeded. However, on the 11th of March following, the break in the clay having been passed, the work was proceeded with, and by the 30th of April 1827, the tunnel had extended 400 feet under the river, and was fully and substantially completed with brickwork. In the month of May 1827, and again in January 1828, the river broke in, and great apprehensions were entertained that this unprecedented undertaking must be abandoned. When, however, the chasms in the bed of the river had been filled up with bags of clay, and the water in the tunnel cleared out, it was found that the structure was in a perfectly sound and satisfactory state. These circumstances, and the entire expenditure of the capital of the company, prevented the work from being proceeded with until the year 1835, when a grant of public money was made by the Treasury, through the Exchequer Loan Commissioners, to the company to complete the undertaking. The work was then proceeded with. The carriage-way descents, however, have never been made. An utter failure in a commercial sense, the Thames Tunnel has been lately sold at a low price to

the East London Railway Company, who have laid down rails in it as part of their system.

The tunnel now being pierced for the Mont Cenis Railway, between France and Italy, will be the grandest in the world. It was begun in 1857, and at the beginning of 1870 there were still two or three years of labour to look forward to. It will be eight miles long, and about 5600 feet above the level of the sea; while the mountain rises 5400 feet above the tunnel itself at one part.

The cheapest tunnel ever constructed is the Tower Subway, opened in 1870, extending under the Thames from Tower Hill to Tooley Street. It consists chiefly of an iron tube, built up of bent plates. A railway of narrow gauge is laid along in the tube, and a small omnibus for passengers, worked by rope-traction, runs along the rails. The cost was less than £20,000.

PNEUMATIC TUBES FOR TRAVELLING.

A very remarkable application of wind or air pressure to the purposes of transit has been made within a recent period. More than twenty years ago, railway engineers sought for means to propel trains by atmospheric action. They placed a tube between the rails, and made a partial vacuum in it by an air-pump worked by steam; the train was connected by ingenious mechanism with a piston moving to and fro within the tube, and was propelled whenever the vacuum drove on the piston. The principle was sound, but the expense and the difficulty were too great, necessitating the abandonment of the plan after vast sums of money had been bestowed upon it. Afterwards, the question was asked by engineers, 'Can we put the train *inside* the tube?' They tried it. In the Battersea Fields, near the Battersea Park station, an iron tube, about a yard in diameter, was laid down, with gradients and curves purposely arranged to test the system. Iron carriages were made to fit the tubes; and these carriages were shot forward at the rate of thirty miles an hour, by the action of a partial vacuum produced within the tube. By lying down flat in the small carriages, passengers could be shot through the tube in this singular way. The plan having so far succeeded, similar tubes were laid down beneath the street from the Euston station to the head office of the N.W. postal district in London, and mail-bags were quickly blown to and fro, in connection with mail-trains on the London and North-Western Railway. The next step was the laying down of a larger tube, nearly five feet in diameter, beneath nearly two miles of street, from the N.W. office to Holborn; and this tube was so far finished as to be set to work in 1866. There was a powerful steam-engine at the Holborn terminus, by which the air in the tube was alternately exhausted and condensed, according to the direction in which the train was to go. The trains are made of small strong iron carriages,

which may be laden with letter-bags, parcels, or general merchandise; and a weight of ten tons in all may be blown along or sucked along at one time. As a matter of mere trial or experiment, living persons are propelled just as easily as dead luggage; but the dimensions of the tube are of course too small for regular passenger traffic. Should the plans be ever fully carried out, similar tubes will eventually connect all the great metropolitan termini, all the goods dépôts, all the head offices of the postal districts, and all the principal markets. The tube was extended from Holborn to the General Post-office in 1869.

A pneumatic despatch for passengers is also engaging the attention of engineers. A trial of the system was made in the grounds of the Crystal Palace in 1864. A brick tunnel was built large enough to contain a broad-gauge railway carriage; the two ends of the carriage were made to fit the tunnel almost exactly, so as to act like air-tight pistons. A steam-engine exhausted a portion of air from the tube, and then the carriage was propelled by the difference in the air-pressure at the two ends. The motion was beautifully smooth and even; and as the roomy carriage was lighted with gas, the short journey was by no means a gloomy one. The experiment being deemed successful, a pneumatic railway on the same plan was projected, to pass under the Thames from Whitehall to Waterloo; the works were commenced in 1866, partially constructed, and then abandoned for want of funds.

RAILWAYS OVER MOUNTAINS.

A great engineering work is always necessary when a railway has to be carried over a mountain-range. The rails must not deviate very much from a level, otherwise the locomotive could not pull the train up, while the descent would be rendered dangerous by too great a velocity; and yet the summit of the mountain or mountain-pass must be gained in some way or other. Under these circumstances, engineers within the last few years have devised a system of zigzag ascents, going to and fro up the face of a mountain, and reversing the train, end to end, at each reversal in the direction of the incline; at the same time applying some additional mechanism to the locomotive apparatus. By far the most remarkable achievement of this kind is the zigzag railway over Mont Cenis. As the great tunnel railway under that mountain (noticed in another page), will not be finished for many years, an over-mountain rail was determined on, to render partial service at an earlier date; and this has been constructed with surprising quickness, having been begun in 1865, and finished in 1867. Experiments were previously made on a very steep line, the High Peak Railway, in Derbyshire, to ascertain how severe a gradient the locomotive can climb. A third rail was laid down, midway between the two rails of the line, and

raised a few inches above them; and horizontal wheels connected with the locomotive or the carriages, by pressing sideways against this middle rail, gave a powerful additional bite or grip, which enabled an incline to be surmounted that would thoroughly baffle the locomotive as ordinarily employed. On this principle the engineers have proceeded at Mont Cenis. The railway climbs up the side of the mountain to a certain distance, at a gradient of 1 in 16, or even 1 in 12; then it stops short, and runs in the reverse direction; then another stoppage, followed by another reversal, and so on. As a consequence, the railway would appear something like a gigantic zigzag ladder or staircase, if viewed from



Mont Cenis Railway.

a distance. The locomotive is changed end to end of the train, at each reversing station; and so the train travels upwards and upwards. The felicitous part of this enterprise is, that the road itself has not had to be constructed for the purpose; it is Napoleon's magnificent military road over the Alps; being originally made about thirty feet wide, the inner half of this road is made over to the railway engineers, while the outer half is left open for the usual road traffic.

A railway which has been constructed in Australia affords a very good idea of the zigzag mode of ascending and descending mountain slopes. In New South Wales a line is being carried from Sydney westward into the interior; and in that portion which is near the Blue Mountains there is an almost uninterrupted series of cuttings, tunnels, bridges, viaducts, embankments, gradients, and zigzags. Valleys and ravines are crossed over and over again.

One who has lately visited the spot, says: 'The traveller would not be able at first to divest his mind of the idea that almost any accident might precipitate the train and its living freight in thundering violence to the valley several hundred feet below. On reaching the first reversing station, the line is brought as it were to a stop, and, forming an acute angle, descends along the edge of the precipice by means of heavy cuttings through the rocks, and several viaducts, to a spur in the mountain, through which a tunnel runs.' So on the line zigzags to and fro, the train being reversed at the end of each incline, and one incline being literally almost under another. The views of ravine scenery in descending such a mountain in such a way must be magnificent. At one spot there was a spur or mass of rock, containing at least 45,000 tons of stone, standing right in the way, and a path through this was forced by electro-blasting.

The most remarkable ascent in *one* incline is perhaps that of the Bhore Ghaut on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, from Bombay to the interior of the country. Steeper gradients are surmounted elsewhere for short distances, and a greater total height attained by a series of zigzags; but it is unquestionably a great work to rise 1832 feet in 15½ miles, in one continuous ascent, obtained, too, as it is, by the construction of very heavy works; for it is almost a continued series of tunnels through mountains and viaducts across ravines. There are twenty-five tunnels and eight viaducts, one of the latter being 143 feet high; and there are, in addition, twenty-two bridges and seventy-four culverts! The work has required the immense amount of two million cubic yards of cutting, and two million and a half cubic yards of embanking.

South America presents two or three bold examples of an attempt to ascend mountain slopes by railway inclines. One is in Brazil, where a railway climbs the side of a mountain at such a slope as to ascend 2572 feet in six miles—an achievement equalled nowhere else. There is one in Chili, where a railway crosses the Andes at a height of 4400 feet. And there is another in the same country, which, in climbing up the Andes, to get from Valparaiso to Santiago, passes for some miles along the face of precipitous cliffs with abysses of many hundred feet below it, and porphyry walls above it rising sheer to the height of a thousand feet.

LOFTY CHIMNEYS.

While speaking of climbing up lofty mountains, we may say a word or two concerning the height of single engineering constructions. Whether anything of greater elevation has been since built, we do not know; but in 1861 it was considered that the four loftiest buildings in the world were the Great Pyramid at Gizeh, the spire of Strasburg Cathedral, that of St Stephen's Cathedral at Vienna, and the great chimney belonging to Messrs Townshend's chemical

works near Glasgow. Mr Duncan Macfarlane, the engineer, claimed for this last-named structure to be the loftiest chimney in the world. It is 454 feet high from the ground (80 feet in excess of St Paul's Cathedral), and 468 feet from the foundation. The diameter varies from 32 feet to 14, and the thickness from seven bricks to a brick and a half. This chimney has been the subject of one of the most remarkable engineering achievements ever attempted. In 1859, a violent storm swayed the chimney from the perpendicular, producing a permanent deflection of nearly eight feet. It was determined to bring it back to the perpendicular by horizontal *saw-cuts* across the chimney. Twelve such cuts were made, the highest at an elevation of 326 feet from the ground. The saw-cuts were in the mortar beds between the courses on the side from which the chimney leaned; thereby allowing it to come back by its own weight, without the application of any external force. By keeping the saws wet, the mortar became re-softened for the superincumbent weight to settle down upon. Each saw-cut may be regarded in the light of a very thin wedge-shaped space, which gave the superincumbent mass an opportunity of settling down; this settling occurred in most cases before the saw had penetrated half through the diameter of the shaft.

Other great factory chimneys in England and Scotland, though not equal to the above in height, are nevertheless remarkable specimens of this kind of work. The chimney at the St Rollox chemical works at Glasgow, is 450 feet high. Another has been built by Messrs Crossley at Halifax, 381 feet high by 30 feet in diameter at the base; nearly 10,000 tons of brick and stone were used in its construction.

SHIP-CANALS ACROSS ISTHMUSES.

Considering that a canal is made up of cuttings, river-walls, quays, locks, viaducts, tunnels and the like, an account of any particular canal resolves itself virtually into a description of such engineering works as these; but the great ship canal of Suez stands so completely apart from all others, on account of its magnitude and importance, as to call for a little separate notice.

The Mediterranean is separated from the Red Sea by a strip of sandy desert very little more than 70 miles wide; it is this only which prevents Africa from being an island, and prevents ships from sailing from Europe to India by way of the Red Sea. Hence, from very early times, ingenious men have formed plans for cutting a ship canal across this barrier. The narrowest part is from Tineh on the Mediterranean to Suez on the Red Sea; but as this is a barren region of sand, sandstone, and salt swamps, a route was sought for which would avoid a certain elevated tract of sandstone country. The surveyors found a peculiar depression or level, not

much above the sea-level, marked in different places by the Bitter Lakes, Lake Temsah, the Karash salt-marshes, Lake Bellah, Lake Menzaleh, and the plain of Pelusium; this, though a wretched country for settlement, offered a favourable route for a canal. The Egyptians are believed to have commenced such a work as much as twenty-five centuries ago; indeed some authorities believe that the canal was actually finished, and applied to the purposes of trade; that it was from 108 to 165 feet wide, and from 15 to 30 feet deep. But be that as it may, the canal became choked with sand. Traces of it are still visible along the depressed line of route (about 90 miles long) above adverted to. The Greeks and the Romans, the Saracens under the Calif Omar, the Genoese and the Venetians, all in turn contemplated the possible restoration of the old Egyptian canal; indeed the emperor Trajan really restored it in the second century A.D., and the Calif Omar in the seventh century; but the shifting sands have in every case hitherto conquered the engineers, by gradually choking up that which had been excavated. The French, however, who have held this object in view during the whole of the present century, have developed a vast plan for carrying it out; and M. Lesseps, the engineer, has now (1870) so far finished it as to permit ships of considerable burden to traverse the canal from end to end. It may be as well to state at once that Mr Robert Stephenson, who was engaged with French and Italian engineers in surveying the isthmus at various times between 1847 and 1853, came to a conclusion that a really practical and permanent ship canal cannot be formed in that region; instead of this he constructed a railway for the Pasha of Egypt, from Alexandria on the Mediterranean shore to Suez on the Red Sea shore; and this railway has ever since rendered excellent service.

Beginning at the northern or Mediterranean end of the canal, there is the new town of Port Saïd, built on a strip of sand which separates the sea from Lake Menzaleh. Although so recently formed, it has a population of several thousand inhabitants, with streets, docks, basins, and quays. The Mediterranean being at this part very shallow, depth for a harbour could only be obtained by constructing two piers or moles, the one a mile and a half, and the other a mile and a quarter long, formed of huge blocks of concrete or artificial stone. The enclosed area, 500 acres in extent, has been dredged out to a depth sufficient for large merchant-ships. Basins and docks are connected with this harbour; and then begins the canal itself, just 100 miles long. For four-fifths of the distance, this canal is 327 feet wide at the surface of the water, 72 feet wide at the bottom, and 26 feet deep. The remaining one-fifth is 196 feet wide at the water surface, with the same bottom-width and maximum depth as the other. The great surface-width has been adopted to render the banks very gradual in their slope or shelving, as a precaution against washing away. No less than 96,000,000 cubic yards

of stone, sand, and earth have been excavated, to form a canal of such large dimensions; and an immense amount of manual labour, aided by dredging machinery of unprecedented magnitude and power, has been needed in the work. The part of the sloping banks a little above and below the water-level is protected by rough stone pitching, to resist the action of waves caused by passing steamers. From Port Saïd the canal crosses several miles of Lake Menzaleh, a kind of shallow swamp, which requires an embankment to mark and confine the two banks. Then comes the Kantara cutting, three miles through hillocks of sand. This ends at Lake Bellah, a kind of salt marsh, through which the canal runs about nine miles, with side embankments. Next to this comes a portion of plateau eight miles long, in some parts of which, near El Guisr, the canal had to be dug to the vast depth of 90 feet in hard sandstone—an immense labour, where the width of the canal is so great. Then we come to the central part of the canal, Lake Temsah, where, just about 50 miles from each end, is the new and flourishing town of Ismaïlia, provided with streets, roads, merchants' offices, banks, hotels, cafés, villas, a Roman Catholic chapel for the French inhabitants, a Mohammedan mosque for the Egyptian and Arab population, a theatre, a hospital, a railway station, a telegraph station, an abattoir, a bazaar, and quays and repairing-docks for shipping. This town is one of the most remarkable of M. Lesseps' creations. The canal then passes through nine miles of dry land, where the Serapeum cutting has called for a vast amount of excavation. To this succeeds a passage of 23 miles through the Bitter Lake, which has for ages been a dry salt depression, but which is now filled with sea-water from the Mediterranean and the Red Sea; the canal itself being marked out by lofty and broad embankments. No less than 10,000,000 cubic yards of water have been admitted to fill up this great depression. A further portion of 17 miles, through dry land and shallow dried-up lakes, carries the canal to Suez, involving extensive blasting at the Chalouf cutting. At the junction with the Red Sea at Suez, all the necessary piers, docks, quays, &c. have been constructed. A subsidiary work, without which this great ship canal could not have been constructed, is the Sweet Water Canal. This is about 40 feet wide by 9 feet deep. It brings the fresh water of the Nile, from a point a little below Cairo, to Ismaïlia and Suez, and by means of large iron pipes to Port Saïd. This minor canal is literally invaluable, seeing that it supplied fresh water for the thousands of men employed in the works, and is gradually fertilising what was before a sandy desert. The really grand Suez Canal was opened for traffic in November 1869, and ships of large burden now pass through it. The cost has been more than £16,000,000: whether it will pay the shareholders is a problem to be solved gradually; but it will unquestionably be a great aid to commerce.



LIFE-ASSURANCE.

A FAMILIAR DIALOGUE.

THOMSON.—Mr Jones, do you happen to know anything of life-assurance? My wife's father has lately been speaking to me of it, as a thing calculated to be useful to me. But I must candidly say, although I have seen all kinds of advertisements on the subject in newspapers and under the covers of magazines, I am still as ignorant of it as if I were an infant.

Jones.—If that is the case, Mr Thomson, I would recommend your giving the subject some attention immediately; for, as you are a recently married man, with children beginning to drop in upon you, you are quite the sort of person to whom it should not be unknown.

Thomson.—I am willing enough to know a little of it, Mr Jones, but don't know how that is to be brought about. Somehow, whenever I look into an encyclopædia for anything, I find they tell me so much, and go so deeply into it, that I remain about as ignorant as I was. Perhaps you can give me such an off-hand account of life-assurance as I can understand?

Jones.—I am willing at least to try; but let me remark in the first place, that I don't like to hear you, or any other man, complaining of the difficulty of understanding what you read of in books. There are many subjects which no writer on earth could make intelligible at merely a superficial reading. When a subject is out of the

common line, involving calculations and complicated details, we cannot expect to run over it as glibly as a fairy tale, and yet catch up its whole sense and bearings.

Thomson.—Well, I daresay you are right, Mr Jones; but still I think I should be much more likely to understand life-assurance if you were to *tell me about it by word of mouth*, than if I were to read about it in any book whatever. I know you are acquainted with the subject, for I have often seen your name in the list of directors of one of the societies.

Jones.—Yes, I have a general acquaintance with it, from long connection with its business; but if I attempt to sketch the subject as you propose, you must allow me to introduce a few statements of an arithmetical kind, without which it could not be made intelligible. On that condition, I shall do my best.

Thomson.—Agreed, so that you don't take me too deep; for I fairly tell you beforehand I cannot follow you there.

Jones.—Well, well (*smiling*), I shall endeavour to be as shallow as possible. You of course know the nature of the benefits sought for from life-assurance? Not distinctly? Well, they are simply these. The most common case is when a man, such as yourself, wishes that his widow, children, or other dependent relatives, should have a certain sum secured for their use, in the event of his being suddenly removed from the midst of them. Another not unusual case is where a creditor, fearing that his debtor may be long in paying him, or may die before he acquires the ability to discharge his debts, assures that, at the debtor's death, he may receive a sum sufficient to cover the debt. There are other uses for life-assurance; but the first of these is the principal—namely, to make provision for helpless persons against the possible sudden death of the person on whom they depend.

Thomson.—But how can such benefits be secured? It is all very well for a man to secure a good round sum for his widow or children; but either he must pay an equivalent, and therefore would get no benefit, or the office must be a loser by him?

Jones.—Neither is the case. The beauty of life-assurance is, that you or any man may, for a small sum, secure these desired benefits; and yet no one is, or can be, a loser by him.

Thomson.—What! That seems to me self-contradictory. But explain yourself.

Jones.—Your remark, Mr Thomson, only shews that life-assurance is yet little understood even amongst the classes to whom it holds forth most advantage. I could almost wish to see a peculiar class of missionaries going about to make it known to all such as you. But to proceed. Life-assurance is, in its fundamental principle, like a benefit society. A certain number of persons club payments, that those who die within a certain time may receive—or rather that their heirs may receive—the aggregate amongst them.

Here every one takes his chance. Each pays a small sum, that, in a certain contingency, he may get back a large one. Though the occasion for getting the large sum should not arise, he has still had value for his money, for he has been assured that, in the event of his death, the large sum would have been realised. The non-receivers are therefore no losers, while the heirs of the deceased are, I may say, enriched.

Thomson.—All this I can understand. But you speak somewhat ideally. Please tell me what the arrangements actually are.

Jones.—With pleasure. Life-assurance depends, then, upon what is comparatively a modern discovery amongst mankind; namely, that life, while proverbially *uncertain* in the individual, is *determined* with respect to a multitude; being governed, like everything else in nature, by fixed laws. It is found that, out of any large number of persons at a particular age, the deaths during the ensuing year will be a certain number. Suppose we take ten thousand Englishmen of the age of 52, we are quite sure that the deaths amongst them in the next year will be just about 150. This is learned from experience—that is, by the keeping of tables of mortality. The number is liable to be different in different countries and in different ages. In England, a century ago, when the circumstances in which the people lived were less favourable to health, there would have been a greater mortality than 150. So also would there probably be in some other European countries at the present time. But, taking England as it is, such is a specimen of what experience tells us respecting the chances of death amongst our population. Of course, amongst ten thousand younger persons, the deaths are fewer; and of older persons, more. Every age has, in short, its proportion.

Thomson.—I have heard something of this before. But how does it serve for the business of life-assurance?

Jones.—Why, simply thus. Supposing that ten thousand persons at the age of 52 were disposed to associate for the purpose of making sure that the heirs of all those who died within a year should have each £1000. It would only be necessary, in that case, for each person to contribute as much to a common fund as would make up the sum of £150,000, or a thousand times 150; that is to say, each of the ten thousand persons would require to pay in £15. With a small additional allowance for the expense of transacting the business, the resulting sum of £150,000 would serve to give the representatives of each deceased party the desired £1000. This is still so far an ideal case. But it is easy to suppose a large number of persons at all ages, or at least at certain ages determined on, say between 15 and 60, paying into a common fund, each according to his age, and the sum he wished secured; and then we should have a mutual assurance society at once; there being only this additional feature, that generally men do not insure for one year only (though this is possible), but for the whole remainder of their lives; for which

reason an average is struck, and they begin paying at a rate which will continue the same to the end, the excess of payment in the early years making up for its smallness in those near the close of life. Such being the common practice, life-assurance societies necessarily accumulate large funds, which they require to improve at interest in safe investments, in order that the most postponed engagements may be made good in due time.

Thomson.—But does not this introduce another element into the business? The result must be in some degree affected by the rate at which you improve the money.

Jones.—Doubtless; and I am glad to hear you make the remark, as it shews you are following me. Besides calculating the probable rate of mortality, the conductors of life-assurance business must have tolerably certain prospects with regard to the interest which they are to obtain for their funds. Suppose they can make sure of four per cent. at an average—and this, I believe, is below what is usually realised—they have to calculate accordingly. A continued depression of the average rate of interest is, of course, as unfavourable to the interests of a life-assurance society as would be a rise in the rate of mortality. Fortunately, there seems to be as little prospect of the one as of the other.

Thomson.—I can readily imagine all that, without your going into details. But are there not different modes of conducting life-assurance business, as far as concerns the managing parties?

Jones.—Yes. Life-assurance offices are of two leading kinds. On the one hand there are joint-stock companies coming forward with a large subscribed capital, and professing to undertake risks upon lives, looking, of course, for a profit upon their transactions. Other offices are upon the principle of what is called mutual assurance—that is, the parties insuring make of their payments a common fund, out of which the heirs of deceased members are paid.

Thomson.—What are the comparative merits of the two plans?

Jones.—I shall for the present limit myself to stating the advantages attributed to them by their respective supporters. By the first plan, the insurer has usually to pay according to rates calculated merely to allow a profit to the company upon the transaction—that is, the rates are usually moderate. He has also the security derived from a subscribed capital and the credit of the shareholders. In the second class of offices, the rates are usually higher, in order that 'ample scope and verge enough' may be allowed for unfavourable contingencies. But any surplus that thus arises belongs to the insuring parties, and is usually employed in two ways—first, a portion goes to form a reserve or guarantee fund, which may be considered as standing in much the same predicament as the paid-up capital of a 'company:' second, another, and larger portion, is allocated, at intervals of several years, among the members, who may take advantage of it either in the form of an addition to the

sum ultimately to be realised by them, or as a deduction from their future annual payments, or as a sum in hand. The 'companies' boast of their system as furnishing additional security for the insuring party. The 'societies' do not admit this. They hold that the price which has to be paid for the protecting capital out of the yearly premiums, is more advantageously retained in the hands of the assured themselves; and that while perfect security is given by them, they enable insurers to do their own business at prime cost, bating only the office expenses. The mutual offices are few in comparison with the proprietary, there not being the same speculative inducements to found a new 'society,' as to found a new 'company;' while the establishment of the former is undoubtedly attended with some risk in case of one or more deaths occurring in the first year. The two classes of offices are now to some extent assimilated. The 'companies' now, with scarcely an exception, offer two scales, by the higher of which they admit the insured to a share, more or less, in the profits. Several of the mutual 'societies' also, to meet the competition of the low-rated offices, now offer a low scale of premium without share in the profits.

Thomson.—Can you give me any particulars as to rates and surpluses? I sometimes observe offices in their advertisements laying great stress upon bonuses.

Jones.—There are some very remarkable instances of benefit thus coming to the insured. The Equitable of London is a mutual office, dating from 1762. It did a vast amount of business at rates formed upon the Northampton tables of mortality, which give an unfavourable view of life, and while the state of the country was such as to cause accumulated funds to fructify very fast. Other causes tended to raise the profits given to the earlier insurers, so that their policies have ultimately expanded to several times their original amount. Mutual offices charging the usual rates of premium, and which have existed under less exceptional circumstances, have been able to give large bonuses in addition to their original assurances. It is evident such a system involves a savings-bank besides the business of life-assurance, so that it matters less to an insurer that he pays liberal rates, if he be satisfied that the extra money will be disposed of in a way that will turn it to the best account. However, there are now also mutual offices, of more recent origin, which, availing themselves of increased experience, proceed upon the principle of charging moderate rates, and holding forth less temptation in the way of early bonuses.

Thomson.—Some care is taken, I believe, in selecting lives. I remember my cousin Bateman being refused admission because of his being thought to have suffered a little from over-free living. But do not tables comprehend all kinds of lives?

Jones.—Of course they do; but it is not on that account necessary to admit any unhealthy man who seeks, when too late, thus to make

provision for those in whom he is interested. It is necessary, in a 'society,' that all should be presumed as equal in point of health; otherwise, they do not start fair. A 'company,' again, has its own interest in keeping out men not likely to live their full time. There is therefore great pains taken to ascertain of any proposing insurer that his health is good. Besides his own statements in the 'Proposal,' a schedule of queries is sent to two friends, whom he has nominated for the purpose, and, when there seems to be occasion for it, also to his medical attendant. The information required has reference to his ordinary state of health, the diseases he has had or is liable to, the constitution and longevity of his near relations, and his habits of living. And after all, the proposer is personally examined by a medical officer of the 'company,' or 'society,' to ascertain as far as possible that his constitution is sound, and that there is no latent disease which may not yet have developed itself. It is but proper to be thus strict, because, if an unhealthy person is admitted, an injury so far is done to all the rest of the society. There are now offices which give assurances upon invalid lives, charging, of course, premiums high in proportion; and it is quite possible to conduct such a business successfully, for there is a law presiding over the decrement of life among invalids, as well as in the bulk of society.

Thomson.—The lives being, as it were, picked, must, I should think, tell upon the funds of the office very materially.

Jones.—It does. The rates being calculated from tables which give a safe view even of general life, there is, of course, for some time a greatly diminished mortality, and consequently less demand upon the funds of the office, when the lives are, so far as can be, selected. In this way, large bonuses have been given by most offices. It has been found, however, from tables recently constructed from the experience of the offices themselves, that the advantage of selection 'runs out,' so to speak, after a few years, so that the mortality of an office which has attained considerable age, whose recent entrants bear a small proportion to the general body, will come to agree very nearly with that of the community, or the better classes of it. By thus consulting their own experience, the offices have arrived at some interesting results bearing on the hazard of particular trades. To take only one instance—the lives of spirit-dealers, even when the habits at the time of assurance have been certified as good, are found to be greatly more hazardous than those of the general body.

Thomson.—I think I now understand pretty clearly the principles of life-assurance. Would you give me some idea of the practical procedure connected with it, and its results?

Jones.—With pleasure. I shall suppose that you are thirty years of age, and wish to insure five hundred pounds to your family in the event of your death. You may effect the assurance of this sum in several offices of respectability, at about £2, 2s. per cent., or £10,

10s. in all, if you choose to forego the sharing in the profit. This is a simply commercial transaction; a *quid pro quo*. The office, of course, whether mutual or proprietary, looks to make a profit on it, and you look to the realisation of the precise sum of five hundred pounds. Suppose you prefer becoming a member of a mutual society, you will pay, in most of the offices of that class, a somewhat higher rate—ranging from £2, 8s. to £2, 11s.—or about £12, 10s. in all;* and in that case you may reasonably expect that, should your policy run for, say, twelve or fifteen years, it will have become six instead of five hundred pounds; or you would be entitled to have your rate of payment considerably reduced for the future. In mutual assurance, there is, theoretically, the risk, in the early years of the society, of a falling short of funds; but, practically, there is no such danger; for, when once properly started and well conducted, the business of mutual assurance invariably flourishes. In fact, with safe estimates of mortality, there are so many means of employing the funds to advantage, that mutual assurance is unlike every other kind of business—great prosperity being the rule, instead of the exception. There are some, however, who think the guarantee of a trading company so desirable, that they are willing to forego ultimate advantages on that account, or to content themselves at least with that share of the profits which certain companies agree to give to the assured.

Thomson.—In what form does a private party receive assurance of the payment which he bargains for?

Jones.—He receives it in the shape of a bond, on stamped paper, usually called a Policy of Assurance, in which the 'company,' by its directors, binds itself to make good the sum at the decease of the party, provided that decease be not by suicide or in a duel, or beyond certain prescribed geographical limits; provided also that the stipulated payments called premium have been duly made, and that no untrue averment was made as to the state of health and habits of the insured at the date of the insurance.† The bond of the 'society,' again, binds the several members to make good the sum, on the like provisions, but only as far as the funds of the body may, at the fall of the policy, be sufficient for that purpose. A policy of assurance is usually obtained on the condition of an annual payment, because this is the plan which suits the circumstances of most persons; but it may also be had on the payment of one sum. For instance, a person of 36 years will have an assurance for £1000, with prospect of large additions, on paying from

* As has been stated above, there are one or two mutual offices of more recent origin with a lower scale of rates, more nearly abreast with those of the 'companies,' yet still thoroughly safe. Since the first issue of this Tract, also, a good many offices have lowered their rates. It may, however, be held as imprudent in any office to insure life at thirty years much below £2, 2s. per £100.

† The conditions of forfeiture and the restrictions on travelling are generally now much less stringent than they used to be.

£420 to £450 at a mutual office. There is an intermediate system between this single payment and the ordinary premium payable during the whole of life, which is becoming deservedly popular. Most offices now offer a scale of premiums to be charged, say for 10, 15, or 20 years, the insurer being thereafter free from payment. This system is peculiarly suited to the case of professional men, indeed of all who would aim at a reduction of their expenses in the decline of life. When assured by a single payment, the policy is at once as good as a bank-note, for a sum nearly equal to what was paid for it; and the value rises year after year. Even when obtained by annual payments, it soon acquires a certain value. For example, an insurer enters, we shall say, at thirty, and has paid for ten years. Being now forty, he has only to pay for the remainder of life at the rate proper to thirty, which is much smaller. *In the proportion of the one rate to the other is his policy of value.* And he can accordingly use it as a security for any debt he may incur, or as a means of raising a loan; or he may sell it for a sum; which, however, I do not like to see anybody do, as it is like killing the goose for the eggs, and can only be justified by the pressure of extreme necessity.

Thomson.—I would like, however, to understand the advantages of life-assurance to an individual a little more clearly. If I am a healthy person, and live to a good old age, I shall of course pay a great deal, and get back nothing; and perhaps after all, what is got by my heirs may be much less than I have paid, besides perhaps not being needed by them; for before that time my children may be all well provided for otherwise. I think I have heard my neighbour Jackson occasionally indulging in a laugh at life-assurance: all outlay, he says, and no return.

Jones.—And will you allow yourself to be carried away by a thoughtless laugh? Take life-assurance at its own pretension. It is only a kind of lottery, and does not offer prizes to all. Strictly speaking, the surviving pay for the benefits given to the dead; but then who is to say at the beginning of any year, which are to be the paying, and which the benefiting, parties? When you conceive of a person paying for forty or fifty years, till his aggregate outlay greatly exceeds what his heirs ever can receive, you merely think of the blanks in the lottery. The fortunate in length of days are the unfortunate in the distribution of the funds. But then, consider—though you are a young man, you may die to-morrow. Die when you like, if you have only just paid your first premium, your heirs are entitled to the sum assured. You may be said in that case to draw one of the highest prizes. All having here an equal chance, nothing can be more fair.

Thomson.—Still, it is a lottery, or a species of gambling; and I can imagine a nicely conscientious mind being at first sight a little startled by it.

Jones.—Such is really the case. There are many excellent persons who do not think themselves at liberty thus to speculate upon the

events of Providence. But I humbly think they are wrong. If it is a lottery, it is, I would say, one of a legitimate and even laudable kind. Taking its rise in one of the most respectable features of human nature—foresight, or a provision against contingent evils—and having most particularly in view the succour of the widow and fatherless, it is essentially a moral and humane institution. And surely, if it be allowable for any man to seek to gather actual property wherewith to endow those dependent upon him, it is allowable, where that is impossible or difficult of attainment, to secure the same end, since it can be done, by a combination of means and a brotherly participation of risks. I contemplate life-assurance, not as an interference in any degree with the course of Providence, which some rashly assume it to be, but, on the contrary, the taking advantage of a means kindly offered by Providence for our benefit. For, consider on what it rests. That regularity in the ratio of mortality, without which there could be no life-assurance, is an institution of divine wisdom, as clearly as any other of the great arrangements of nature. When we assume this as a guide for certain conduct, not in itself reprehensible, we do no more than when we regulate a journey by what we know beforehand of the season and the length of the day. If we knew from infallible signs that there was to be a failure of grain-crops five years hence, would it not be quite right to save up corn against that time, and thus equalise the evil over a wider surface? Now, if a thousand persons know that a certain number of them will die next year, are they not to be at liberty to act upon that knowledge, and insure each other against the calamities that might flow to their families in the event of their being left without sufficient property to protect them from the evils of poverty? I humbly conceive that we are called upon, by the most sacred considerations, to adopt such an expedient, seeing that it is attended by no practical evils of any kind, but, on the contrary, produces an unmixed good.

Thomson.—I admit the force of your arguments there; but it just occurs to me that an objection still lies with regard to the mercantile view of the subject. Say that I am a young hale man, carrying on a good business which fully employs my capital. I am likely to live for twenty years at least, and in that time have every reason to expect I shall provide for my family very amply. If I take money out of my business to insure upon my life, I so far diminish my means of carrying on business; and my chance of ending with brilliant success is lessened. This I feel to be a hardship, and it may even be the worse in the long-run for my family. You will see, then, that I have a great temptation, circumstanced as I am, to abstain from laying out money in this way, and rather to keep employing it in business, which makes me in the meantime such good returns.

Jones.—You have stated an objection which, I believe, is extremely apt to arise in the minds of men of business, but which I equally

believe to be ill-founded. The question is simply this—are you to trust the comfort of your family to a chance, albeit a promising one, or are you not rather to make quite sure of it so far? Why, you speak of life-assurance being a kind of gamble. In many circumstances, *the keeping out of it is a greater gamble.* The plan which you propose instead, is like risking everything you have in the world upon a single throw of the dice, for the sake of a possible great gain, in which you may be disappointed. The stock in trade of even prosperous men often turns out of little value when they are removed from the head of their business. This is what all are exposed to while we continue mortal: not even the healthiest man can say for certain he is ever to be in his shop or counting-house again. Now, is it not a gratifying reflection to a person in such circumstances, that, though the stroke come to-morrow, and make the value of his stock and trade ever so doubtful, there is at least one clear certain sum to accrue to those about whose welfare he is most anxious—something which they cannot be deprived of, so that he only die in solvent circumstances? To me, at least, with the element of caution pretty strong in my constitution—though not stronger, I daresay, than is necessary in this trying world—it seems so indispensable thus to have *a something* certain for my wife and children to look to, that I feel as if I could not have a minute's comfort at any time, if I were trusting their future comfort wholly to the chance of how my business might turn out after my death.

Thomson.—May I ask if you have known many instances of life-policies proving a stay, where other means that had been chiefly trusted to failed?

Jones.—I could relate several cases in point, and I believe they must be frequent. Speaking generally, my experience says that, of all the possessions of mercantile men, there is none more stable, none more to be depended on, than sums secured upon life.

Thomson.—It will, of course, sometimes happen that individuals benefit in a remarkable degree by life-assurance, seeing their death may take place at any hour after having effected their policies.

Jones.—It does; and I could tell you some remarkable anecdotes of that kind. An instance of death during the *week* following the payment of the first premium once occurred in Edinburgh. In the records of one particular office, I have found a considerable number of cases in which only one premium was paid. I find, for instance, £500 realised after the policy had run 262 days; £800 after 330 days; £600 after 206 days; £500 after only 74 days; £1000 after four months; and so forth. A few years ago, there occurred one particular case of a very striking nature. An industrious man, engaged in flax-spinning, and who had sunk most of what he possessed in a concern of that nature, insured £500 in the month of February, for which the usual comparatively small sum was paid by way of premium; in the ensuing April, not satisfied

with the first sum, he insured £500 more. *Next month*, after the second policy had run only *twenty-two days*, he died in consequence of a severe injury from his own machinery. Thus his family obtained the welcome sum of £1000 to help them on in the world—a sum which they could not have had, if their parent's death had taken place three months sooner! Such incidents serve to place the value of life-assurance in a very striking light. We see, indeed, in this institution one of the grand differences between a barbarous age and one of high civilisation. Long ago, the condition of the widow and the fatherless, in all departments of society, was generally very deplorable, for they were in most instances dependent on mere charity. Now, by a present expenditure of no great magnitude on the part of the father of a family, he may secure them against that wretched state of dependence in the event of his death, happen when it may. Men who are indisposed to make this little sacrifice, talk of leaving their little ones to a kind Providence, in the certainty that they will not want. This is, in reality, to shift their own burden upon the shoulders of other people.

Thomson.—What you say is very convincing, and I no longer see any occasion to hesitate before effecting a policy for the benefit of Susan and the young ones. There is only one other point I wish to have explained. I see that most insurance offices offer to grant annuities to applicants. Is that on the same principle as insurance for sums to be paid at decease?

Jones.—The granting of annuities is a distinct branch of insurance office business, and is conducted on the same principles as to probability of length of days as the branch we have been talking of. Insurance for annuities is chiefly adapted to persons who can sink a certain sum at once in exchange for a certain sum annually—this last being much more than they could realise by any process of lending the principal. The amount of the annual sum or annuity depends, of course, on the age of the insured. It is indeed the converse of life-assurance; an old person will get a much larger return than a young one. Men retiring from business with a moderate sum, and who have no immediate relatives depending on them, find this species of insurance exceedingly suitable. But the plan of annuities is very various, and may be applied to many kinds of cases. A man may buy an annuity for himself, or for himself and wife jointly; or he may sink money for an annuity to his widow after his death; or he may begin paying a sum annually, to cease in a certain number of years, and then his annuity is to commence—such being called *deferred annuities*.

Thomson.—Now that you put me in mind of it, I have heard it said jocularly, that people who insure for annuities generally live longer than those who don't. Surely that must be nonsense.

Jones.—I am not sure that such an idea is altogether visionary. People whose lives are insured for annuities, may be supposed to

feel considerably at their ease. They are not troubled with those cankering cares which distract men in busy life. They are left to enjoy their old age undisturbed. Seeking the 'chimney-nook of ease,' they tranquilly spend their declining years; and, finally, with life drawn out to its utmost span, they sink quietly to their rest. I am not sure but on the same principle it would be found that life-assurance is conducive to longevity. I have heard more than one person speak of the calmness of mind which was induced on a sick-bed by the thought that, come what might, those who depended on them were secured against want.

Thomson.—Now that I know something of insurance, and am determined on effecting a policy, my only concern is to know in what kind of office I ought to transact the business. Can you give me any direction on this point?

Jones.—It might be invidious to speak of particular offices as preferable to others. But I can give you some general directions, which may be of service to you. You must understand that life-assurance, like every other kind of business, is liable to have more or less sordid views connected with it; and instances are sometimes known of business being conducted on an unsound footing, either through erroneous estimates, or with a view to the immediate benefit of certain adventurers concerned. Generally, however, the British offices, whether proprietary or mutual, are conducted in a way that promises perfect security to the assured.* You have heard me describe the opposite advantages arrogated for the proprietary and mutual systems by their various patrons. I am not disposed to go deep into that question; but I may state, as my own mature opinion, that mutual assurance gives all desirable security, while it must make, in general, greater returns to the assured. There is something in the object of life-assurance so sacred in my estimation, that I dislike seeing common commercial interests mixing themselves up with it. Were such aid necessary, it would, of course, be right to have recourse to it; but experience, I think, as well as science, shews that it is not wanted. Let men unite as brethren of one kind in this holy duty of insuring each other against one of the greatest of calamities, that of leaving a family in indigence; and let whatever surpluses may accrue from a successful management of the business be divided among those alone whose benefit was primarily contemplated. There is, I believe, a growing conviction in favour of the mutual system, while 'companies' are every day mixing up more and more of the surplus-dividing system with their own,

* The recent disasters can scarcely be said to invalidate this statement. The collapse of the Albert, and the position of some other offices, are to be traced to a reckless violation of principles on which the stability of an assurance office, as of any other business, depends. It is to be hoped that the measure now before parliament may provide simple machinery for exhibiting at a glance the position of each office. The best safeguard against the recurrence of similar calamities must ever be found in publicity.

granting policies at certain rates, with what they call 'participation of profits.' Indeed, so strong is this movement, that pure 'companies,' especially those with high rates, could not have maintained their ground, if they had not very generally resorted to an expedient which I am sorry to characterise as immoral. I refer to the giving of commission to any one, whether a man of business or a private person, who brings them customers; thus inducing individuals in trust to recommend their clients to particular offices, where, perhaps, they will pay more and receive less than elsewhere. Ignorant as most persons are of life-assurance, and unable to discriminate for themselves between the claims of contending systems, they are naturally disposed to listen to the counsels of a friend or legal agent on the subject; but, behold, where they expect true intelligence and sound advice, they confer with a party who is secretly under the temptation of *a bribe*—for such it is—to give them the reverse; so that their children will years after receive, it may be, not three-fourths of the sum they might have realised in other quarters for the same outlay. Seeing such results, I cannot but condemn the system. And one strong reason with me for preferring the mutual offices is, that they have generally rejected this mode of obtaining business.

Thomson.—I really feel surprised that such a practice should exist in an age like the present. Why, it reduces educated men to a level with cooks and butlers taking fees from tradesmen for their masters' custom. I shall, of course, avoid connecting myself with any office which acts in a way so directly contrary to good morals.—But, to pass from this subject, I should like to know if life-assurance is taken advantage of by any large portion of the community. To speak the truth, although the advertisements of the various offices are seen everywhere, I hear of few persons who have taken out policies of life-assurance. And, for my own part, I never till now had any clear idea of what life-assurance meant, or what it could do.

Jones.—I thoroughly believe you. Though life-assurance has made great advances of late years, the subject is still little understood by the public at large, and as yet accordingly its advantages exist in vain for the great mass. It is estimated that in the year 1869 the number of persons whose lives were insured in the United Kingdom was little above 450,000, while many of these must have insured, not for the benefit of families, but in connection with money-raising and security. That so small a proportion of the heads of families as this indicates should have availed themselves of so easy a means of providing for those depending on them, gives a sad view of the improvidence of men. Still I am happy to think that the blessings of life-assurance, as I may well call them, are rapidly extending. The Scottish offices alone, though but a handful compared with the rest, possess a fourth of the whole business of the country, and transact more than that proportion of the new business.

For some years they have issued at the rate of 12,000 new policies a year, for sums averaging between £500 and £600. And into their coffers alone upwards of two and a half millions of premiums are poured every year. Such a large subtraction from the current enjoyments of the population, for the supply of needs yet in the remote future, speaks strongly, not merely for the increasing wealth, but the improving civilisation of our country. It is to be greatly wished that the benefit should spread further down in society. As yet, it is almost confined to the upper and middle ranks; but there is no reason why a respectable artisan or small tradesman should not have his family assured against the calamity of his early death as well as his richer neighbours.

Thomson.—Certainly not. But do the ordinary insurance offices accommodate working-men?

Jones.—They do. I believe most, if not all of them, grant policies for £50. However, there is a class of insurance associations more peculiarly adapted to the wants of artisans and others with slender means, to which they can very easily resort.

Thomson.—I suppose you allude to what are called benefit clubs, or friendly societies. From what I have heard of most of these concerns, I should not willingly recommend any man to trust his money in their hands.

Jones.—That is too sweeping a condemnation. There are, no doubt, many got up on erroneous principles, and perhaps some are conducted by designing individuals for their own ends; but there are likewise several established and managed on principles as sound as those of respectable insurance companies.

Thomson.—Name one of these, if you please, and let me know something of its details. I take an interest in everything bearing on the welfare of the working-classes.

Jones.—The one I happen to be best acquainted with is the Edinburgh School of Arts Friendly Society, established nearly forty years ago. This Society, although originating with certain of the members of and friends to the School of Arts (a species of mechanics' institution), and taking its name, is not otherwise connected with that institution, but is open to all persons, male and female, residing in Edinburgh. It has three separate funds or schemes—namely, a *Sickness Fund*, *Deferred Annuity Fund*, and a *Life-assurance Fund.* If you wish to know the scale of contributions, and the benefits secured you must study the Society's tables. It must be confessed, however, that the unsatisfactory way in which very many Friendly Societies have conducted their affairs has led to a very general distrust of them; and it was partly at least from this cause that government was led to introduce, in 1865, the system of Post-office Insurance, which gives the insured the benefit of the national security. I need not enter into the details of the scheme; but the post-masters whose post-offices have been raised to the rank

of insurance offices are ready to give all requisite information to applicants; and tables of rates are kept ready for inspection. One instance will give a general notion of the scheme. A man in his 30th year may insure £100 to his survivors at his death:

	£	s.	d.
1. By a single payment of	43	3	7
2. By an annual payment for life of	2	6	7
3. By a quarterly " "	0	13	0
4. By a monthly " "	0	4	4
5. By a fortnightly " "	0	2	2
6. By an annual payment, up to the age of 60, of	2	13	10
7. By a quarterly payment, " " "	0	15	0
8. By a monthly payment, " " "	0	5	0
9. By a fortnightly payment, " " "	0	2	6

It is to be regretted that the working-classes have as yet availed themselves but little of the facilities thus offered. Although the rates are somewhat higher than in most ordinary offices, for those who are at a loss what office to select, there is the advantage at least of knowing that there is perfect security.

Thomson.—Would you prefer seeing men effecting an insurance to laying aside money in a bank?

Jones.—I do not think the two things should be brought into comparison, because each is right in its way. I would, however, repeat, that the first duty of every man is to provide to the best of his ability for his wife and family in the event of his death, and the most convenient way of doing so is to effect an insurance on his life. At the same time, I do not imagine that this is incompatible with other economical practices. Let every man save as much as he can by all means—the operative resorting to his savings-bank, and those with larger means at disposal seeking all proper investments for the surplus gains of their labour. In point of fact, I believe it will be found that the man who insures his life is the first to save otherwise.

Thomson.—Well, I believe that life-insurance does not necessarily prevent other means of economising, even as regards working-men in good employment; and I shall recommend some artisans whom I happen to know either to join an insurance office, or take advantage of the government plans.

Jones.—Do so; but do not confine your advices to them. Try to influence every person to insure, whatever be his station. Indeed, till this practice becomes the rule amongst men of all classes, instead of being, as now, the rare exception, I cannot believe that we have attained such a point in civilisation as we have any title to boast of. For what is the predicament of that man who, for the gratification of his affections, surrounds himself with a wife and children, and peaceably lives in the enjoyment of these precious blessings, with the knowledge that, ere three moments at any time shall have passed, the cessation of his existence may throw wife and children

together into a state of destitution? I hold it to be the duty of every man to provide, while he yet lives, for his own: I would say that it is not more his duty to provide for their daily bread during his life, than it is to provide, as far as he can, against their being left penniless in the event of his death. One part of his income can now be devoted by a head of a family to the necessities of the present; another may be stored up, by means of life-assurance, to provide against the future. And thus he may be said to do the whole of his duty towards his family, instead of, as is generally the case, only doing the half of it. Men are only comparatively indifferent on this subject, because there has as yet been but a brief experience of a system for redeeming widows and orphans from poverty. When life-assurance is as universally understood and practised as it ought to be, he who has not made such a provision, or something equivalent, for the possibility of his death, will, I verily trust, be looked on as a not less detestable wretch than he who will not work for his children's bread; and his memory after death will be held in not less contempt.

[*Jones and Thomson bid each other good-bye, and separate, Thomson resolving not to go home till he has called at an office to fill up a proposal for an assurance upon his life.*]

NOTE.

The assurance principle has been applied with success to the guaranteeing of fidelity in persons holding situations of trust. In this case the calculation is, that out of a large range of instances where individuals of good moral character are intrusted with sums belonging to their employers, a nearly regular amount of defalcation will take place annually, or within some other larger space of time. This may give an unpleasant view of human nature, but it is found to be a true one, and the question which arises with men of business is, by what means may the defalcation be best guarded against. The choice is between a guarantee from one or two persons, and from a trading company. By the former plan, the risk is concentrated upon one or two, who may be deeply injured in consequence: by the other plan, the risk is not merely diffused, it is *extinguished*, for the premiums paid by the insuring parties stand for the losses, besides affording a profit upon the business. Guarantee companies are now established in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other large cities; and as they serve a useful purpose, and rather support than deteriorate individual morality, we cordially trust that they will go on and prosper.—ED.



PASSION AND PRINCIPLE.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH.

I.

'COULD you like me to do anything for you, dear mother?' said Lizette, a sweet-tempered girl, to her mother, who was lying to all appearance on her death-bed, in a cottage in the environs of Marseille. 'Would you like me to raise your head a little? I am sure you would—now, I think you will be more comfortable. I am glad I thought of that.'

'Lizette,' said the dying woman, with some degree of effort, 'you kill me with kindness—you are far too good to me.'

'Kindness!—do not speak of such a thing. It is my duty to be kind and attentive to my poor dear mother. You know I would do anything I could think of for you, and it would be all little enough. Do try to compose yourself, dear mother. Perhaps you may yet get well.'

'Never,' answered Dame Margaret; 'I know I have not long to live, and yet I cannot die. Had you been less dutiful, less kind, it would have been easier for me now. I could have endured your want of affection, but your goodness overcomes me. Oh, what a dreadful thing it is to receive kindness from those you have wronged!' And here the poor woman stopped, as if convulsed with some strong emotion.

Lizette exhausted every persuasive to compose the agony of the sufferer, who she imagined was becoming delirious; but all was in vain.

'Dear, dear mother,' said she tenderly, her large black eyes filling with tears, as she fixed them on the agitated countenance of the dying woman; 'do not speak thus. You have never done me any wrong; you have always been the best of mothers.'

'Do not call me mother; I am not your mother.'

'I fear you are suffering a great deal,' said Lizette, not heeding her strange observation.

'O yes,' answered Dame Margaret, who was perceptibly getting weaker; 'I am dying, and cannot appear before God with such a heavy sin upon my conscience, Lizette.'

'If it is a sin, dear mother, you ought to tell it to the curé, and not to me: he will console you. Would you like me to go and call him?'

'Go, my child; but come back quickly: I feel I am very ill.'

When Lizette returned, accompanied by the pastor, they both observed terror in every feature of the dying woman. Lizette fell on her knees at the foot of her mother's bed, and poured out her full heart in prayer.

'Well, Dame Margaret,' said the pastor, seating himself on a stool, and taking the hand of the poor woman, as if to feel her pulse, 'you are ill; but I trust you are at peace with God?'

'No, sir, no,' replied the woman; 'there is no peace for me: I have wronged that innocent child. Oh, Lizette, Lizette,' added she, turning to the young girl, 'promise not to curse me.'

'Dearest mother,' said Lizette caressingly.

'Hush, hush. For pity's sake do not call me mother: it kills me.' And Dame Margaret, then raising herself in the bed, clasped her hands, and with an effort for which she seemed obliged to collect all her remaining strength: 'I am verily guilty, sir. I am not the mother of that child. Lizette, I am not your mother;' and, as if she had but been given strength for this avowal, she fell back in utter exhaustion.

'Explain yourself, and hope still in God,' said the pastor, as he bent over the couch; whilst Lizette's anxious gaze seemed to inquire the meaning of these mysterious words.

Dame Margaret, after a few moments, recovered sufficiently to answer: 'Sixteen years ago I lost my husband, just as I became the mother of a little girl; and I was soon after hired as nurse to the daughter of the Baroness de Pons, who then resided in Marseille. Three weeks had hardly gone by when the child fell sick, and so sick that I thought she was going to die. I was a poor widow. If I lost the nursing, I must lose the money that I intended to lay out in purchasing a bit of ground near my house, which would set me above want for the rest of my days.' Here the dying woman paused,

either to collect strength or to delay a painful confession. The curé pressed her hand, as if to encourage her. 'Alas! your reverence,' she resumed, in broken accents, 'one morning that my poor nursling was lying as if she were dead, a fine coach stopped at my door, and the Baroness de Pons alighted from it, looking very happy, and crying: "My child, my Clotilda. Quick, Dame Margaret; bring me my child." Well, sir, what can I say for myself? My heart failed me. I had not courage to grieve that beautiful young mother, who had come in her joy. Besides, my evil genius kept whispering to me to keep the bit of ground. I took my own child, my little Lizette—she was thought like my nursling—and, without saying a word—it would have stuck in my throat—I put her into the arms of Madame de Pons.'

Lizette was listening with breathless attention, at times involuntarily articulating the words that fell from the lips of the dying woman.

Finding her strength failing, Dame Margaret went on quickly. 'Madame de Pons covered the child with kisses. "How pretty she is!" said she, with all a mother's pride. "She is like a child of four months old, and she only six weeks! How delighted Albert will be to see her so rosy, so healthy!" But all on a sudden—then indeed I trembled—Madame de Pons began to undress the child, to look for a little red mark which her baby had below the elbow.'

'Here it is,' said Lizette in great agitation, as she pulled up her sleeve; 'here it is. Heavenly Father, leave me my senses.'

'Hush!' said the curé, gently laying his hand on the young girl's arm.

'The lady's-maid relieved me from my embarrassment,' continued the nurse; 'for, as you may well guess, the red mark was not to be found. "Did I not tell you so, my lady?" cried she. "I said it was only a heat in the skin, and not the mark of a strawberry; and your ladyship would not believe me; and now, my lady, you see I was right." "Oh, what happiness to have her so strong, so healthy!" was the only answer of Madame de Pons. "How could I have ventured to hope it with such delicate health as I have always had. But I cannot leave her again; I will stay here till she is to be weaned." And this, sir, was the way I changed the children.'

The nurse ceased speaking. There was a profound silence, which Lizette was the first to break 'And you are not my mother?'

'But I love you as if I were. Had it not been for me, for my cares, you would have died. Lizette, Lizette,' said the poor woman, clasping her trembling hands, 'be not more inexorable than the God before whom I am about to appear. Forgive, forgive me.'

'I do, I do,' said Lizette, throwing herself, bathed in tears, into the arms of her nurse; 'for it was you who made me so big and strong; you loved me, you made me happy. Are not these tears the first you ever caused to flow? Be at peace, my own poor

mother; far from vexing your last moments, your child blesses you.'

'You are a good and generous girl,' said the curé to Lizette. 'As for you, Dame Margaret, though you have done a grievous wrong, Madame de Pons will scarcely blame you, since you have saved her child.'

'But I gave her my own child,' interrupted Dame Margaret; 'and now I must die without one look at her, without one kiss of her sweet lips.'

'Am I not your child too, mother?' said Lizette, in a tone of soft reproach.

'Blessings be on your head, my child, for that one sweet word; it makes death less bitter.' Her voice now failed her, and in a few moments she had ceased to breathe.

II.

One forenoon, shortly after the death of Dame Margaret, a young country girl descended from a diligence which had just arrived at the place of its destination in Paris. Her dress was the costume of the peasantry of Marseille. A short petticoat displayed a pretty pair of ankles, and two small feet in black shoes, with silver buckles. A clear muslin handkerchief trimmed with lace gave to view a neck embrowned by the noonday sun, while a little cap, surmounted by a large hat of black felt, with a broad gold band, shaded a fine and marked countenance. The diligences in France do not set down their passengers in the open street, as is the custom with stage-coaches in England. They drive into a spacious courtyard, to which no strangers for mere curiosity are admitted, and therefore the passengers are not incommoded by a crowd. Lizette, as the young girl was who had now arrived in Paris, having received her trunk, and had it examined by the attendant custom-house officers,* felt herself alone and friendless, and sat down to compose her feelings before venturing out to the long busy streets of which she had seen something in coming through the city. How long she might have sat ruminating on the object of her enterprise, is uncertain; her meditations were suddenly broken in upon by the abrupt request of one of the clerks, that she would move out of the way. Aroused by the discourteous order, the poor girl proceeded to procure a porter, and asked him to shew her the way to the house of Madame de Pons in the Rue de Rivoli; and, as if to prove that she

* More correctly, officers of the octroi. The octroi is a tax collected in every French town for the benefit of the municipality; it is levied in the form of a duty on certain articles entering the town; and so rigorously is this exacted, that the appointed officers search the trunks of travellers, and even the baskets which the country-people bring to market. An enormous sum is thus raised annually by the octroi duties in Paris.

was not mistaken in the address, she drew from her pocket a letter, and handed it to the porter.

'It is quite right; the very thing,' said he: 'follow me.' And taking up the luggage, he proceeded, accompanied by the girl, in the direction of the Rue de Rivoli.

Lizette was almost bewildered with the spectacle of the crowded streets, the dashing of carriages, and the great height of the houses, whose tops, to her imagination, seemed to reach the clouds. She was also struck with the splendour of the public buildings; and when the porter conducted her through the arcades of the Palais Royal, gay with the most elegant shops, and picturesque from the spouting of the jets-d'eau, she thought she was in a place of enchantment. 'How delightful it will be for me to come often to see these grand scenes,' said she to herself—'scenes from which I have been so long kept by an impostor. I shall now soon see this daughter of a peasant who has so long enjoyed my fortune, my name, and my mother's caresses. How proud the girl must be! With what a patronising air she will receive me!—but what pleasure it will be to humble her by giving her this letter from the curé! Oh, how mortified she will be when she reads the dying confession of Dame Margaret!' Indulging such thoughts of bitterness, Lizette followed her guide out of the Palais Royal into the Rue St Honoré, along which she had to go for some way. The sight of the church of St Roche arrested her attention, and gave a salutary turn to her feelings, and the young girl exclaimed: 'Oh, what a vile creature I am! What bad thoughts I have been cherishing! What! shall I, who am about to deprive her of everything, shall I insult her? Will she not have grief enough? Cruel that I am; may God forgive me! I must perform my devotions,' said she, turning quickly to the guide; 'wait here for me one moment.'

'And welcome, miss,' said the porter. 'I am answerable for your luggage,' added he, as he shewed his badge.

The young girl ascended the steps of the church; and as she knelt before the altar, with eyes fixed upon the letter, which she still held in both hands, murmured: 'O my God, give me strength for this hour!—teach me words to say to my mother that she may acknowledge me, that she may love me; for how can a poor girl brought up in the country know how to speak to a great lady! And O my God, soften my heart, and teach me to look kindly upon her who has usurped my place, and give me gentle words to say to her. It was not her fault that she robbed me of everything. Make me kind to her, oh, very kind to her, for I am about to make her very unhappy. I am about to deprive her of one mother, and I have not another to give her—Dame Margaret is dead.' This recollection made her tears flow afresh, and Lizette—for so we shall still call her—remained for some moments as if overwhelmed by the many conflicting feelings that agitated her. At length, relieved by the tears

which she now freely shed, she left the church, and finding the porter where she had left him, both turned into the Rue de Rivoli.

When Lizette reached the door, when her foot was on the threshold of her mother's house, that house which she was about to enter as a stranger, her heart sank within her. But, summoning all her courage, she ascended the steps boldly, and, like most timid persons, who, having by a violent effort overcome their natural character, overact their part, she rang until she broke the bell. The startled footman ran to open the door, and when he saw only a country-girl and a porter with a small trunk, he said somewhat roughly: 'What business have you to ring in such a way?'

'I want to see Madame de Pons,' answered Lizette, affecting a confidence which was fast forsaking her.

'Who in the world is ringing in such a way? I am sure it must wake my lady,' said a waiting-maid in a very sharp tone, who now made her appearance; when, suddenly perceiving the costume of Lizette, she added more civilly: 'From Marseille? Are you the daughter of Dame Margaret?'

The title of daughter of Dame Margaret seemed to arouse all the pride which Lizette had struggled so hard to subdue, and she answered: 'I am the foster-sister of her whom you call Mademoiselle de Pons.'

'Whom we call Mademoiselle de Pons! Well, that is droll enough, my little country-girl. Wait here, child; I will go to Mademoiselle. How delighted she will be to see her little Lizette; she is always talking of her!'

'Do not tell her too suddenly, Gertrude,' said the footman; 'you know how nervous our young lady is.'

'Does the man think I am a fool?' returned the maid rather angrily; 'do not I know better than you can tell me the state of Mademoiselle Clotilda's nerves? Make your mind easy—I will tell her the good news without doing her any harm; wait here for me, my good girl.'

'How much she is beloved and respected!' thought Lizette. 'At length, then, I shall see her and speak to her!'

After the lapse of five minutes, which appeared as many ages to the impatience of the young girl, the distant rustle of a silk dress was heard, and Lizette fixed her eyes with a feeling that was almost terror on the door through which Gertrude had disappeared. It opened, and a tall and beautiful creature ran forward with extended arms, exclaiming: 'Lizette, Lizette; welcome, welcome, my sister'—and taking both her hands with the most winning tenderness, she again said: 'Welcome, most welcome! How thankful I am that God put it into your heart to come to us! How is my nurse? But what is the matter? Have you no kiss for me? Surely you are not afraid of me?'

Lizette was confounded. She was not prepared for such a

reception, and if her gentle and ingenuous nature had ever harboured one feeling of hatred and resentment against her who had so innocently usurped her place, it gave way before these tender manifestations of spontaneous affection.

'Dame Margaret is dead,' answered Lizette. She had scarcely uttered the words, when she felt caressing arms around her neck, and the pressure of soft lips in an affectionate kiss.

'Alas, alas! but together we will weep for her,' murmured Clotilda. 'My poor nurse! And you came off to us at once: you knew you would find here a mother, and a sister too. Is it not so? How I love you for the thought! Yes, you are my sister, and everybody here must love, respect, and obey you. Do you hear me?' added she, turning to the servants who had been drawn into the passage by this little scene; 'this is a second Mademoiselle de Pons: we have shared the same milk; I deprived her of the half of her mother's caresses and cares; surely she has every right to the half of all that belongs to me. I must except, however, the half of my mother's love,' said she, interrupting herself with somewhat of the air of a spoiled child; 'but I will give you some little portion of it, Lizette, so do not be uneasy.'

'Oh, if I could but see her!' said poor Lizette, almost gasping for breath.

'See my mother!' said Clotilda; 'you cannot see her yet; she is in bed; but come with me.'

Lizette shrank back, and Clotilda now perceived the porter, and she instantly ordered that he should be paid and dismissed. 'Come, come, dear sister,' said she; 'the joy of seeing you is too much for me. I feel quite faint; but I care not, it is all delight.' And taking Lizette's hand, she led her through some splendidly-furnished rooms into a small apartment, where wealth had collected all that could be conceived most luxuriously useful and most uselessly luxurious. 'Now you are in my quarters,' said Clotilda, as with gentle force she made Lizette sit down in a large arm-chair, and took a seat on a stool at her feet. 'This is my sitting-room, on the right is my bed-room, on the left my study; at the end of that alcove is a door opening into Gertrude's room; but I will send her to sleep elsewhere, and I will give you her room, so that we shall be together night and day. But perhaps you may not be a sound sleeper, and I may disturb you; I am so often so very ill during the night: I have such bad health, the slightest exertion brings on fever; feel my hand now, is it not burning?—all from the delight of seeing you. Any painful emotion must kill me, I am persuaded; and therefore it is that every one tries to spare me the least vexation. Everybody tries to please me, no one contradicts me, so that I am quite spoiled. But this delicacy I inherit from mamma. My father had a strong constitution, at least I have been told so; for, alas! I never knew him; he died of a fall from his horse about two years

after I was born. But how well you are looking! What fine rosy cheeks you have got, and your arms so firm, so rounded!' added Clotilda, playfully patting Lizette's cheek. 'How happy you must be! It is so sad to be ill, and I am always ill. But you do not answer me. What is the matter? You are cold, reserved. Do you not love me?'

'I am only just arrived,' stammered Lizette, 'and I do not yet know you.'

'And do I know more of you? When two children have been fed with the same milk, and have slept in the same cradle, do they, when they meet, require ages in order to love each other? You are a naughty girl, Lizette, for that speech. Kiss me. Now I will have it so; contradiction always makes me ill.'

III.

Lizette was deeply affected by the sweet caresses of Clotilda, who, as a being all sentiment and of the most delicate health, seemed to the country-girl something different from ordinary mortals. There was novelty in every look and expression of the gentle creature, and as Lizette yielded to her embrace, she timidly returned her friendly kiss. Clotilda, now rising, made Lizette stand up with her, and placed her before a mirror, crying: 'You see you are exactly my size; my frocks will fit you. Your style of dress is pretty, but you must change it for my sake. I should wish so much to see you dressed like me.' And at this moment, in obedience to a feminine instinct, the two young girls cast at one another a furtive glance of rapid survey.

As Clotilda had remarked, all in Lizette breathed health. Her polished forehead, her finely-proportioned figure, which, though tall and robust, was still perfect in its symmetry; her roseate cheeks, her large sparkling black eyes; her whole person, in short, with its young healthful beauty, was a striking contrast to the languid and delicate appearance which Clotilda presented. Of equal height with Lizette, her fragile form seemed bending, yet gracefully bending, under suffering, which clouded her fair face, and obscured the brilliancy of her beautiful eyes; while her long black hair gave to her cheek a pale and sickly hue. Her voice, which, when she began to speak, had somewhat of feverish excitement, became by degrees almost inaudible, and her last words died upon her lips.

The mutual survey caused a momentary silence; and Lizette, steeling herself against the emotion with which the sight of the suffering Clotilda and her touching kindness inspired her, reiterated her desire to see Madame de Pons.

'Impossible just now, dear girl,' answered Clotilda, as she leant for support on the shoulder of Lizette; 'we must not go to mamma's room till noon. Oh, what a simpleton I am! not to be able to bear

any event, sad or gay. My heart is beating—beating so that I can scarcely breathe. I am sure I shall die suddenly some day. But here I am chattering; I am listening only to myself, thinking only of myself; and this poor child, so grave, so silent, while in my selfishness I am making her get up and sit down, without ever inquiring if she wants anything. Are you hungry? Are you thirsty? Would you like to undress, to lie down for a little while? I believe I am bewildering you,' resumed she, laughing with charming naïveté.

'Oh, I want nothing—only to see Madame de Pons,' again said Lizette, clasping her hands almost despairingly.

'Well, I will go and try if we can see her. Perhaps you have some message for her from my poor nurse? That letter, I suppose, is for mamma?' said Clotilda, extending her hand for the document, so important to Lizette; but perceiving the almost convulsive grasp with which she still retained it, she resumed: 'You wish to give it to her yourself? Well, just as you like; I will not contradict you. But, as in any case you cannot see mamma for an hour, take off your hat, let down your hair; do here just as you would at home. I will go and see if mamma be awake. But you will be lonely; here is a book for you to read.'

Lizette, for the first time in her life, experienced a feeling of shame. She, who had come to the house so proud of her newly-discovered birth, so haughtily determined to assert her rights, and to mortify her who had usurped her place, now suddenly felt the inferiority resulting from the want of education; but, too proud to dissemble, she coldly said, while her cheek crimsoned, and her eyes sought the ground: 'I do not know how to read.'

Clotilda suffered an exclamation of surprise to escape her; then, in generous fear of having wounded Lizette, she took her in her arms, and, while lavishing upon her almost infantine caresses, cried: 'Forgive me, forgive me! Not for worlds would I have made you blush. But why should you be ashamed, sweet pet? It is only because you were not taught to read, that is all, so never mind. But do not tell it to any one else, I beg of you: for there are people who would be stupid enough to laugh at you, and this would so grieve me. I will teach you myself to read—would you like it?—and to write too, and to sing, and to draw, and do everything that I can do. Tell me, do tell me, would you like it?'

At this fresh instance of disinterested affection and angelic goodness, Lizette felt all the icy barriers give way. Ever since the extraordinary declaration of Dame Margaret, she had experienced neither peace nor happiness. Her mind had been in a constant tumult, her better nature struggling with an ambition of which she had previously had no experience. It was a war of Passion and Principle, victory now inclining to one side, and now to the other, but Principle on the whole maintaining its sway in the conflict.

The kindness of Clotilda, so unexpected, and in a great degree undeserved, gave new force to Principle. Had she been received with the cold indifference she had almost anticipated, the consciousness of injury would have caused her unhesitatingly to proclaim the object of her visit, and, in strict justice, she would have been right. But justice, unblended with compassion—with the charity which suffereth long, and is kind—what miseries may not be produced in its name; how often may it miscalculate and overshoot the mark! Lizette was no casuist. Without staying to reckon with what advantage the blow of justice might be suspended, she felt that it would be cruel to undeceive and render miserable the sensitive being who, with a kindness as uncalculating as her own, had offered to communicate the accomplishments of which she was so deficient. Instead of pronouncing the death-warrant of the fragile creature in the words: 'Go, thou who hast hitherto lived in thy happiness, surrounded by the fond cares of love. Go, thou who hast had till this moment a mother, wealth, illustrious name. Go, thou whose tender arms are still entwined around me: I am come to strip thee of everything—to take from thee mother, wealth, name'—she gazed once more on the pale face of Clotilda; and, abandoning herself to the impulses of her noble nature, excited to the utmost, she in her turn took her foster-sister in her arms, and, covering her cheek with kisses and with tears, exclaimed: 'Keep all, keep all; you are more worthy of all than I am.'

'What am I to keep, dear girl?' said Clotilda in some surprise. 'Have you kindly brought me some souvenir from Marseille?'

'I believe that I am mad,' said Lizette, hiding her face in her hands.

'Mademoiselle,' said Gertrude, gently opening the door, 'my lady is asking for you. She has heard of the arrival of Dame Margaret's daughter, and wishes to see her.'

'Heavenly Father, forsake me not!' murmured Lizette; and her trembling limbs almost refused their office, as she arose to obey the summons.

'Stay here a moment,' said Clotilda, as soon as they reached the door of her mother's room. 'Mamma's first glance, as well as her first caress, must be mine.' And she bounded into the room, while Lizette, involuntarily obeying the order, remained near the half-open door, following the movements of the young girl with a gaze into which her whole soul had passed. Clotilda approached the bed, drew back the curtains, and Lizette looked upon the face of her mother. At the same instant a voice fell upon her ear—the voice of her mother. Oh, if Lizette were not at that moment at her feet, if she did not avow herself, if she did not cry: 'Mother, mother, I am your child!' it was because the mighty emotion she experienced left her powerless to speak or move.

'Well, dearest, what have you done with Lizette?' asked Madame de Pons.

Every pulse of Lizette's heart responded to this name uttered by her mother. She rushed into the room. At the first glance, Madame de Pons started, and exclaimed: 'Those eyes! those eyes! what a wonderful resemblance!'

'Who is she like?' inquired Clotilda, alternately glancing from her mother's agitated countenance to Lizette's large black eyes.

'She has your father's eyes,' said Madame de Pons—'your father's eyes. Oh, why should a stranger have those eyes, and not my Clotilda, my child, the child of our love? Come to me, Lizette; do not cast down your eyes; look up at me—again—again—that glance at once revives and kills me. Poor child! But who is weeping there?' asked Madame de Pons in sudden terror.

Clotilda had thrown herself into a chair, and was weeping bitterly.

'What is the matter, my child?' cried her mother, as she caught her hand.

'I am weeping that I have not my father's eyes, which Heaven has given to Lizette and denied to me,' said Clotilda, with a look of deep sorrow. You will now love Lizette better than me, and look at her more often.'

'Dearest child,' cried Madame de Pons, raising her daughter, and straining her to her bosom—'dearest child, what strange notion have you taken up? Oh, do not weep, I implore of you; you will make yourself ill. Remember the physicians have warned you against giving way to emotion. Clotilda, remember your health is my health, your life is my life. Do not envy this young creature her eyes. See how calmly I can gaze upon them now.'

Lizette, who had been throughout this scene like one in a dream, so entirely had the violence and variety of her emotions overwhelmed her, now awoke to consciousness, and her first impulse was to conceal the letter which she still held in her hand.

Madame de Pons perceiving this movement on the part of Lizette, asked: 'Is it for me, from Dame Margaret?'

'Yes—no—no, madam,' stammered out Lizette; and then, as if overwrought feeling could no longer be restrained, she burst into convulsive sobs, exclaiming: 'I have lost my mother! I have lost my mother!' Exclamation how ill understood! Of all present, the poor child alone knew to what immolation of self it had doomed her—to what a painful sacrifice it had for ever pledged her.

Self-denying Principle had conquered.

IV.

Lizette now took her place in the family of Madame de Pons, as the humble friend and foster-sister of the accomplished though feeble Clotilda: looking for no advantage, immediate or remote, she felt that her fate was not in her own hand, and calmly awaited whatever Providence might determine. Faithful to her noble

disinterestedness, from the time that Principle had overcome the turbulent passions in her breast, she uttered not a word, suffered not a gesture to escape her, which could betray either what she was or what she suffered. Her intercourse with Clotilda was the calm, and gentle, and grateful reception of the lessons, the counsels, the endearments which the generous girl delighted to lavish upon her friend and sister. Thus assisted, she rapidly acquired the accomplishments of which she had the misfortune to be deficient. Clotilda was her constant instructress until she required tuition from professors of the different branches of female education. Without any obvious or positive claim on Madame de Pons, that lady, following the bent of a kind disposition, took charge of her with almost maternal affection, and was delighted to observe the progress she made in her studies, as well as the improvement in her appearance and manners. No longer the rustic belle, Lizette was an accomplished young Parisian; her heart, however, retaining all its original warmth and simplicity.

Accustomed to an hourly intercourse with Clotilda, she learned to subdue all restraint in her company. But with Madame de Pons she never attained this high degree of self-possession. In spite of every effort, it was difficult and painful to give to her trembling voice the tone of mere respect—to school the beaming glance of affection into the look of mere deference. This was indeed a struggle, and a daily, an hourly struggle; for never did she behold the mother of whom she had thus a second time been deprived, that her heart was not in her eyes, upon her lips. This perpetual conflict at length undermined her health, and 'fat, rosy Lizette,' as Clotilda had laughingly called her—while with ready tact catching up the refinement of habit and manner, and the accomplishments of her foster-sister—seemed to catch from her also the pale cheek, the bent and fragile form, and the pensive look of habitual suffering. Two years passed in this way. But there was one eye that noted the secret struggle, one Being upon whom was not lost a single pang endured by the heroic young creature in her generous self-sacrifice; and that compassionate God, who alone knew how severe was the trial, ordained that it should be shortened.

The events of the 'three days' of July 1830, which caused such political changes in France, led also to much private and family distress. The house of Madame de Pons was not immediately within the sphere of commotion, and that lady might have escaped any injury had it not been her misfortune to be returning home from a visit she had been making on the Boulevards, when the popular ferment first assumed the appearance of a revolt. Alarmed with the shouts which were raised, and the report of distant firing, she requested her coachman to drive by a little-frequented thoroughfare to the Rue Rivoli; but this proved an unfortunate movement. The line she had taken conducted her nearly into the heart of a fray,

caused by the seizure of the office of a journalist by the police. The officers and soldiers sent to execute this unpleasant duty, though not opposed on the spot, were not suffered to escape popular indignation. A barrier was raised across the street, and in endeavouring to pass it, they were met by a steady fire of musketry from windows and other quarters, which obliged them to retreat and seek egress in another direction.

Into the midst of this uproar, the carriage of Madame de Pons was almost driven; and in hurriedly wheeling to return, it was overset with a crash on the pavement. The disaster drew for a moment the attention of the crowd, and the poor lady was lifted with compassion from her perilous situation into a neighbouring café. At first she was thought to be killed, but she had only swooned, and every effort was humanely made to restore her to consciousness.

Meanwhile, the absence of Madame de Pons had caused the greatest alarm to Clotilda and Lizette. Rumours of the commotion and booming reports of musketry reached the Rue Rivoli, and scarcely could the two girls be restrained from rushing forth, each animated with the same acute feelings, to seek for her beloved parent. Prevented by the less fervid domestics from taking this dangerous and useless step, they stationed themselves in the balcony to watch her arrival.

'Oh, support me in this dreadful moment, dear Lizette,' said the agonised Clotilda. 'If mamma should be injured, I know I shall die. I am almost dead already. Let me lean upon you. How my heart beats! Ah, did you hear that noise? It is a cannon on the Boulevards. And how is my mother to get home? O God, guard her in this dreadful peril.' So saying, the frail being sunk into a seat overcome with the force of her emotions.

Lizette, with feelings wound up to a similar pitch, was not less anxious for the safety of her mother; but still keeping down the confession of her sufferings, she bore herself through this trying crisis with the heroism of a martyr. Her heart, laid on the altar of Principle, burnt with a pure and steady flame. Affecting a calmness in her agitation, she beseeched Clotilda to compose herself, and tried to shew her that Madame de Pons would certainly be safe among her friends, and that, at any rate, it was not much beyond the time she was to return.

'Ah, it is easy for you to speak so calmly,' said Clotilda; 'she is not your mother; if she were, perhaps you would feel differently.'

Lizette drew her breath convulsively, and pressed her hand on her eyes: for a moment she was almost tempted to declare with what justice she was entitled to feel acutely on account of Madame de Pons. But it was only for a moment. The bright sunshine of mind resumed its power of banishing these dark thoughts, and looking out on the street beneath, she cried with vivacity: 'Look, dear Clotilda, did I not say that your mamma would soon appear;

and there is the carriage turning the corner of the Rue des Pyramids.'

And sure enough there was the carriage; but it was proceeding slowly, as if some accident had occurred; and the two girls, nearly frantic with mingled hopes and fears, ran down stairs, and reached the door in time to see Madame de Pons lifted out to all appearance lifeless. At this sight Lizette for an instant forgot everything, and exclaimed: 'My mother! my mother!—I have lost my mother!—she is dead!' Clotilda uttered a piercing cry of agony, and fell into the arms of her sister.

V.

Except a slight bruise, Madame de Pons had not suffered any personal injury. She had only fainted on the occasion of the accident, and again fainted when about to see her daughter. A physician being sent for, she was immediately restored; but not for an hour was she permitted to speak to those about her. As soon as her feelings were calmed, she asked for her daughter.

'If you please, my lady,' said the waiting-maid, 'Mademoiselle Clotilda has been so much alarmed, that it would be more prudent not to see her just now. If your ladyship would lie down for an hour or two longer, my young lady would by that time be more composed.'

'You are quite right, Gertrude,' said Madame de Pons. 'Implore of her from me to be calm. Doctor,' said she, 'pray go to my daughter; she requires your care more than I do.'

The soft sweet voice of Lizette assuring her that Madame de Pons had only fainted from alarm, and was now quite well, had just recalled Clotilda to consciousness, when the physician entered. He found her very ill: the shock had been too great; and that weak frame and tender nature had wholly given way. The doctor ordered a composing draught, and left her to the care of Lizette.

'Dear Lizette,' said Clotilda, 'I am dying. It is very young to die—to leave my mother, my sister. My head is quite confused. Was it a dream, or did I indeed hear you say: "Mother, mother," when mamma was brought in fainting? At this instant memory recalls a thousand times when your lips appeared forming the word "mother;" and then your face suddenly crimsoned. How many confused recollections crowd upon me at this moment! What can it mean? Those eyes! that marvellous resemblance! Am I mad? Merciful Heaven! there have been such things as children changed at nurse. Lizette, you answer not—you hesitate—you are torturing me! Speak! speak! You would kill me, if my mother's fainting form had not already broken my heart.'

Lizette threw herself, weeping, into Clotilda's arms.

'Ah, you will not speak: you fear to tell me the dreadful reality. But remember, suspense, suspense is tenfold suffering.'

'Be calm, dearest; be calm. When you are well again, I will explain all,' said Lizette, and fondly caressing her, endeavoured to soothe her into something like composure.

'I know all!' exclaimed she with almost frenzied excitement. 'That letter! that letter contained the fatal secret. I see it all. For two years, sweet angel, you have been content to receive at my hands what was yours, and not one word said: "What you give is my own." You have sacrificed everything to me. And while I was robbing you of a mother's affection, of a mother's caresses, you suffered, you wept in silence. For often have I seen you weep; and, mad and selfish as I was, I guessed not, I knew not. Lizette, I may restore all to you; but how atone for those two years of disinterested self-sacrifice? My life, my life is a cheap purchase for the happiness you permitted me to enjoy. Lizette, I am dying.'

'Oh, my sister, do not thus reproach yourself,' exclaimed Lizette, pressing Clotilda to her bosom; 'thou hast been an angel to me. I came to brave thee, and thy gentle goodness disarmed me. I resisted thy caresses, and thou didst but redouble them. I was rude and ignorant; and all that I am, and all that I enjoy, I owe to thee. Thou hast given me more than I could give to thee.'

'Thy heart is like thy sweet face, my own sister,' continued Clotilda, with her tearful eyes fixed upon Lizette; 'but tell me how I deserved from thee so vast a sacrifice. Didst thou love me before we saw each other in Paris?'

'I did not love thee then, Clotilda, forgive me; I did not love thee; but was this a reason that I should kill thee, and thou so frail, so delicate?'

The two young creatures were silent for some moments. Locked in each other's arms, they were mingling their tears, when the approach of a light step made them both start. 'It is my mother!' exclaimed both at the same instant; but Clotilda repeated, in a tone of bitter anguish: 'My mother! I have no mother!'

'Hush, sweet sister,' whispered Lizette; 'why need we undeceive her?'

Clotilda spoke not, but looked her gratitude, and that look thrilled to the very heart of Lizette. The door opened, and Madame de Pons entered. 'I have alarmed thee, my child,' said she; and then, startled in her turn by the change that had passed upon that fair young face, she cried in terror: 'Be calm, dear child, the doctor will be here soon; oh, be calm, sweet Clotilda; drive me not to despair. Have pity on thy poor mother.'

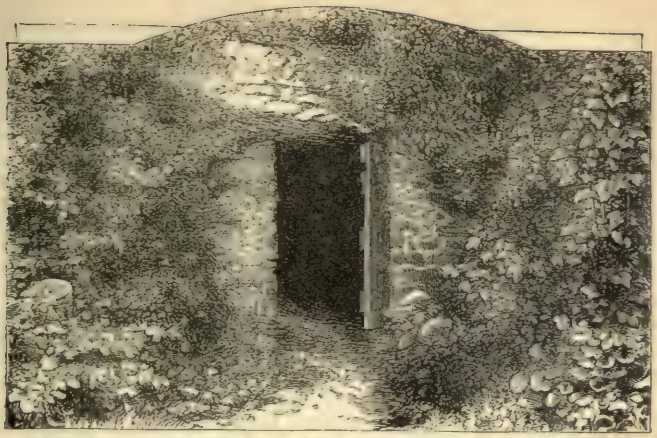
'Mother!' murmured Clotilda almost inaudibly, laying her head upon the bosom of Madame de Pons, who now gave way to convulsive sobs: 'Mother, I die in thine arms; I die happy. Blessings on thee, Lizette; blessings on thee. Forgive me; be happy in thy turn.'

The dying girl extended her hand to her foster-sister. Lizette

covered it with kisses and tears. And now the arms of Madame de Pons clasped only a lifeless corpse. She was forcibly torn from the remains of the desire of her eyes, thus taken from her at a stroke, and carried to her own apartment; and there, when in a paroxysm of despair, she exclaimed: 'I have nothing now to live for. My child! my child! Alas! alas! I have now no child.' Lizette, throwing herself at her mother's feet, presented to her the letter that contained the confession of Dame Margaret, and Madame de Pons fell fainting at her side.

Need it be added that, on her recovery, Madame de Pons was thankful for being spared such a child in the place of her dear Clotilda; and that the amiable Lizette enjoyed the reward she so richly merited, in having so long and so piously sacrificed Passion to Principle.





Entrance to Kent's Cavern.

THE ANCIENT CAVE-MEN OF DEVONSHIRE.

ON the western side of the beautiful Vale of Ilsham, about a mile eastward from the harbour of Torquay in Devonshire, and half a mile from the northern shore of Torbay, stands a small, wooded, limestone hill, containing a large cavern, which, under the name of *Kent's Hole*, has been known from time immemorial, and during nearly half a century has attracted the attention of geologists and archæologists.

In 1846 the Torquay Natural History Society appointed a committee to make an exploration of this cavern, mainly for the purpose of obtaining specimens for their newly established Museum. The results were embodied in a short Report which was read to the Geological Society of London in May 1847, and to the British Association at Oxford in the succeeding month.

In the abstract of it, printed in the annual volume of the latter body, the following statement occurs: 'The important point which we have established is, that relics of human art are found *beneath* the floor of stalagmite. After taking every precaution, by sweeping the surface, and examining most minutely whether there were any traces of the floor having been previously disturbed, we broke through the solid stalagmite in three different parts of the cavern, and in each instance found flint knives closely resembling those in the most ancient barrows. The thickness of the stalagmite is about two feet.' *Stalagmite*, it may be explained, is a deposit of limestone formed by the dropping of water from the roof, this water having dissolved the lime in sinking through the rocks above.

It had been known for upwards of twenty years that by breaking

through the stalagmite in this cavern the remains of animals were to be found in great numbers, and that nearly one-half of them belonged to species which no longer live anywhere in the world. In the passage just quoted, therefore, the committee inferentially expressed the opinion that man had been in Devonshire the contemporary of the extinct cave-mammals, and that the time required for the formation of a sheet of stalagmite two feet thick, added to that which has elapsed since, falls short of his antiquity. In short, it amounted to a declaration on the part of the authors that man was of higher antiquity than had been commonly supposed; and as such it seems to have been understood by the Council of the Geological Society, as they contented themselves with printing in their *Journal* the following brief mention of the communication: '*On Kent's Cavern, near Torquay.*—In this paper an account was given of some recent researches in that cavern by a committee of the Torquay Natural History Society, during which the bones of various extinct animals were found in several situations.'* The most complete silence was observed respecting the 'flint knives,' a fact which is rendered the more significant by the following announcement, which is always printed on the wrapper: 'The Editor of the *Quarterly Journal* is directed to make it known to the public, that the authors alone are responsible for the facts and opinions contained in their respective papers.'

It may be inferred from the foregoing statement that, twenty years ago, the great majority of scientific as well as unscientific men concurred in the opinion that the human race had not occupied this planet for a longer period than from six to seven thousand years. It was not that the proposition of the commingling of human implements with the remains of extinct animals was new to them, for it had been previously and emphatically enunciated by men well qualified for the work, who had made extensive and careful investigations in caverns and elsewhere.

As early as 1828, the Rev. J. MacEnery, who had spent the leisure of three years in exploring portions of Kent's Cavern, announced that there was 'no longer a question of the actual presence of flint implements under the stratified unbroken floor of stalagmite;' and when Dr Buckland suggested that the 'ancient Britons had scooped out ovens in the stalagmite, and that through them the knives got admission to the diluvium below,' he refused to admit the hypothesis, pointed out its utter inadequacy to meet the facts of the case, and closed the discussion by remarking: 'It is painful to dissent from so high an authority, and more particularly so from my concurrence generally in his views of the phenomena of these caves, which three years' personal observation has in most every instance enabled me to verify.'†

* *Quarterly Journal Geological Society*, vol. iii. p. 353 (1847).
† *Trans. Devon. Assoc.* vol. iii. p. 321 *et seq.* (1869).

In 1833, the late Dr Schmerling of Liége published the results of his labours in the numerous caverns in the basin of the Meuse.* From his work, it appears that the floors of many of the caverns were of unbroken stalagmite; that in the cave-earth below, he found remains of extinct and recent animals commingled, and with them, in a few of the caves, the bones of man, including skulls, teeth, and bones of the extremities; that the human remains were of the same colour, and in the same condition as to the amount of gelatine they contained, as those of the accompanying animals; that they were so rolled and scattered as to shew that they were not intentionally buried on the spot; that rude flint implements were dispersed generally through the cave-earth in all the caverns; and that in the cave of Chokier, he discovered a polished and jointed needle-shaped bone, with a hole pierced obliquely through its base.†

In 1840, Mr Godwin-Austen read to the Geological Society of London a paper 'On the Bone-caves of Devonshire.'‡ Speaking of Kent's Hole, in which he had laboured, he says: 'Works of art, such as arrow-heads and knives of flint, occur in all parts of the cave, and throughout the entire thickness of the clay; and no distinction founded on condition, distribution, or relative position can be observed, whereby the human can be separated from the other reliquiæ.' He adds: 'The bones' (of the cave-mammals) 'and the works of man must have been introduced into the cave before the flooring of the stalagmite had been formed.'

The early inquirers, however, did not confine their researches to caverns. In 1847, the late M. Boucher de Perthes published the first volume of his *Antiquités Celtiques*, in which he described some rude unpolished flint implements, which, during the preceding six years, had been found, with bones of elephant, rhinoceros, bear, hyena, stag, ox, and horse, at various depths down to thirty feet from the surface, in sand and gravel, in the valley of the Somme, near Abbeville in Picardy. Whilst the author, however, was satisfied that the 'implements' had really been made by man, many of his readers regarded them as accidental natural products; and others, admitting their human origin, believed that M. de Perthes had been imposed on by the workmen. His work, in short, fell as harmlessly on the public as did the Report of the Torquay Committee, which, as has been stated, was read the same year. Nevertheless, within twelve years from that time, a revolution was produced in the opinions of many leading geologists and archæologists. This has not only been sustained by subsequent discoveries, but at present there are certainly very few, probably none, really acquainted with the evidence, who would accept for man the short chronology with

* *Recherches sur les Ossemens Fossiles Découverts dans les Cavernes de la Province de Liége*. Liége, 1833.

† See Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*, 1863, pp. 63-74.

‡ *Trans. Geol. Soc. of London*, second series, vol. vi. part ii. pp. 433-489.

which a dozen years ago they were not only content but refused to part. We now proceed to state very briefly to what this remarkable and sudden change was due.

The fishing-town of Brixham, on the southern shore of Torbay, occupies three valleys and the slopes of the four limestone hills which they separate. One of the latter, known as Windmill Hill, reaches the height of 175 feet above mean tide, is bounded on the south by Mudstone Bay, and on the other three sides by deep abrupt valleys. At one hundred feet above mean tide, a road runs along its northern and western sides, and at its base, on the north, is the principal street of the town which communicates with the busy harbour. At present, this street at the north-west angle of the hill is seventy-five feet below the road just mentioned, but within the recollection of persons still living, the sea at high tides reached this point. It is now permanently shut out by the lodgment of rubbish for the formation of the street, by which the bottom of the valley has been artificially raised about fifteen feet.

In November 1857, a dyer named Philp purchased of the Commissioners for the Enclosure of Waste Lands the freehold of a small triangular plot of ground at the north-west angle of the hill, and extending towards its summit from the road already mentioned. As soon as he entered on his purchase, Mr Philp proceeded to convert it into a quarry. During the quarrying operations in January 1858, the removal of a block of limestone disclosed in a north-and-south joint a small vertical hole about sufficiently large to admit a man's fist. A day or two afterwards the workmen missed one of their 'jumpers,' or boring-tools, and supposed it had been stolen. A few days subsequently, a thick block of limestone was quarried at the same spot, and the hole previously noticed was found to be large enough for a man to pass through it. The quarrymen, in fact, had broken into a conical cavity descending vertically into the limestone. Drawn by curiosity to the spot, Mr Philp found the hole to be of no great depth, and at the bottom he saw his lost jumper. He at once descended to recover the tool, when he found himself in a long narrow tunnel. Having obtained a light, he proceeded to explore, and found the tunnel ran southwards into the hill for about fifty feet, whence a second gallery extended westwards. The floor was a continuous sheet of stalagmite, having bones attached to or projecting through it. Returning to the hole through which he had descended, he found reason to believe that the space between his cavern and the road was not occupied with limestone, but with a mass of natural concrete formed of small angular fragments of limestone and stalagmitic matter. A few days' work sufficed to shew the correctness of this opinion, and to lay open a natural entrance to the cavern.

Almost immediately, negotiations were opened with the proprietor for the purpose of making a careful and systematic exploration; a

lease was ultimately secured; at midsummer 1858 the exploration was commenced by a committee under the auspices of the Royal and Geological Societies of London, and the work was completed at the end of one year.

At the meeting of the British Association held at Leeds in September 1858, a member of the committee read a paper on the results which had been obtained, and of which the following is a brief summary: The deposits were, first, or uppermost, a floor of stalagmite, varying from a few inches to upwards of a foot in thickness. Second, cave-earth, composed of red ochreous loam and angular pieces of limestone, and containing rolled fragments of quartz, greenstone, and brown hematite of iron. Though deposits capable of yielding the rounded materials exist in the Brixham district, none of them could have been derived from Windmill Hill; nor could they at present reach it without crossing one of the deep valleys by which it is bounded. Third, or lowest, gravel, mainly consisting of well-rounded fragments of quartz and greenstone, having a tendency to become a more or less firm conglomerate.

Several bones were found on and in the stalagmite, of which two only require to be mentioned here. The first was a fine antler of a reindeer, firmly cemented to, but rising in bold relief from, the upper surface of the floor. The second, a humerus of the extinct cave-bear, lying completely within the stalagmite, about midway in its thickness.

The bones in the cave-earth were those of the ordinary cave-mammals. It was the practice of the workmen, on discovering a bone, to pick carefully away the surrounding matrix before attempting to dislodge it. On one occasion, however, they were directed to cut out intact a mass of the cave-earth in which portions of a few large bones were visible. Subsequently, the late Dr Falconer, by removing the matrix, laid bare the entire left hind-leg of the cave-bear, having all the bones, even the patella and astragalus, in their true anatomical positions. None of the very few bones which the underlying gravel yielded were of any importance.

Upwards of thirty implements and flakes of flint were found; the greater number in the cave-earth, and the rest in the gravel below. Not only were they all beneath the stalagmitic floor, but they were all from nine inches to upwards of twenty feet below its nether surface; whilst nearly forty per cent. of all the bones met with in the cavern were above the uppermost implement or flake. Taken as a whole, the implement zone was lower than that of the bones.

Except in one limited locality, all the objects lay in such a position with regard to the plane of the cave-earth bed, as to betoken the action of a small stream of water which must have flowed continuously through the cavern in one uniform direction.

The following are the principal inferences drawn from the facts by those most familiar with them. 1. The detrital accumulations

were carried into the cavern by a small stream of fresh water, which flowed continuously through it at a time when the bottom of the valley was at or near the level of the external entrances, and when, therefore, materials from the surrounding hills might have been introduced. 2. That man was in Devonshire a contemporary of the reindeer and the extinct cave-animals, since remains of his industry were found not only commingled with their bones, but the floor of stalagmite which sealed up all the tools, contained remains of the cave-bear and the reindeer. 3. That the bones were not fossils washed out of some more ancient formation, and redeposited with relatively modern objects, such as the flint implements, since each member of the bear's leg, for example, was found in its true place, and indicated that when the limb was buried in the cave-earth it was clothed with flesh.

The discoveries at Brixham proved that the advent of man in Devonshire was not only prior to the extinction of the cave-mammals, but occurred at a time so remote that the valleys of the district were at least one hundred feet less deep than they are at present; they were the results, moreover, of a systematic and careful exploration of a virgin cave by a committee of scientific men; and they gave a stimulus to research which, without abatement, has lasted to the present time.

Mr Prestwich, writing in May 1859, says: 'It was not until I had myself witnessed the conditions under which these flint implements had been found at Brixham, that I became fully impressed with the validity of the doubts thrown upon the previously prevailing opinion with respect to such remains in caves.'* Sir Charles Lyell, too, in September of the same year, says: 'The facts recently brought to light during the systematic investigation of the Brixham Cave, must, I think, have prepared you to admit that scepticism in regard to the cave evidence in favour of the antiquity of man had previously been pushed to an extreme.'†

Under the stimulus of the new discoveries, Dr Falconer, in the autumn of 1858, stopped at Abbeville, on his way to Sicily, to see the collection of M. Boucher de Perthes. Being thereby convinced of the importance of the researches, he induced Mr Prestwich to undertake an investigation of the Somme Valley. The results were embodied in a paper which Mr Prestwich read to the Royal Society in May 1859, and in which he enunciated the following conclusions: '1. The flint implements are the results of design and the work of man. 2. That they are found in beds of gravel, sand, and clay, which have never been artificially disturbed. 3. That they occur associated with the remains of land, fresh-water, and marine Testacea (animals with shells), of species now living, and most of them yet common in the same neighbourhood, and also with the remains

* *Phil. Trans.* 1860, part ii. p. 280.

† *Report Brit. Assoc.* 1859. p. 93.

of various Mammalia—a few of species now living, but more of extinct forms. And 4. That the period at which their entombment took place was . . . . one apparently immediately anterior to the surface assuming its present form, so far as regards some of the minor features.' *

In a second paper, read to the Royal Society, March 1862, the same author says: 'That we must greatly extend our present chronology with respect to the first existence of man, appears inevitable; but that we should count by hundreds of thousands of years is, I am convinced, in the present state of the inquiry, unsafe and premature. . Nevertheless, just as, though ignorant of the precise height and size of a mountain range seen in the distance, we need not wait for trigonometrical measurements to feel satisfied in our own minds of the magnitude of the distant peaks, so with this geological epoch; we see and know enough of it to feel how distant it is from our own time, and yet we are not in a position at present to solve with accuracy the curious and interesting problem of its precise age.' †

The alleged discoveries in Kent's Hole having received their fullest confirmation by those made at Brixham, it was hoped that the large portions of the cavern which remained perfectly intact might, if carefully explored, yield some facts of importance, in addition to such as had been already brought to light. With this view the British Association, in 1864, appointed a committee to investigate Kent's Hole, and placed a liberal sum of money at their disposal for the purpose. The work, under the superintendence of two members of the committee resident at Torquay, was begun in March 1865; at each subsequent meeting of the Association, the committee have been requested to continue their researches, and adequate grants of money have been annually voted; the work has been continued without intermission to the present time, and is still in progress. The committee have presented five annual Reports,‡ from which the following brief statement has been compiled.

Kent's Hole has two entrances in the face of the same vertical cliff, on the eastern side of the cavern hill. They are 54 feet apart, and nearly on the same level. They are about 200 feet above the level of mean tide, and from 60 to 70 feet above the bottom of the adjacent valley, in the same vertical plane. The cavern consists of two parallel divisions, an eastern and a western, having a connecting passage near the northern end, and each containing several chambers and galleries. Up to the present time, the researches of the committee have been carried on exclusively in the eastern division, the extreme length of which is 285 feet, greatest breadth 90 feet, and maximum height 22 feet.

In its northern and central branches, the deposits, in descending

* *Phil. Trans.* 1860, part ii. pp. 308, 309. † *Phil. Trans.* 1864, part ii. p. 303.
‡ See *Reports of the Brit. Assoc. for* 1865-69.

order, were: First, or uppermost, blocks of limestone, which had fallen from the roof, and weighed from a few pounds to upwards of one hundred tons. Second, beneath and between these blocks, a *Black Mould*, varying from three to twelve inches in depth. Third, a *Stalagmitic Floor* of laminated and granular texture, frequently containing blocks of limestone, some of which were of great size, and varying in thickness from three inches to as many feet, but averaging from sixteen to twenty inches. Fourth, a *Black Band*, composed mainly of small fragments of charred wood, and commonly about four inches thick. This was a local deposit, occupying an area of irregular outline, which measured about 100 square feet, and, at its nearest approach, was 32 feet from the northern entrance of the cavern. Throughout about half its area, it was in immediate contact with the nether surface of the stalagmitic floor, from which the remainder was separated by an intermediate layer of red ochreous loam, nowhere exceeding six inches in thickness. Fifth, *Cave-earth*, consisting of red ochreous loam, containing about fifty per cent. of small angular fragments of limestone. Large blocks of limestone, similar to those found above and in the stalagmitic floor, frequently presented themselves; and a considerable number of well-rounded pebbles of grit and quartz, with a few of slate and granite—all of them such as the cavern hill cannot supply—were also met with.

It has been the uniform practice of the explorers to limit their excavations to a depth of four feet beneath the base of the stalagmitic floor. This has failed to take them to the bottom of the cave-earth in the northern and central parts of the eastern division, hence nothing is known respecting its actual depth there. In the southern part of the division, however, the base of the cave-earth has not only been reached, but there have been found vertically beneath it the following lower deposits: Sixth, a stalagmitic floor, sometimes more than three feet thick, eminently crystalline, and by its structure, as well as position, readily distinguishable from that which overlies the cave-earth. In order to distinguish the two stalagmites, that above the cave-earth has been named the *Modern* or *Granular Stalagmitic Floor*, and that below it, the *Old* or *Crystalline Stalagmitic Floor*. Seventh, a *Breccia*, beneath the old stalagmite, composed of red loam, mixed with angular, subangular, and rounded stones, the whole commonly cemented into a concrete of rock-like hardness. This breccia is of unknown depth, and differs from the cave-earth in the darker red of the loam, and the much greater prevalence of stones not derivable from the cavern hill.

In that part of the cavern where the *old stalagmite* and the *breccia* first appeared, there was no *black mould*, nor did it again present itself; but, excepting this as well as the very local *black band*, all the deposits which have been described occurred in the same vertical sections for a considerable distance, and in the foregoing descending

order. In the extreme south of the eastern division, the *cave-earth* had 'thinned out,' and ceased to be continuous, and the *modern* and *old stalagmites* were in immediate contact, except, here and there, where comparatively small patches of *cave-earth*, occurring in 'pockets,' occupied their place between them. The thickness of the united stalagmites amounted in some places to upwards of twelve feet, by far the greater part of which was due to the *old floor*.

It is, no doubt, possible—it may, perhaps, be probable—that, from various causes, objects of different ages may be found lying together in the *cave-earth*, or in the *black mould;* as, for example, a coin unintentionally dropped by a recent visitor in contact with a Romano-British potsherd in the latter. But from the nature of the origination of the *stalagmitic floor* which lies between and separates them, it may be safely concluded—1. That no such anachronisms can occur in it; and 2. That everything which it contains must be of greater antiquity than the most ancient thing in the *black mould* above, and of less antiquity than the most modern article in the *cave-earth* below. There can be no doubt, then, that the foregoing deposits constitute a regular chronological series, the *black mould* and the *breccia* being the most modern and the most ancient terms respectively; and in this order they successively take us further and further back into antiquity. We will now proceed to describe briefly the objects of interest which they contained.

In the *black mould* was found a very large and miscellaneous assemblage of natural and artificial objects, ranging from the present day back through medieval and Romano-British to pre-Roman times. This series included human vertebræ, jaws, teeth, and portions of skulls; remains of bat, badger, wolf(?), fox, hare, rabbit, smaller rodents, pig, sheep, birds, and fishes; terrestrial and marine shells, the latter such as still inhabit the adjacent bay; pebbles of various kinds, probably selected from the neighbouring shore; whetstones and polishing-stones; flint flakes; spindle whorls made of different kinds of stone, some plain, and others ornamented; fragments of curvilineal plates of slate, probably covers of earthenware vessels; amber beads; bone awls, chisels, and combs, the last being of the form and size of a common shoe-lifter, and having the teeth at the broad end; bronze articles, including rings, a fibula, spoon, spear-head, socketed celt, and pin; portions of cakes of smelted copper; and a great number and variety of potsherds, including Samian ware.

The objects in the *modern stalagmite* were not numerous. They consisted of charred wood, marine and land shells; remains of various mammals, including the extinct cave-bear, cave-hyena, tichorine rhinoceros, and mammoth; well-rounded pebbles of various kinds; flint flakes, implements, and cores (that is, remnants of flint nodules from which flakes and implements have been struck); and a portion of a human upper jaw containing four teeth, with a

loose tooth lying near it. Some of the remains of each of the extinct animals were not only in quite the uppermost portion of the stalagmite, but were not even completely covered with it. The human jaw was near its base, where it was twenty inches in thickness.

The *black band* yielded a considerable number of objects of great interest: upwards of three hundred and fifty flint implements and flakes; charred wood in great quantity; bones partially charred; bone-tools, including a well-formed awl, a 'harpoon' or fish-spear barbed on one side, and a portion of a needle having a nicely made eye capable of carrying fine twine; and remains of bear, badger, fox, cave-hyena, rhinoceros, horse, ox, and deer.

The *cave-earth* contained the great harvest of remains of the common cave-mammals, including extinct species, such as the mammoth, cave-bear, &c.; recent species no longer existing in Britain, such as the reindeer, wolf, &c.; and recent species still inhabiting the district, such as the badger, fox, &c.

The remains of the horse and rhinoceros (of the species called tichorine) were extremely abundant, but were probably surpassed by those of the cave-hyena, whose presence was further represented by the bones which he had gnawed, as well as by his bony fæces—sometimes in solitary balls, but occasionally in considerable heaps. The bones lay together without anything like order, remnants of different species were constantly commingled, and in no instance was there met with anything approaching a complete skeleton. Mixed with them, and at all depths to which the *cave-earth* was excavated, indications of man were everywhere found. They consisted of ovoid, lanceolate, and canoe-shaped implements of flint, chipped into form, frequently with great labour and care, but without a trace of polish; numerous keen-edged flakes and chips of the same material, at least, some of which had been obviously struck off in the cavern in making the implements, and were perhaps capable of being utilised; a stone hammer or crusher, which had seen considerable service; whet-stones; a bone pin and two bone 'harpoons'—one of them barbed on both sides, and the other on one side only; and charcoal and charred bones. The three bone implements were found vertically under the *black band*, which it will be remembered was sealed up with a continuous sheet of stalagmite, from eighteen to twenty inches in thickness, over which again lay the *black mould*, a foot thick, and rich in pre-Roman articles; and on this was piled an accumulation of great blocks of limestone, which had fallen from the roof, and were cemented together. The singly barbed 'harpoon' was one foot deep in the cave-earth, that doubly barbed was two feet deep, and the bone pin was found four feet deep, at the very bottom of the excavation, where it lay in contact with the molar of a young rhinoceros. These bone implements had lost their gelatine, and adhered firmly to the tongue.

'Harpoons' and eyed-needles have been found in considerable

numbers in the caverns in the Dordogne, in the south of France. Many of the former have been figured in the *Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ*, by E. Lartet and H. Christy, now in course of publication; and, with the exception that it is slightly larger, the specimen depicted in fig. 6, plate xiv. B, is strikingly like the best found in Kent's Hole.



In a magnificent slab from one of the French caverns, now lodged in the Geological Museum, Jermyn Street, London, there is a beautiful bone needle, which the Kent's Cavern specimen, before it lost its point, must have very closely resembled.

The *old crystalline stalagmitic floor* contained quite as many bones as were met with in the *modern floor;* but, so far as is known, they were the remains of the cave-bear only.

The *breccia*, in many instances, even surpassed the cave-earth in the number of bones buried in it; but there was no variety. They were all of them portions of the cave-bear lying heaped together in the most confused manner. There were no traces of the cave lion, hyena, mammoth, or rhinoceros; no teeth-marks or coprolites. But even here there were indications of man, for a flint flake and a perfectly angular and sharp flint chip were found three feet deep in the *breccia*, mingled with the remains of the bear. The flake is undoubtedly the most ancient human relic that, up to this time, the cavern has yielded.

Such are the principal facts recently discovered in Kent's Cavern. So far as they affect the question of human antiquity, the most important of them appear to be—1. The detection of the human jaw at the base of the *modern stalagmite*, and of the remains of the extinct mammals at the upper surface of the same deposit. 2. The discovery of the *black band*. 3. The presence of the bone implements with the extinct animals below the *modern stalagmite*. 4. The flint flake in the *breccia*. The first and third render it impossible to doubt that man was the contemporary of the mammoth and his compeers; the third renders innocuous the scepticism of which a few persons have confessed themselves capable respecting the human origin of the flint implements, as no one can doubt the handiwork of man in the 'harpoons,' the pin, and the needle; the fourth discloses the existence of man during an earlier chapter in the cavern history than had previously been suspected; and the second not only shews that men tenanted the cavern, but that the *black band* was, in all probability, the hearth around which they assembled to enjoy their meals, and to prepare their implements for war, fishing, the chase, and domestic use.

Not only do the numerous bits of charcoal indicate a long series

of fires, the charred bones imply meals of roasted food, and the flint flakes and chips point to industrial occupation, but the area of the *black band* was such as to secure its being selected by men as the favourite apartment in their cavern home. From its proximity to one of the external entrances, the light of day would be available; it is not subject to any inconvenient amount of drip, even in the wettest seasons; and there is always a sufficient current of air passing through this branch of the cavern to prevent discomfort from smoke when a fire is burning. On neither of these points does there appear to be any uncertainty, for a member of the committee has put each of them to the test of experiment and observation. Fire, moreover, would be needed for cooking, and perhaps for scaring wild beasts; but not to make the cavern tenantable, unless the *black band* represents a cold era, for at present its temperature throughout the day and night, in summer and winter alike, stands permanently at 52° Fahr., or about half a degree above the mean annual temperature of the district.

The *black band*, however, represents but a comparatively brief period near the close of the *cave-earth* era. There is evidence, nevertheless, that man was not a mere visitor during its earlier portions. At all levels in the deposit his presence is manifested—not by his flint implements, which he might have lost during occasional visits—not from the so-called charcoal, which may possibly be a natural product—but by charred bones and keen-edged unused flint flakes.

Had the cavern, like Milber Down, from four to five miles north-west of it, been a repository of flint nodules, man might have visited it for the purpose of getting the raw material, and have rough-hewn his tools on the spot, leaving the flakes behind to attest his visit. He obtained the nodules elsewhere, took them to the cavern—took them *home*—and converted them into implements at his leisure, as is evidenced by the flakes having keen, unworn, unrolled edges, and occasionally one face displaying the original surface of the nodules from which they were dislodged.

But man was not the only inhabitant of the cave. The gnawed bones, and the coprolites still occupying the spot where they were dropped, and retaining their original form, conclusively shew that the hyena also made it his home—not jointly, however, but alternately, with the human tenant. In a climate like ours, *savages* would probably require at least forty square miles each on which to live; and if it be supposed that, for mutual protection and aid, they lived in companies, say of ten persons, they would need four hundred square miles, or an area equivalent to twenty miles in length by as many in breadth, in order to obtain the means of subsistence. Under such circumstances, there must have been frequent migrations from one cavern home to another; and during their absences the hyenas would take possession, to be dislodged on their return.

We learn from the Rev. Dr Tristram that this alternate occupancy takes place in the present day in Tunis and Syria.*

There can be no doubt, from the foregoing facts and considerations, that man was in Devonshire the contemporary of the mammoth and other extinct cave-mammals; and, therefore, that his advent was at a much earlier period than has commonly been supposed; or that his extinct brute contemporaries lived down much nearer to the present day than has been generally believed; or that both these propositions are true. It is at present—it may always be—impossible to convert geological time into astronomical—to say what is the value in years of given changes on the earth's surface, or in the organisms which people it. All that can be attempted at present is to place a series of stepping-stones between the present day and the distant era under consideration, and to determine, where this can be done, what is the least possible chronological value of the interval between any two of them, or between ourselves and the first of the series. There are several modes of attempting this; some of which we shall now proceed to point out.

First, the deposits which the cavern contains. In passing back from the present, we first set foot on the commencement of the accumulation of the *black mould;* and find that, since many of the objects in the deposit over which we have strode are known to be of pre-Roman age, our first step into antiquity cannot have been less, but may have been much more, than two thousand years.

The next stepping-stone occurs at the commencement of the formation of the *modern stalagmitic floor.* In estimating the value of the second interval thus passed over, we are met with the difficulty, that we have no means of determining whether it is wholly or only partially filled by the floor itself; in other words, whether the *black mould* began to accumulate as soon as the formation of the stalagmite was completed. The fact that of the bones with which the *black mould* is crowded, not one belongs to any extinct animal, whilst the remains of at least four species which no longer exist anywhere in the world, are found projecting from the stalagmite above its upper surface, suggests the probability of there being an unrepresented interval between the two formations. But waiving this, there can be no doubt that the stalagmite alone betokens the lapse of a vast amount of time. It is composed of the calcareous matter dissolved by the carbonic acid contained in the water which finds a passage through the roof, and is formed at a rate necessarily less rapid than that at which the solution takes place, since a portion of the limy matter thus dissolved is retained on the roof itself, where it is converted into *stalactites.* If it is assumed that the drainage into the cavern has undergone no important change, the rate of the solution is, in its turn, limited by the amount of rain falling on the

* See *Trans. Devon. Assoc.*, vol. ii. p. 412.

hill, and the amount of carbonic acid it obtains from the atmosphere and from decomposing vegetable matter; and these, unless there have been such alterations in the meteorology, or physical geography, or vegetation of the district, as would of themselves take us into a remote antiquity, cannot be supposed to have differed much from those of the present day. The thin laminæ, too, of which the stalagmite is built up shew that its accretion has been very slow. It is a well-established fact also, that in those parts of the cavern where the floor is unusually thick, the water which at present, in wet seasons, passes through the roof, is unusually copious. Inscriptions occur in many parts of the cavern, and some of them have an important bearing on the question immediately before us. In a chamber known as *The Cave of Inscriptions*, there is the following: 'Robert Hedges of Ireland, Feb. 20, 1688.' It is inscribed on the sloping side of a huge boss of stalagmite rising from a thick floor of the same material, and vertically beneath a point in the roof from which an abundant drip is still depositing on it stalagmitic matter. Both the mass and the position of the boss shew that it must have been formed at a rate far above the average; hence, a given thickness of floor measured by this rate would give an amount of time which could err only in being too small. It must be admitted, however, that in the absence of evidence on the point, the inscription may have been antedated, and to that extent a forgery. Fortunately, Mr MacEnery not only observed it nearly fifty years ago, but described it in the following terms: 'The letters are glazed over, and partly effaced.'* It is obvious that at that time it had been by no means recently cut, and as the description is quite as appropriate now as it was then, there can be no doubt that the inscription is as old as it professes to be.

In another branch, termed *The Crypt of Dates*, inscriptions are extremely numerous, and several of them of higher antiquity than that just named. One extends back to 1615, and another to 1618, and there are good reasons to believe them genuine. They are known to be on stalagmite of great thickness, and exposed to an abundant drip; and yet two centuries and a half have done no more than to glaze them over with a thin calcareous film, which, instead of obliterating, leaves them perfectly legible. At most, the films, in the *Cave of Inscriptions* and the *Crypt of Dates* alike, do not exceed one-twentieth of an inch in thickness. Though it is not forbidden by any known fact, it may be unsafe, and therefore unwise, to take this rate as a chronometer; but even if a much higher rate be taken, it will be seen that the three feet of thickness to which the floor sometimes attains, or even the sixteen or twenty inches which it averages, must be of very great chronological value.

We next, in our backward march, halt at that remote period which

* See *Trans. Devon. Assoc.*, vol. iii. p. 275, 1869.

may be defined as the commencement of the accumulation of that great deposit known as the *cave-earth*, including the formation of the *black band*. In attempting to form some idea of the width of the interval between this and our immediately preceding resting-place, several questions have to be considered.

That the red loam was at least mainly derived from sources external to the cavern, may be inferred from the facts, that all the rounded rock fragments which it contains were necessarily derived from distant localities, and that the soil of the surrounding district consists almost exclusively of the same loam. Minute portions of it may, perhaps, have entered through small tortuous flues, which, possibly, traverse the limestone, from the cavern to the surface of the hill; but that, at least, the great bulk of it was washed in through the two external entrances, may be safely concluded, because there is no other channel of ingress, and also because its highest level is at the entrances, whence it declines in all directions. Hence, as these openings are many feet below the top of the cavern hill, to say nothing of the loftier adjacent heights, the Vale of Ilsham must, in the cave-earth era, have had the same general features and the same water-shed as at present.

That the *cave-earth* was not laid down by the action of a stream of water flowing continuously or intermittently in one direction through the cavern, is manifested by the total absence of even an approach to a stratified or symmetrical arrangement; the stones, for example, lie at every possible angle to the horizon.

That the deposit was introduced in small quantities at widely separated intervals, and not at once by the action of a deluge, is indicated by several facts. 1. Many of the bones and stones at every level in it are invested with films of stalagmite, thus shewing that the portion of the *cave-earth* on which they lay was once the surface of the deposit—for the time being, the cavern floor; and that the objects lay there unburied and exposed to the lime-laden drip from the roof during a period sufficiently long for the formation of the stalagmitic envelope, after which the process was interrupted, and the objects buried by the introduction of a further instalment of *cave-earth*. That such instalments were usually on a very limited scale, is seen in the fact, that the same phenomenon presents itself again and again at every change of level, no matter how small or in what direction. 2. It has been already stated that coprolites of the hyena occasionally occur at different levels in the deposit, adhering to the objects on which they were primarily lodged, and having undergone no change either in volume or in form since they were dropped; thus disclosing, not only a series of successive surfaces, but the gentle character of the inhuming process. 3. The fact that the huge blocks of limestone which had fallen from the roof were found alike below, in, and on the *modern stalagmitic floor*, proves that they did not all fall at one and the same time.

This is evident, too, from a consideration of the agency by which they were brought down. There can be no doubt that this was the filtering of acidulated water through the 'joints,' or close-fitting approximately vertical divisional planes which traverse the roof, which, by its corrosive action it slowly converted into open fissures, until the gravity of an insulated mass overcame its cohesion, and it fell. Obviously, the work must have been very slow, and the great number of blocks incorporated at different levels everywhere in the *cave-earth* must represent a vast amount of time. Now, bones met with on the loam immediately beneath, and in contact with any of those blocks, were invariably crushed, but with their fragments in juxtaposition; thus shewing that the bones were lying on what at the time was the cavern floor, and that the deposit was firm, unyielding, and capable of offering resistance to the falling mass. After the catastrophe, there was brought in a further instalment of loam, which formed a new floor for the time being.

Resuming our journey into antiquity, we next pause at the beginning of the *old floor of crystalline stalagmite.* Though it contains no inscriptions, it shews by its thin laminæ that it was formed slowly; and by its great thickness—sometimes fully twelve feet—that, in all probability, the time over which it extended vastly exceeded that of the *modern granular floor.*

Lastly, we reach the period of the *breccia*, when there was carried into the cavern a loam of darker red, and rock fragments of more distant derivation than those which compose the cave-earth—a period whose antiquity we have no means of fathoming, but which falls short of the antiquity of man in Devonshire.

The successive cave-deposits, then, force on us the conviction that the time requisite for their formation, though not calculable, is very great. If we now turn to their fossil contents, the result will be found to be much the same. Remains of species of mammals still occupying Britain, are found commingled with those of some which, though existing in other parts of Europe, are no longer inhabitants of this country, and of others that had passed away from the surface of the earth before even the times of tradition. Their condition proves that they were all inhumed at the same time, and, therefore, that some species of mammalia belonging to the existing British fauna coexisted with forms that have for ever disappeared. Obviously, the extinction of the latter was not the result of any convulsion, or any great sudden change in the conditions of life. Whatever may have been the cause, it was not equal to the universal and synchronous depopulation of the globe. So far from this being the case, it is eminently probable that the perished forms whose remains have been found in the cavern, disappeared, not all at one and the same time, but successively, and perhaps at wide intervals. The simple fact of so many extinctions, therefore, may in itself be regarded as an indication of the lapse of a very great period. It is

no doubt true that man may have done much to exterminate large animals from a limited area like the British Islands; but it seems eminently improbable that the mammoth, which formerly occupied the whole of the Old and New Worlds, from the Frozen Ocean to the latitude of Rome in the former, and to that of Texas in the latter, could have been utterly annihilated by him alone. Much more difficult is it to believe that he who finds all his efforts foiled when he attempts to rid his premises of rats, should have succeeded in driving out of existence the entire race of such small creatures as the cave-pika, or tailless hare.

Archæologists have found it possible and convenient to divide the time during which man has occupied Western Europe into four great periods: the Iron Age, the Bronze Age, the Neolithic Age (recent stone age), and the Palæolithic Age (ancient stone age). The Iron Age, in which we live, commenced with the introduction of the art of making iron weapons and tools—an era certainly prior to the invasion of this country by the Romans. The Bronze Age was that in which, the art of working iron being unknown, the best tools were made of a mixture of copper and tin. This, in Britain, was necessarily a pre-historic period. During the Neolithic Age, metals being undiscovered, men made and used *polished* stone implements. In the Palæolithic Age, or earliest known human period, man fabricated stone tools, which he chipped into shape, but did not polish. It is not intended to convey the idea that during any but the earliest, no tools characteristic of an earlier period still remained in occasional use. The presence of an iron implement, for example, stamped a period as being within the Iron Age, notwithstanding the presence also of bronze or even stone tools. Now, the extinct cave-mammals had passed away, not only before the earliest use of metals, but before the Neolithic Age commenced. Hence the formation of the *modern stalagmitic floor* in Kent's Hole had been completed before men had hit upon the expedient of increasing the efficiency of their stone tools by polishing them, and this is confirmed by the tools found in the floor itself.

The late Archbishop Whately held that savages, left to themselves, would never emerge from their condition. The proposition can only be accepted as a hyperbolical expression of the undoubted facts, that unaided savages improve so very slowly as to remain apparently stationary during very long periods of time, and that these periods are protracted according as the social condition is low. Apart from all other considerations, then, it may be safely concluded that in Western Europe the Palæolithic Age was of vast duration, and that its commencement dates back in a very remote antiquity—conclusions confirmed by the wide distribution and immense number of *unpolished* flint implements and flakes already discovered.

There are, however, numerous and varied monuments claiming a place between the close of the Palæolithic Age and the dawn of

tradition, and, though independent of one another, all concurring in testifying to a large amount of time. Amongst these are the Peat-bogs and Kitchen-middens of Denmark, the Megalithic structures and Barrows of England and elsewhere, and the Lake-dwellings of Switzerland, which we shall now briefly notice.

One of the most prevalent and luxuriant trees of Denmark is the common beech, and within the times of tradition it has always been so. The peat-bogs of the country, however, furnish us with the means of acquiring a knowledge of its forests in times of higher antiquity. These bogs vary from ten to thirty feet in depth, and contain numerous trunks of trees, arranged necessarily in chronological order. A frequent and characteristic tree in the upper part of the bogs is the pedunculated variety of the common oak; below this is found the sessile variety of the same species; and at still greater depths the Scotch fir is met with. It is obvious that there was a time when the country was occupied by the oak, which is not now common there, and which was supplanted by the beech; that at an earlier period, the oak in like manner displaced the Scotch fir, which previously appears to have been the most prevalent tree of the country, and frequently attained a diameter of three feet. Neither at present nor within the times of history has it been a native of the country, and all attempts to introduce it have proved failures. The peat, therefore, discloses the fact, that in the Danish islands there have been changes in the conditions on which vegetable life depends; and it also shews that the changes have not been very great, since the aspen occurs at all levels in the bog, and still flourishes in the country. It gives information, too, respecting the animals which the forests sheltered, for their remains occur in it, and shews that not only the plants found in the bogs, but the land shells and the mammalia are all of existing species.

It may be impossible to reach the exact chronological value of this vegetable evidence, but we know that eighteen hundred years ago the Romans found the beech in possession of the soil; and as the oak must have been supplanted considerably before that period, we may safely conclude, that the reign of the beech has already lasted two thousand years at least; and as there are no indications that it is about to close, we cannot accept less than 2500 years for the period during which, at least, some forest trees will hold possession of a country to which they are well adapted, and in which they have established themselves. If this be taken as the time which the oak, the immediate predecessor of the beech, retained its supremacy—and the fact that the two varieties of the oak, instead of being contemporaries, succeeded one the other, renders it improbable that this estimate is too great—we are taken to at least 4500 years from the present day in order to witness the Scotch fir yielding its place to its successor. At the very least, therefore, it would seem that we have to transport ourselves 5000

years back into the past, in order to take our stand in the forest of firs which once covered the Danish islands. The era of the close of the *modern stalagmitic floor* of Kent's Hole, however, was more ancient still, for all the mammals which occupied the earliest known forests of Denmark belonged to existing species, whilst at least four of those whose remains the last film of the stalagmite failed to inhume completely, are utterly extinct.

During the period of the Scotch firs, man existed in the Danish archipelago, for Steenstrup took with his own hands a polished flint implement from beneath the trunk of a tree of this species. In fact, from the implements found in the peat, the Neolithic Age corresponds to that of the Scotch fir and the early part of the oak; the Bronze Age to the later oak period; and the Age of Iron very closely coincides with that of the beeches.

Along the Baltic shores of Jutland and the Danish Islands, and rarely more than ten feet above the sea, there are numerous mounds, some of which are 1000 feet long, and vary in breadth from 150 to 200 feet, and in height from three to ten feet. They chiefly consist of castaway shells of oysters and other edible mollusks, and with them there is a plentiful admixture of bones of quadrupeds, birds, and fish, with no inconsiderable number of instruments of stone, horn, bone, and wood, with coarse potsherds, charcoal, and cinders, but no trace of iron or bronze. More than fifty of these shell-mounds, termed by the Danes *Kjökkenmöddings*, or *Kitchen-middens*, or *Kitchen-refuse-heaps*, have been examined by a committee, many thousand specimens have been collected and deposited in the Museum at Copenhagen, and six Reports have been presented.

The mammals represented by the bones are the stag, roe-deer, wild-boar, urus or wild-bull, dog, fox, wolf, marten, otter, porpoise, seal, water-rat, beaver, lynx, wild-cat, hedgehog, bear, and mouse. The first three in the list are by far the most numerous, and together form ninety-seven per cent. of the entire series. The only extinct species is the urus, which, however, was seen by Julius Cæsar, and survived for a long time after. Not only the mammoth and his extinct contemporaries, but the reindeer and musk sheep are entirely absent. The dog appears to have been the only domestic animal, as there are no traces of the domestic ox, horse, or sheep, all of which occur in the *upper* part of the peat-bogs just described, which corresponds to the Iron and Bronze Ages, but are not found in the *lower* portion, or that which answers to the Neolithic Age.

Of the birds, aquatic species are the most frequent, including several kinds of ducks and geese, the wild-swan, and the great auk. There is also the capercailzie, which, from its known habits, is believed to have fed on the buds of the Scotch fir—a tree, as we have seen, prevalent in the country at the most ancient period reached by the peat.

Thirteen species of shells have been found in the mounds, of

which the oyster, cockle, mussel, and periwinkle are the most numerous. The last three still live in the Baltic; but on account of its brackish water, they only attain one-third the size of the same species in the ocean; whilst the oyster exists only, and in inconsiderable numbers, near the entrance of the sea. The specimens found in the refuse-heaps, however, are of the full oceanic dimensions; whence it seems safe to infer, that they point to a time when the ocean waters had freer access to the Baltic.

The stone hatchets and knives found in the mounds had not been merely chipped into shape, but had been sharpened by rubbing.

The foregoing facts, both positive and negative, lead unmistakably to the following conclusions: 1. That the shell-mounds are of very great antiquity. 2. That they fail to reach back to the age of the unpolished flint implements, or of the extinct cave-mammals, but 'are referrible to the early part of the Neolithic Age, when the art of polishing flint implements was known, but before it had reached its greatest development.'*

Megalithic, or great-stone monuments may be said to belong to all countries and to all times. Dr Hooker assures us that there exists within three hundred miles of the British capital of India a tribe of semi-savages who habitually erect them;† they are mentioned in *Genesis;* and Sir J. Lubbock has recently reminded us that some of them were ancient and mysterious even in the days of Homer, as the following passage shews:

> 'On either side,
> Where narrowest is the way, and all the course
> Around is smooth—rise two white stones, set there
> To mark the tomb of some one long since dead,
> Or form a goal for men in ages past.'‡

With a certain class of archæologists, it has in this country been long the habit to ascribe all megalithic structures to the Druids; but this must be regarded as an evasion, not a solution, of the problems of their age, origin, and uses. Nor has the habit been by any means universal: the notion formerly prevalent, and which perhaps is not yet quite extinct in the minds of the country people, is, in many cases, a very different and probably an older one, though it assigns the monuments to a less imposing antiquity. Thus, near Liskeard in Cornwall there are remnants of three large intersecting circles of upright stones which are called the *Hurlers*, in accordance with a legend that they were formerly men, who, playing at the game of hurling on a Sunday, were transformed into stones, as a punishment for their crime, and a warning to future Sabbath-

* See Lubbock's *Prehistoric Times*, 2d ed., ch. vii.; also Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*, p. 11, *et seq.*

† *Report, British Association*, 1868, p. lx.

‡ *Iliad*, Book xxiii. v. 384, Wright's translation.

breakers. In like manner, a similar monument near Penzance in the same county is known as *Dawn's Mên*, that is, the *Stone's Dance*, or popularly, the *Merry Maidens*, from a legend that they were young women who were petrified for dancing on Sunday. It is obvious that in both these cases, which might be greatly multiplied, the names the monuments now bear were given them since the introduction of Christianity; and that though the bulk of the population of Cornwall must have been direct descendants of the people with whom the Phœnicians traded, they had utterly forgotten everything, or their ancestors never knew anything respecting the real origin of the relics—strong evidence in either case of their great antiquity.

The principal megalithic remains in this country are, of course, Stonehenge and the 'temple' of Abury, both in Wiltshire—the former the more famous, the latter the more extensive. The very voluminous literature of Stonehenge renders it unnecessary, even did our space allow, to do more than state that many of the stones have been hewn, and several of them fitted together with well-cut mortises and tenons, and thus suggest that the builders must have possessed metal tools. Recent experiments, however, prove that flint implements are not only sufficient for the purpose, but that they are more efficient than those of bronze.

During a recent visit to Stonehenge, we felt strongly impressed with a sense of the immediate presence of mystery, and this feeling was intensified by contemplating the far-stretching plain in which the ruin is situated; whilst the numerous tumuli which met the eye on the verge of the horizon in every direction, suggested that they in all probability were coeval, or nearly so, with the mysterious pile, and contained the clue to the age of both. We shall probably not be far wrong in supposing the temple to be somewhat older than the most ancient of the barrows, and that the interments were spread over a great breadth of time, during which the worshippers in the sacred structure lodged their dead in its vicinity.

In 1861, M. Lartet described a small grotto or cave at Aurignac in the south of France, in which had been found no fewer than seventeen human skeletons, under circumstances which warranted the inference that the cave was a place of sepulture during the Palæolithic Age.* Besides this, there is at present no known interment which can be referred to that remote era. The tumuli of which we have now to speak are all more modern, but they do not belong exclusively to one age or race.

In attempting to ascertain the age to which a barrow belongs, at least three things require attention—its structure and external characters, the mode of interment, and the artificial objects which

* See *Ann. des Sci. Nat.* 1861, tom. xv. p. 177; also *Nat. Hist. Rev.* 1862, vol. 2, p. 53, *et seq.*; Lyell's *Antiquity*, p. 181, *et seq.*; and Lubbock's *Prehistoric Times*, 2d ed. pp. 310-312.

accompany the body. There are probably no external marks by which the tumuli of the Neolithic, Bronze, and Iron Ages can be distinguished; but those of the first are generally surrounded with a circle of great stones, and contain megalithic chambers; while those of the Bronze period commonly consist of mere earth with heaps of small stones, and occasionally stone cists placed together. In examining their contents, it must not be forgotten that the by no means unusual practice of secondary interment, or the burial of a corpse in a tumulus in which a much earlier occupant had been lodged, continued down to at least the end of the eighth century. With proper care, however, this source of error may be eliminated. The human remains present themselves in three different forms, which, though not without great value as chronological tests, are sometimes ascribable to a particular race rather than to a period. In Western Europe, however, bodies appear to have been usually buried during the Neolithic Age in a contracted or sitting posture. In the Bronze Age, they were commonly burned, and the relics, lodged in vessels of clay, were placed in the barrow; whilst they were placed in an extended position in the Iron Age. It appears to be by no means the rule to meet with artificial objects in tumuli; and when these are present, great care is needed in using them chronologically. Were we sure that they were at the period of the interment objects of everyday life, the case would present no difficulty; but in order to this, it seems desirable to know for what purpose they were buried with the corpse. They may have been articles which the deceased was known to have valued—tokens of the affection of surviving friends—such as may have been supposed likely to be useful in another world, and therefore proofs of a belief in a future state—intended to protect the body from imaginary dangers—or relics of a then bygone civilisation which had acquired a symbolical, perhaps a sacred, meaning and value. Though some degree of uncertainty, therefore, may attach to any one of the foregoing tests in its isolation, it cannot be doubted that when they concur they form a strong body of evidence: a tumulus, for example, consisting of earth only, containing in a clay vessel the ashes of a burned body, as well as articles of bronze, but not of iron, presents a claim to be acknowledged as belonging to the Bronze Age, which it would be very difficult and unphilosophical to set aside; and so on for the other periods.

Tumuli occur in greater numbers and have a wider distribution than even megalithic structures. Our limited space, however, forbids us to do more than to notice those in Britain, and that in the briefest way. The principal investigators have been Sir R. C. Hoare, Mr Bateman, and Rev. Canon Greenwell. They have examined a total of nearly seven hundred interments, the results of which have been tabulated by Sir J. Lubbock,* who concludes that

* See *Prehistoric Times*, 2d ed. p. 156, *et seq.*

the tumuli round Stonehenge belong as a whole to the Bronze Age, and that there are comparatively few which can with confidence be referred to an earlier period, however firmly we may believe many of them to be Neolithic.

During the winter of 1853–4, the level of the Swiss lakes being lower than they had ever been known before, attempts were made to reclaim and enclose portions of their strands. Whilst engaged in this task, the workmen discovered heads of piles and various other indications of human agency. Dr Keller soon ascertained the true nature of the discovery; a series of dredgings was commenced; several Reports have been prepared by Dr Keller, and the whole have been translated into English, and given to the public by Mr Lee. The result, in Dr Keller's words, may be briefly stated thus: 'In the very earliest times, groups of families, or probably whole tribes, lived on the borders of the Swiss lakes, not on dry ground, but on a series of piles in the shallows near the shores.'* At present, *Pfahlbauten*, or *Lake-dwellings*, have been discovered in most of the larger and in several of the smaller lakes of Switzerland, and form a total of more than two hundred. A few are of the Iron Age; but the greater number belong almost equally to the Bronze and Neolithic Ages. During the last, they were spread over the whole country. Bronze Age settlements are very rare in the east of Switzerland; and the Iron Age is represented only in the lakes of Bienne and Neufchâtel. Professor Rutimeyer has identified the remains of 32 species of mammals, 26 of birds, 4 of reptiles, and 9 of fresh-water fish—a total of 71, all of which are still living in Europe, with the exception of the *urus*, already stated to have lived within the times of history. Not only the mammoth, but the reindeer, is absent, as in the case of the shell mounds of Denmark. Professor Heer has recognised twenty-two species of plants amongst the numerous remains, and has classified them as cereals, weeds of the corn-field, culinary vegetables, fruits and berries, nuts, oil-producing plants, plants used for dyeing, forest trees and shrubs, mosses and ferns, fungi for kindling fires, and water and marsh plants. Calculations, based on data of a satisfactory nature, but probably insufficient in amount, give an antiquity of from 5000 to 7000 years for the Neolithic settlements.

If we next turn to the character of the climate indicated by the cave-mammals, the conclusions to which we have been led will receive further confirmation. It is well known that remains of the mammoth have been found in great numbers in Siberia, under conditions implying that the animals of which they were remnants lived in, and were adapted to, cold regions. Complete carcasses have been found in the ice-cliffs, having their flesh in such a state of preservation that the wild animals feasted on it, and their skins covered with a woolly hair admirably adapted to resist cold, to which they were no

* Lee's Keller's *Lake Dwellings* (1866), p. 1.

doubt exposed. Remains of the extinct rhinoceros have been found in the same region and under the same conditions. Hence, of the extinct animals found in Kent's Hole, two species are known to have been capable of living in cold climates; and when to this is added the fact, that the reindeer and musk-sheep, living inhabitants of arctic regions, are found commingled with them, we have good reason to suspect that their era in this country was one of comparatively low temperature. It must not be forgotten, however, that though wool-clad in Siberia, the mammoth and rhinoceros may not have had this covering in all latitudes. 'The fine silky fleece,' says Dr Falconer, 'from which the Cashmere shawls are woven, is abundantly developed at the roots of the long hairs of the domestic goat in the plains of Tibet, at and upwards of 16,000 feet above the level of the sea, where a highly rarefied atmosphere is combined with severe winter cold. It grows also on the kiang, the yak, *Cervus Wallichii*, the brown bear of high elevations in the Himalaya, and on the mastiff dog of Tibet. But it disappears entirely from the same goat, and from the dog, in the Valley of Cashmere.'* It would be unsafe, therefore, to conclude from their *bones* alone that the mammoth and his contemporaries represent a climate in Britain colder than that which at present obtains; a knowledge of their *clothing*, however, would go far to settle this question, and, happily, this knowledge is in our possession.

Amongst the remarkable and important discoveries made in the caverns and 'rock-shelters' in France, by Messrs Christy and Lartet, a series of engravings and sculptures on bone and ivory—actual works of art by palæolithic men—are probably the most interesting. They include figures of various animals, such as fishes, the ox, horse, ibex, reindeer, and mammoth. That, however, to which we have to restrict ourselves at present is the fact, that in 1864, there was found in the excavations made by Mr Christy and M. Lartet, under a rock-shelter at La Madelaine, Dordogne, a figure of a mammoth engraved on a fragment of a mammoth's tusk, in which the creature is depicted in his long hair.† From this engraving, the genuineness of which cannot be doubted, two inferences may be drawn: 1. That the palæolithic men of the Dordogne had seen the mammoth in his arctic dress. 2. That such a dress was needed; in other words, that the climate of France, and, therefore, of England also, was much colder during the mammoth era than it is at present. Prior to this discovery, Mr Prestwich, having made a careful analysis of the land and fresh-water shells, of the mammals, and of the plants found in the 'high-level,' or most ancient implement-bearing gravels, in the valleys of the Thames, Seine, and Somme, had been led to the following conclusion: 'A climate where the oak, the yew,

* *Nat. Hist. Rev.*, vol. iii. p. 113 (1863).

† See *L'Homme Fossile*, par H. Le Hon. Deuxième édition, p. 84 (1868). Also Lubbock's *Prehistoric Times*, 2d ed. p. 324 (1869).

and the fir (and the bilberry) throve, where reindeer lived, where deer, horse, and ox abounded, and where the rivers were subject to periodical floods, and froze so as to transport large boulders for considerable distances, presents conditions which would probably accord with a mean winter cold of not less than 20°, while it may have been as low as 10°, or even lower. This would be from 19° to 29° under that which now obtains in these regions, taking the winter temperature of the south-east of England and the north-west of France at 39°.'* The same geologist attributed the contortions which are observable in the deposits of the last-named valley to the grounding of contemporary river-ice.† In short, the evidence which has been produced takes man very far back towards that period known to geologists as the 'Glacial Era,' whose date, in years, Mr Croll and others have recently attempted to determine from astronomical data. It may be doubted whether they have achieved any marked success, but the lowest estimate which they have suggested is at least 200,000 years; whilst few geologists, perhaps, will be prepared to admit that the known post-glacial phenomena can be compressed within such narrow limits.

If, from the cavern and its contents, we turn, lastly, to the district in which it stands, we shall find that the changes which have occurred in its physical geography since the introduction of the *cave-earth* are calculated, equally with the foregoing considerations, to impress us with the lapse of a very great amount of time. We have seen that the *cave-earth* was introduced in small quantities, at widely separated intervals, through the two entrances of the cavern; and that the Vale of Ilsham had at that time the same general features and the same water-shed as at present; hence, unless the rainfall of the district exceeded that of the present day by very many thousand times—a hypothesis which has only to be suggested in order to be immediately rejected—the bottom of the valley during the era in question must have been a little, and but little, below the level of the entrances, instead of from 60 to 70 feet, as at present. Ordinarily, a small rivulet flowed harmlessly by and below the cavern, leaving it tenantable for man or beast; but in times of great flood, the swollen stream would find access to it, carry in a thin layer of mud and stones, inter the objects scattered on the surface, overspread the existing floor, and form a new one. So long as the bottom of the valley maintained its level, the cavern would be subject to occasional inundations; but if the stream, by its erosive action, deepened the channel through which it flowed, it would ultimately deprive itself of the power of effecting an entrance. Its volume might be, at times, and not less frequently, as much swollen as before, but its general level would be lower.

In short, all the facts of the two famous Torbay caverns point

* *Phil. Trans.* 1864, part ii. p. 281. † Ibid., p. 288.

irresistibly to the conclusion, that the *cave-earth* era was separated from the present day by at least the time occupied, by small rivulets, in deepening Ilsham Vale upwards of 60 feet, and Brixham Valley fully 100 feet. We shall now proceed to shew that this time fails to fill the interval in which it occurred.

In almost all the inlets of Torbay, there are exposed at low-water peaty masses, consisting of vegetable matter and tough blue clay of unknown depth. Amongst the former are numerous vertical stumps of trees of considerable size, projecting slightly above the peat, and sending their roots and rootlets to considerable distances into the clay. There can be no doubt that they are the remains of a forest; that they still occupy the soil and area on which they grew; that they have been submerged by the entire district having sunk to a lower level; and that the movement was so uniform as not to alter the relation of the trunks and roots to the horizon. These masses of peat are portions of the well-known Submerged Forest, which covers at least part of the bottom of Torbay, where it has been traced seaward to the five-fathoms line.

Similar and coeval forests exist on all the shores of the British seas and channels, and everywhere present the same phenomena. They have been described by several observers, from Leland in the sixteenth century to geologists of the present day, and they indicate a general, uniform, and tranquil subsidence, to the amount of at least seventy feet, of the British archipelago and Western Europe generally.

The plant-remains belong to species which at present occupy the adjacent dry lands, and there are mixed with them the bones and teeth of mammoth, long-fronted ox, red deer, horse, and wild hog. In the Torbay forest, a human implement, made of the antler of the red deer, was found twelve feet below the surface.*

From the foregoing facts, it is obvious that at least a part of the era of the forests belonged to that of the extinct mammals, and that the subsidence was subsequent to the first appearance of man in Devonshire.

It was stated in an early part of this paper, that within the recollection of persons still living, the sea at high-water spring-tides reached a point in the valley vertically beneath the Brixham Cavern. It is added by competent observers who have examined it, that the bottom of this valley was not the native limestone rock, but a mass of peat on and in blue clay, extending towards the sea. In fact, this inlet resembled the others of Torbay, in being occupied by a tongue of the Submerged Forest.

Here, then, we have evidence that since the bone-and-implement-bearing red loam was carried into the cavern the following changes have been wrought in the district: 1, or earliest. The depth of the

* See *Trans. Devon. Assoc.* vol. i. pp. 36-38 (1865).

valley was increased by at least 100 feet. 2. After this was completed, the valley was partially re-filled by the lodgment in it of a mass of blue clay. 3. In this clay grew a forest, which afforded a home to various animals, some of them belonging to extinct species. 4. The entire country underwent a gradual, uniform, and tranquil subsidence to the extent of at least 70 feet. 5. To the time required for these changes must be added that which has elapsed since the last of them, the amount of which we will now proceed to investigate.

It is possible to obtain information on the minimum value of the period immediately under consideration—the time which has elapsed since the submergence of the forests—from the volume of the deposits overlying the forest ground, the amplitude of the existing foreshore, and human history.

In many Cornish valleys there are thick deposits washed from the adjacent hills, and containing a sufficient amount of tin to tempt the miner to dig through them in all directions, for the purpose of obtaining the metal. Some of these 'stream-works' have been carefully described by competent observers, and amongst the most notable are those of Pentuan, Carnon, and Lower St Columb. The Pentuan works, which were described in 1829 by Mr Colenso, lay in a valley varying from 300 to upwards of 600 feet in width, near the harbour of Pentuan. The deposits were confined to the terminal four miles, and at their base had a mean inclination, seaward, of about half a degree.

The uppermost stratum, 20 feet in depth, consisted chiefly of river-sand and gravel. Then followed 20 feet of sea-sand, containing trees lying in all directions, remains of red-deer, oxen, a large whale, and, near the bottom, human skulls. After this came five other distinct deposits, chiefly of silt and sea-sand, containing a variety of animal and vegetable remains, and a piece of oak shaped by man. One of these deposits was a vegetable band of leaves, hazel-nuts, sticks, and moss, about 40 feet below the sea-level. Below all this lay the 'tin ground' on the solid rock, and having at its upper surface stumps of trees, with their roots in their natural position. An oyster-bed was found here.

The succession and character of the deposits at Carnon and St Columb, described by Mr W. J. Henwood and Sir H. de la Beche, were essentially the same as at Pentuan. Everywhere the forests were found immediately on the 'tin ground.' At Carnon, human skulls occurred *in* the forest, which was 67 feet below high-water.

From the foregoing sections it may be inferred: 1. That since the submergence, detrital matter has been lodged on the forest ground to the depth of from 60 to 70 feet. 2. That, with the exception of the upper bed, the whole is exclusively marine, as oyster-shells were fastened to the stumps of the trees. 3. That the deposits were accumulated slowly, since they were distinctly stratified, dissimilar in character, and contained marine shells in the position

of living mollusks; and that they represent a great amount of time.

Except in a very few cases, a vertical movement of the land necessarily destroys the existing foreshore as a whole, by either raising it above the sea-level or causing its permanent submergence. In either case, the waves immediately attack their new boundary, and, by causing it to recede further and further, form a new strand. The rate of retrocession is necessarily variable, since it depends on the exposure and structure of the coast. It is obvious, however, that its breadth and the rate of its formation would suffice for the determination of the time which has elapsed since the last change of level. In this paper the existing foreshore will be regarded as the space between the cliffs which the waves assail at spring-tide high-water, and the line of breakers at the corresponding low-water, during the most violent gales. It is obvious that since they *both* travel landward, the space between them can never exceed, but may fall short of, the area on which the sea has encroached since the last vertical movement of the land. Even in the south-west of Devonshire, where the crystalline rocks are eminently capable of resisting the waves, the foreshore is fully a quarter of a mile broad. This is surpassed in many other parts of the county, where the cliffs are composed of less durable materials. It is difficult to believe that this can be the work of less than several thousand years.

The utter silence of history respecting the occurrence of any general and permanent submergence, may be regarded as a proof that the forests were carried down before the commencement of the Christian era. Readers of the early Saxon chroniclers cannot but feel that they take their stand on the existing levels, and engineers state that the Roman embankment at the Wash is on precisely the same level as the new one built outside to exclude the tide. There are, moreover, on different parts of the coast of England, what may be called natural test-objects, which are so peculiarly connected with the present relative level of sea and land, that an upheaval or a subsidence of a very few feet would be distinctly indicated, as either would entirely change their existing characters.

One of these is the well-known Holy Island, or Lindisfarne, on the coast of Northumberland, whose geography is characterised by Sir Walter Scott in the lines:

> 'For, with the flow and ebb, its style
> Varies from continent to isle.'
> —*Marmion*, Canto ii. stanza 9.

Scott, however, was not the first to describe the peculiar character of Holy Island. It was noticed 1100 years before by the Venerable Bede, who says of it: 'Which place, as the tide flows and ebbs twice a day, is enclosed by the waves of the sea like an island; and

again, twice in the day, when the shore is left dry, becomes contiguous to the land.' *

When it is remembered that Bede was born in 673, on the coast between the Tyne and Wear, almost within sight of Lindisfarne; that at seven years of age he was placed in the abbey of Wearmouth; that in 682 he removed thence to the newly founded abbey of Jarrow on the Tyne, where he spent the remainder of his life, and died in 735; that he was not only an ecclesiastic, but a writer of ecclesiastical history; and that all the churches from the Tyne to the Tweed, and many of those from the Tyne to the Humber, had their beginning from the monastery of Holy Island, it cannot be doubted that he had every opportunity and motive to make himself perfectly acquainted with the history and condition of a spot which he undoubtedly held sacred. We may safely conclude, then, that there has been no change of relative level of sea and land on the coast of Northumberland during the last 1300 years.

Probably no spot is better calculated to give information on this question than the picturesque St Michael's Mount in Cornwall, which, like Lindisfarne, is an island and a peninsula at every high and low water alternately. It is about one-third of a mile from the nearest point of the mainland, and the isthmus which connects them at low-water is then about six feet above the sea-level, whilst at high-water it is twelve feet below it. This isthmus, moreover, consists in great part of the outcrop of the slate rocks of the district, planed down to an approximate level by the action of the waves. It is obvious that an upheaval to the extent of twelve feet would convert the Mount into a permanent peninsula, and that a subsidence of six feet would make it for ever an island. The Mount appears to have been regarded as a holy place as early as the fifth century, when St Keyna and St Cadoc visited it as pilgrims. Its sanctity was subsequently increased by the alleged apparition of St Michael on it. In 1044, Edward the Confessor gave a charter to a body of monks established there; and in 1070 the pope granted that all the faithful who enriched the church on it with their benefactions and alms, or visited it, should be forgiven a third part of their penances. As may be expected, it attracted a great number of visitors; its literature is somewhat voluminous; and everything affecting it has been carefully recorded.

From the detailed description of it by Leland (1533–40) and William of Worcester (1478), the incidental mention of it by Bishop Lacy (1425), and the statement in the Confessor's charter (1044) that it was *juxta mare*, or next the sea, it may be concluded that its condition has remained unchanged for upwards of eight hundred years. The earliest mention of it, however, is the following famous passage in Diodorus Siculus (9 B.C.), and takes us ten and

* *Eccles. Hist.*, Bohn's ed., book iii. ch. iii. p. 112.

a half centuries farther into antiquity, when its condition was the same as at present: 'They that inhabit the British promontory of Belerium' [the Land's End], 'by reason of their converse with merchants, are more civilised and courteous to strangers than the rest are. These are the people that make the tin, which, with a great deal of care and labour, they dig out of the ground, and that being rocky, the metal is mixed with some grains of earth, out of which they melt the metal, and then refine it; then they cut it into square pieces like a die, and carry it to a British island near at hand called Iktis; for at low tides, all being dry between them and the island, they convey over in carts an abundance of tin in the meantime. There is one thing peculiar to those islands which lie between Britain and Europe, for at full sea they appear to be islands, but at low water, for a long way, they look like so many peninsulas. Hence the merchants transport the tin they buy of the inhabitants to Gaul; and for thirty days' journey they carry it on packs on horses' backs through Gaul to the mouth of the river Rhone.' *

From this passage it may be inferred that the description was from one who had visited the locality; that the Iktis was near the Land's End; that no place in the district afforded superior accommodation and shelter for maritime trade; that it was adjacent to the tin country; and that it was the only commercial station in Britain, or that all others were comparatively recent. On the other hand, the Mount answers admirably in every respect to the description; it is in the midst of the most productive tin mines of Cornwall; and besides it there is no island which can be supposed to be that described by the historian. It is accordingly held by all who have given careful attention to the question, that the Iktis and St Michael's Mount are one and the same semi-island; and that nineteen centuries have failed to produce any change in its condition.

We may, perhaps, with advantage recapitulate at this point the various positions we have established respecting the *Antiquity of man in Devonshire.* Since the era of that tranquil, uniform, and general subsidence which resulted in the submergence of the forests whose remains are found on the strands of all the British seas and channels, thick accumulations have been lodged on the forest ground, and broad foreshores have been cut; and yet nineteen centuries have failed to produce an appreciable change in the character of St Michael's Mount, or in its relation to the mainland. Prior to this subsidence, was the growth of the forests, which afforded food and shelter to the mammoth and his contemporaries; before this, again, was the period of the deposition of the blue clay and the 'tin ground,' in which the forests subsequently grew; earlier still was the epoch of the excavation of the valleys, in whose bounding hills the caverns of South Devon are situated; at a still more remote period,

* Book v. chap. 22.

when the bottoms of the valleys were at least one hundred feet above their present levels, the characteristic red loam was carried into the caverns, in some cases, as at Brixham, by the action of persistent streams, and in others, as in Kent's Hole, by the fitful agency of land-floods; still farther back was the period of the *old crystalline stalagmitic* cavern floor, sometimes twelve feet thick; and in a still more hoary antiquity, the *breccia* had been carried into the same cavern. Great as is the age of this *breccia*, it does not exceed the antiquity of man in the south-west of England.

The cave-men of Devonshire were the contemporaries of many species of animals, once widely spread over the world, but which had become extinct before the era of the Scotch fir in Denmark; a tree which is not only incapable of growing now in that part of Europe, but had been superseded there by the oak, which, in its turn, and upwards of two thousand years ago, was itself supplanted by the beech—prior to the date of the earliest Kitchen-middens of the same country—much earlier than the erection of Stonehenge, Abury, and the other megalithic monuments, as well as the tumuli of Western Europe, whose age is wrapped in an obscurity so dense as to have been the theme of much and long-continued speculation and many hypotheses—and far anterior to the earliest of the Pfahlbauten recently discovered in the Swiss lakes. The ancient cave-mammals, whose extinction was due neither to man nor to sudden convulsion, and was probably spread over a great breadth of time, betoken a climate colder than that which at present obtains. Those earliest known men of Devon were ignorant of the use of metals; and though the tools they made of flint were sometimes elaborately chipped into shape, they were invariably left unpolished. In addition to these, they formed awls and fish-spears of bone, the latter being skilfully and even elegantly executed. They wore clothing, which they sometimes stitched together, using for that purpose carefully made bone needles; and occasionally they fastened their dresses with stout bone pins. They kindled fires and cooked their food; but as no engravings, sculptures, or other indications of art have yet been found, they must be regarded, perhaps, as inferior to their French contemporaries. To what race they belonged, is unknown; nor is there anything to shew whether or not they were the degraded descendants of superior ancestors. Those who hold that they were, are, of course, prepared to admit that there were men more ancient still than those old cave-dwellers; and they may be called on to account for the fact, that whilst superior and older men would have left a greater number and variety of tools in older deposits, nothing of the kind has yet been met with anywhere. Be this as it may, it is at least eminently probable that the cradle of the human race was not in a climate so ungenial as ours; and that, therefore, the earliest men of Devonshire, though they take us into a very remote antiquity, stop far short of the first appearance of man upon the earth.

Although for several reasons we have confined ourselves chiefly to the caverns of Devonshire, they are by no means the only depositories of this kind of proof of the antiquity of man on the globe. We have already noticed briefly the interesting discoveries made in the caverns of the Dordogne in the south of France; and the following quotation from Dr J. H. Bennet's *Winter in the South of Europe*, shews that similar testimony has been found in caves near Mentone, on the border of the Mediterranean.

'On the shore (near Mentone), at the eastern extremity of the inner bay, in the "red rocks," as they are called, are several good-sized caves, which contain in great abundance organic remains—the bones of large and small mammifers—imbedded in hard sand and calcareous matter. The organic remains thus imbedded cover the floor to a depth of many feet, and are mixed with the flint weapons and utensils and knives, which have excited so much attention during the last few years; testifying as they do to the existence of races of savage men in far back pre-Adamite times.

'The existence of flint weapons among the bones found in the Mentone caverns was first noticed, I believe, in 1858, by M. Forel, a Swiss geologist. He published, in 1860, a memoir,* in which he gives the result of his researches. M. Forel's investigations were principally made in the third and fourth caves, counting from Mentone. He found a great quantity of broken bones, shells, remains of crustacea, and pieces of charcoal. Along with these he discovered many fragments, splinters of flint, and also many arrow and lance heads, spear points, and triangular pieces of flint, evidently intended for knives. The bones belonged to stags, sheep, boars, horses, wolves, dogs, cats, rabbits, a large carnivorous animal, and one to the *Bos primigenius*, a large bull which belongs to the glacial period.

'During the winter of 1862, Mr Moggridge continued these researches, with great care, in the second cavern, and among great masses of bones also found the flint instruments above enumerated, some of them in a perfect state. Pieces of charcoal were likewise found mixed with them.'

* *Notice sur les Instruments en Silex et les Ossements trouvés dans les Cavernes à Menton.* Moyes. 1860.

The illustration of the entrance to Kent's Cavern, given on the first page, is taken from a beautiful photograph by Mr F. Bedford, Torquay.



THE LIFE OF A SAILOR-BOY.

I WAS born at Wanstead, in Essex, about seven miles from London, in the year 1798. My father having died while I was young, I was, along with a brother and sister, left to the charge of my mother, who, marrying again, transferred us to the house of her husband—a carpenter by occupation at Bladen, near Woodstock, and in the employ of the Duke of Marlborough. My father-in-law appeared to be in comfortable circumstances. He resided in a neat house, built of stone, shaded by a noble apricot-tree, and ornamented with a small but pretty garden. This, together with another similar tenement, was his own property. To add to my satisfaction, I perceived that he was kind to my mother, and also to myself. With the country around I was equally well pleased. Fine farms, with large flocks of sheep quietly grazing on the hillsides, fields surrounded with fragrant hawthorn hedges, and old farmhouses, with their thatched roofs and massive ricks, met the eye on all sides; while cultivated gardens and numerous wild-flowers added their charms to the scene.

At Bladen, my time flew very rapidly away for two or three years, until, like most children, I began to sigh for deliverance from the restraints of home. I had already left school, and being now about thirteen years of age, had been employed in the pleasure-grounds of Blenheim Palace. This, however, was too tame an occupation for a lad of my spirits. I heard tales of the sea from cousins with whom I had resided for a short time; my imagination painted a life on the

great deep in the most glowing colours; my mind grew uneasy; and, in short, like many other heedless lads, I resolved on being a sailor. Finding my desires so strong, my kind-hearted mother made interest to have me taken on board a ship-of-war—a matter not difficult in those times—and on the 12th day of July 1810, I turned my back on the quiet hamlet of Bladen, and my face towards scenes of noise, dissipation, storms, and danger. My mother accompanied me in the stage to London, and then taking a boat, we proceeded down the Thames to a spot below Gravesend, where lay the *Macedonian*, the frigate on which I was to be put aboard. Need I say that, when left by my mother on the deck of the vessel, tears were mutually shed; and when the departing boat carried her from my sight, I felt like one alone in the world?

On the morning after my arrival, I was put into a 'mess.' The crew of a man-of-war is divided into little communities of about eight each, called *messes*. These eat and drink together, and are, as it were, so many families. The mess to which I was introduced was composed of your genuine weather-beaten old tars. But for one of its members, it would have suited me very well; this one, a gruff old fellow named Hudson, took it into his head to hate me at first sight. He treated me with so much abuse and unkindness, that my messmates soon advised me to change my mess, a privilege which is wisely allowed, and which tends very much to the good-fellowship of a ship's crew; for if there are disagreeable men among them, they can in this way be got rid off; it is no unfrequent case to find a few, who have been spurned from all the messes in the ship, obliged to mess by themselves.

This unkindness from the brutal Hudson rather chilled my enthusiasm. The crew, too, by some means had an impression that my mother had brought me on board to get rid of me, and therefore bitterly abused her. Swearing I had heard before, but never such as I heard there. Nor was this all; in performing the work assigned me, which consisted in helping the seamen to take in provisions, powder, shot, &c. I felt the insults and tyranny of the midshipmen. These minions of power ordered and drove me round like a dog, nor did I and the other boys dare to interpose a word.

These things reminded me of what had been said to me of the hardships of sea-life in a man-of-war. I began to wish myself back in my father's house at Bladen. This, however, was impossible; and to add to my discouragement, they told me I was entered on the ship's books for life. Dreary prospect! But although somewhat grieved with my first experience of sailor-life, I secretly-struggled against my feelings, and with the most philosophic desperation resolved to make the best of my condition. We were kept busily at work every day until the ship's stores were all on board, and our frigate was ready for sea. Then two hundred more men, draughted from receiving ships, came on board to complete the number of our

crew, which, after this addition, amounted to full three hundred men. The jocularity, pleasantry, humour, and good feeling that now prevailed on board our frigate somewhat softened the unpleasantness of my lot, and cultivated a feeling of reconciliation to my circumstances. Various little friendships which sprang up between me and my shipmates threw a gleam of gladness across my path; a habit of attention, respect, and obedience in a short time secured me universal goodwill. I began to be tolerably satisfied.

Many boys complain of ill usage at sea. I know they are subjected to it in many instances; yet in most cases they owe it to their own boldness. A boy on shipboard, who is habitually saucy, will be kicked and cuffed by all with whom he has to do; he will be made miserable. The reason is, I imagine, that sailors being treated as *inferiors* themselves, love to find opportunity to act the *superior* over some one. They do this over the boys, and if they find a saucy, insolent one, they shew him no mercy. Permit me, then, to advise boys who go to sea to be civil and obliging to all; they will be amply repaid for the effort it may cost them to make the trial, especially if they gain the reputation, as I did, of being among the best boys in the ship.

A vessel of war contains a little community of human beings, isolated, for the time being, from the rest of mankind. This community is governed by laws peculiar to itself; it is arranged and divided in a manner suitable to its circumstances. Hence, when its members first come together, each one is assigned his respective station and duty. For every task, from getting up the anchor to unbending the sails, aloft and below, at the mess-table or in the hammock, each task has its man, and each man his place. A ship contains a set of *human* machinery, in which every man is a wheel, a band, or a crank, all moving with wonderful regularity and precision to the will of its machinist—the all-powerful captain.

The men are distributed in all parts of the vessel; those in the tops are called foretop-men, maintop-men, and mizentop-men, with two captains to each top, one for each watch. These top-men have to loose, take in, reef, and furl the sails aloft, such as the topgallant sails, top-sails, topgallant royal, and top-sail studding-sails. Others are called forecastle-men, waisters, and the after-guard; these have to loose, tend, and furl the courses—that is, the fore-sail, the main-sail, and lower studding-sails; they also have to set the jib, flying-jib, and spanker; the after-guard have a special charge to coil up all ropes in the after-part of the ship. Others are called *scavengers;* these, as their not very attractive name imports, have to sweep and pick up the dirt that may chance to gather through the day, and throw it overboard. Then come the boys, who are mostly employed as servants to the officers. Our captain had a steward and a boy; these acted as his domestic servants in his large and stately cabin, which, to meet the ideas of landsmen, may be called his house.

The lieutenants, purser, surgeon, and sailing-master had each a boy; they, together with the two lieutenants of marines, who were waited upon by two marines, form what is called the ward-room officers. The ward-room is a large cabin (I mean large for a ship, of course) below the captain's, where they all mess together; aft of this cabin is a smaller one, which serves as a species of store-room. Besides these accommodations, every ward-room officer has his state-room, containing his cot, wash-stand, writing-desk, clothes, &c. The gunner, boatswain, and some others, are also allowed a boy; and a man and boy are appointed to be the servants of a certain number of midshipmen.

Another arrangement is that of forming the ship's company into watches. The captain, first-lieutenant, surgeon, purser, boatswain, gunner, carpenter, armourer, together with the stewards and boys, are excused from belonging to them, but are liable to be called out to take in sail: some of the last-mentioned are called *idlers*. All others are in watches, called the larboard and starboard watches.

Stations are also assigned at the guns to the whole crew. When at sea, the drummer beats to quarters every night. This beat is a regular tune. I have often heard the words sung which belong to it; this is the chorus—

> 'Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men;
> We always are ready: steady boys, steady!
> To fight and to conquer again and again.'

At the roll of this evening drum, all hands hurry to the guns. Eight men and a boy are stationed at each gun, one of whom is captain of the gun, another sponges and loads it, the rest take hold of the side tackle-falls, to run the gun in and out; while the boy is employed in handing the cartridges, for which he is honoured with the name of powder-monkey.

Besides these arrangements among the men, there are from thirty to forty marines to be disposed of. These do duty as sentries at the captain's cabin, the ward-room, and at the galley during the time of cooking; they are also stationed at the large guns at night, as far as their numbers run. When a ship is in action, and small-arms can be brought to bear on the enemy, they are stationed on the spar-deck; they are also expected to assist in boarding, in conjunction with several seamen from each gun, who are armed with pistols and pikes, and called boarders.

The great disparity of numbers between the crew of a merchant ship and that of a man-of-war, occasions a difference in their internal arrangements and mode of life scarcely conceivable by those who have not seen both. This is seen throughout, from the act of rousing the hands in the morning to that of taking in sail. In the merchant-man, the watch below is called up by a few strokes of the handspike

on the forecastle; in the man-of-war, by the boatswain and his mates. The boatswain is a petty officer, of considerable importance in his way; he and his mates carry a small silver whistle or pipe, suspended from the neck by a cord. He receives word from the officer of the watch to call the hands up. You immediately hear a sharp shrill whistle; this is succeeded by another and another from his mates. Then follows his hoarse rough cry of 'All hands, ahoy!' which is forthwith repeated by his mates. Scarcely has this sound died upon the ear, before the cry of 'Up all hammocks, ahoy!' succeeds it, to be repeated in like manner. As the first tones of the whistle penetrate between decks, signs of life make their appearance. Rough uncouth forms are seen tumbling out of their hammocks on all sides, and before its last sounds have died away, the whole company of sleepers are hurriedly preparing for the duties of the day. No delay is permitted, for as soon as the before-mentioned officers have uttered their imperative commands, they run below, each armed with a rope's-end, with which they belabour the shoulders of any luckless wight upon whose eyes sleep yet hangs heavily, or whose slow-moving limbs shew him to be but half awake.

With a rapidity which would surprise a landsman, the crew dress themselves, lash their hammocks, and carry them on deck, where they are stowed for the day. There is a system even in this arrangement; every hammock has its appropriate place. Below, the beams are all marked; each hammock is marked with a corresponding number, and in the darkest night a sailor will go unhesitatingly to his own hammock. They are also kept exceedingly clean. Every man is provided with two, so that while he is scrubbing and cleaning one, he may have another to use. Nothing but such precautions could enable so many men to live in so small a space.

A similar rapidity attends the performance of every duty. The word of command is given in the same manner, and its prompt obedience enforced by the same unceremonious rope's-end. To skulk is therefore next to impossible; the least tardiness is rebuked by the cry of 'Hurrah, my hearty! bear a hand! heave along! heave along!' This system of driving is far from being agreeable; it perpetually reminds you of your want of liberty; it makes you feel sometimes as if the hardest crust, the most ragged garments, with the freedom of your own native hills, would be preferable to John Bull's 'beef and duff,' joined as it is with the rope's-end of the driving boatswain.

We had one poor fellow, an Irishman, named Billy Garvy, who felt very uneasy and unhappy. He was the victim of that mortifying system of impressment prevalent in Great Britain in time of war. He came on board perfectly unacquainted with the mysteries of sea-life. One of his first inquiries was where he should find his bed, supposing they slept on shipboard on beds the same as on shore. His messmates, with true sailor roguishness, sent him to the boat-

swain. 'And where shall I find a bed, sir?' asked he of this rugged son of the ocean.

The boatswain looked at him very contemptuously for a moment, then rolling his lump of tobacco into another apartment of his ample mouth, replied: 'Have you got a knife?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, stick it into the softest plank in the ship, and take that for a bed!'

As our fare was novel, and so different from shore living, it was some time before I could get fully reconciled to it: it was composed of hard sea-biscuit, fresh beef while in port, but salt pork and salt beef at sea, pea-soup and burgoo. Burgoo, or, as it was sportively called, skillagallee, was oatmeal boiled in water to the consistency of hasty pudding. Sometimes we had cocoa instead of burgoo. Once a week we had flour and raisins served out, with which we made 'duff,' or pudding. To prepare these articles, each mess had its cook, who drew the provisions, made the duff, washed the mess kids, &c. He also drew the grog for the mess, which consisted of a gill of rum mixed with two gills of water for each man. This was served out at noon every day; at four o'clock P.M. each man received half a pint of wine. The boys only drew half this quantity, but were allowed pay for the remainder—a regulation which could have been profitably applied to the whole supply of grog and wine for both boys and men. But those were not days in which temperance triumphed as she does now, though I believe the British navy has not yet ceased to dispense the 'drink that 's in the drunkard's bowl' to her seamen.

Shortly after our captain came on board, his servant died somewhat suddenly, so that I had an early opportunity of seeing how sailors are disposed of in this sad hour. The corpse was laid out on the grating, covered with a flag; as we were yet in the river, the body was taken on shore and buried, without the burial-service of the Church of England being read at the grave—a ceremony which is not omitted at the interment of the veriest pauper in that country.

I have purposely dwelt on these particulars, that the reader may feel himself initiated at once into the secrets of man-of-war usages. He has doubtless seen ships-of-war with their trim rigging and frowning ports, and his heart has swelled with pride as he has gazed upon these floating cities—the representatives of his nation's character in foreign countries: to their internal arrangements, however, he has been a stranger. I have endeavoured to introduce him into the interior: a desire to make him feel at home there, is my apology for dwelling so long on these descriptions.

After various delays, we were at last ready for sea, and under sailing orders. The tide and wind were both propitious; then came the long-expected cry of the boatswain: 'All hands up anchor, ahoy!' The crew manned the capstan in a trice, and running

round to the tune of a lively air played by the fifer, the huge anchor rapidly left the mud of the Thames, and hung at the bows of our frigate. Then came the cry of 'All hands make sail, ahoy!' As if by magic, she was immediately covered with canvas; the favouring breeze at once filled our sails, and the form that had lain for weeks inert and motionless on the waters now bounded along the waves like a thing of life. Rapidly we ran down the Channel, and before we had well got under-weigh, came to an anchor again at Spithead, under shelter of the Isle of Wight.

Short as was the period between weighing anchor off Gravesend and our arrival at Spithead, it gave opportunity for one of those occurrences which are a disgrace to the naval service of any nation, and a degradation to our common humanity, which the public opinion of the civilised world should frown out of existence—I allude to the brutal practice of flogging.

A poor fellow had fallen into the very sailor-like offence of getting drunk. For this the captain sentenced him to the punishment of four dozen lashes. He was first placed in *irons* all night; the irons used for this purpose were shackles fitting round the ankles, through the ends of which was passed an iron bar some ten or twelve feet in length: it was thus long, because it was no unfrequent case for half-a-dozen men to be ironed at once. A padlock at the end of the bar held the prisoner securely. Thus placed, he was guarded by a marine until the captain bade the first-lieutenant prepare the hands to witness the punishment. Upon this the lieutenant transmitted the order to the master-at-arms. He then ordered the grating or hatch full of square holes to be rigged; it was placed, accordingly, between the main and spar decks, not far from the main-mast.

While these preparations were going on, the officers were dressing in full uniform, and arming themselves with their dirks; the prisoner's messmates carried him his best clothes, to make him appear in as decent a manner as possible. This is always done, in the hope of moving the feelings of the captain favourably towards the prisoner.

This done, the hoarse, dreaded cry of 'All hands ahoy to witness punishment!' from the lips of the boatswain, pealed along the ship as mournfully as the notes of a funeral knell. At this signal the officers mustered on the spar-deck, the men on the main-deck. Next came the prisoner, guarded by a marine on one side, and the master-at-arms on the other; he was marched up to the grating. His back was made bare, and his shirt laid loosely upon his back; the two quarter-masters proceeded to seize him up; that is, they tied his hands and feet with spun-yarns, called the seizings, to the grating. The boatswain's mates, whose office it is to flog on board a man-of-war, stood ready with their dreadful weapon of punishment, the cat-o'-nine-tails. This instrument of torture was composed of nine cords, a quarter of an inch round, and about two feet long, the ends tipped

with fine twine. To these cords was affixed a stock two feet in length, covered with red baize. The reader may be sure that it is a most formidable instrument in the hands of a strong, skilful man. Indeed, any man who should whip his horse with it would commit an outrage on humanity which the moral feeling of any community would not tolerate ; he would be prosecuted for cruelty ; yet it is used to whip MEN on board ships-of-war.

The boatswain's mate is ready, with coat off and whip in hand. The captain gives the word. Carefully spreading the cords with the fingers of his left hand, the executioner throws the cat over his right shoulder ; it is brought down upon the now uncovered herculean shoulders of the MAN. His flesh creeps—it reddens as if blushing at the indignity ; the sufferer groans ; lash follows lash, until the first mate, wearied with the cruel employment, gives place to a second. Now two dozen of these dreadful lashes have been inflicted ; the lacerated back looks inhuman ; it resembles roasted meat burnt nearly black before a scorching fire ; yet still the lashes fall ; the captain continues merciless. The executioners keep on. Four dozen strokes have cut up his flesh, and robbed him of all self-respect ; there he hangs, a pitied, self-despised, groaning, bleeding wretch ; and now the captain cries : 'Forbear.' His shirt is thrown over his shoulders, the seizings are loosed, he is led away staining his path with red drops of blood, and the hands, 'piped down' by the boatswain, sullenly return to their duties.

Such was the scene witnessed on board the *Macedonian* on the passage from London to Spithead ; such, substantially, is every punishment seen at sea, only carried sometimes to a greater length of severity. Sad and sorrowful were my feelings on witnessing it ; thoughts of the friendly warnings of my old acquaintance filled my mind, and I inwardly wished myself once more under the friendly roof of my father at Bladen. Vain wish ! I should have believed the warning voice when it was given.

Flogging in the navy is more severe than in the army, though it is too bad to be tolerated there, or indeed anywhere. Other modes of punishment might be successfully substituted, which would deter from misconduct without destroying the self-respect of the man. I hope the day will come when a captain will no more be allowed to use the 'cat' than he is now to use poison. It should be an interdicted weapon.*

Though I have spoken severely of the officers of the navy, let it not be thought that the whole class of naval officers are lost to the finer feelings of humanity. There are many humane, considerate men among them, who deserve our highest respect. This was the case with the first-lieutenant of the *Macedonian*, Mr Scott. He abhorred flogging. Once when a poor marine was under sentence, he pled hard

* In the British royal navy, there have been vast improvements since the period here referred to ; and the condition of the sailor is greatly ameliorated.—ED.

and successfully with the captain for his respite. This was a great victory, for the captain had a profound hatred of marines. The poor soldier was extremely grateful for his intercession, and would do anything for him to shew his sense of the obligation.

Our frigate had orders to convey between two and three hundred troops from Portsmouth to Lisbon, to assist the Portuguese against the French. The soldiers were stowed on the main-decks, with very few conveniences for the voyage; their officers messed and berthed in the ward-room. Having taken them on board, we again weighed anchor, and were soon careering before the breeze on our way to Lisbon.

As usual, we who were landsmen had our share of that merciless disease, sea-sickness; as usual, we wished the foolish wish that we had never come to sea; as usual, we got over it, and laughed at ourselves for our sea-sick follies. Our good ship paid little attention, however, to our feelings; she kept along on her bounding way, and after a week at sea we were greeted with the pleasant cry of 'Land, ho!' from the mast-head. As it was now near night, we lay off and on until morning; at daybreak we fired a gun for a pilot. The wind being nearly dead ahead, we had to beat about nearly all day. Towards night it became fair, and we ascended the Tagus. This river is about nine miles wide at its mouth, and is four hundred and fifty miles in length; it has a very rapid current with steep fertile banks. Aided by a fine breeze, we ascended it in splendid style, passed a half-moon battery, then shot past Belem Castle into the port of Lisbon, about ten miles from its mouth. Here we found a spacious harbour filled with shipping. Besides numerous merchantmen, there were two ships of a hundred guns, several seventy-fours, frigates, and sloops of war, with a large number of transports, all designed for the defence of Lisbon against the French.

After lying some time at Lisbon, we proceeded on a cruise to the Spanish coast, and returned to our station. We were shortly ordered on another cruise, and being in want of men, we resorted to the press-gang, which was made up of our boldest men, armed to the teeth; by their aid we obtained our full numbers. Among the merchant-seamen taken were a few Americans, who were seized in spite of their protections, which were often taken from them and destroyed. Some were released through the influence of the American consul; others, less fortunate, were carried to sea, to their no small chagrin. The duties of the press-gang being completed, we once more weighed anchor, and were soon careering before the gales of the Bay of Biscay.

A few days after we had fairly got out to sea, the thrilling cry of 'A man overboard!' ran through the ship. It was followed by another cry of 'Heave out a rope!' then by still another of 'Cut away the life-buoy!' Then came the order: 'Lower a boat!' Notwithstanding the rapidity of these commands, and the confusion

occasioned by the anticipated loss of a man, they were rapidly obeyed. The ship was then hove to; but the cause of all this excitement was already a considerable distance from the ship. It was a poor Swede, named Logholm, who, while engaged in lashing the larboard anchor stock, lost his hold, and fell into the sea. He could not swim, but somehow he managed to keep afloat until the boat reached him, when he began to sink. The man at the bow ran his boat-hook down, and caught the drowning man by his clothes; these, however, tearing, he lost his hold, and the unfortunate Swede sunk once more. Again the active bowsman ran the hook down, leaning far over the side, and he now luckily got hold of his shirt-collar. Dripping and apparently lifeless, they drew him into the boat. He was soon under the care of the surgeon, who restored him to animation. It was a narrow escape.

We now reached the island of Madeira, and thence crossed the Atlantic to the coast of Virginia. About this time the prevailing topic of conversation among our men and officers was the probability of a war with America, and a feeling of our own success was confidently entertained. As yet, however, there were no hostilities, and our vessel returned, first to Lisbon, and then to England. For some time we lay at Plymouth, where the vessel was repaired and newly painted. After these and other preparations for another cruise were completed, the hoarse voice of the boatswain rang through the ship, crying: 'All hands up anchor, ahoy!' In an instant the capstan bars were shipped, the fifer was at his station playing a lively tune, the boys were on the main-deck holding on to the 'nippers,' ready to pass them to the men, who put them round the 'messenger' and cable; then, amid the cries of 'Walk round! heave away, my lads!' accompanied by the shrill music of the fife, the anchor rose from its bed, and was soon dangling under our bows. The sails were then shaken out, the ship brought before the wind, and we were once more on our way to sea. We were directed to cruise off the coast of France this time; where, as we were then at war with the French, we were likely to find active service.

We first made the French port of Rochelle; from thence we sailed to Brest, which was closely blockaded by a large British fleet, consisting of one three-decker, with several seventy-fours, besides frigates and small-craft. We joined this fleet, and came to an anchor in Basque Roads, to assist in the blockade. Our first object was to bring a large French fleet, greatly superior to us in size and numbers, to an engagement. With all our manœuvring, we could not succeed in enticing them from their snug berth in the harbour of Brest, where they were safely moored, defended by a heavy fort, and by a chain crossing the harbour, to prevent the ingress of any force that might be bold enough to attempt to cut them out. Sometimes we sent a frigate or two as near their fort as they dared to venture, in order to entice them out; at other times the whole fleet would get under-

weigh, and stand out to sea; but without success. The Frenchmen were either afraid we had a larger armament than was visible to them, or they had not forgotten the splendid victories of Nelson at the Nile and Trafalgar. Whatever they thought, they kept their ships beyond the reach of our guns. Sometimes, however, their frigates would creep outside the fort, when we gave them chase, but seldom went beyond the exchange of a few harmless shots. This was what our men called 'boy's play;' and they were heartily glad when we were ordered to return to Plymouth.

After just looking into Plymouth harbour, our orders were countermanded, and we returned to the coast of France. Having accomplished about one-half the distance, the man at the mast-head cried out: 'Sail, ho!'

'Where away?' (what direction?) responded the officer of the deck. The man having replied, the officer again asked: 'What does she look like?'

'She looks small; I cannot tell, sir.'

In a few minutes the officer hailed again, by shouting: 'Mast-head there! what does she look like?'

'She looks like a small sail-boat, sir.'

This was rather a novel announcement; for what could a small sail-boat do out on the wide ocean? But a few minutes convinced us that it was even so; for from the deck we could see a small boat with only a man and a boy on board. They proved to be two French prisoners of war who had escaped from an English prison, and, having stolen a small boat, were endeavouring to make this perilous voyage to their native home. Poor fellows! they looked sadly disappointed at finding themselves once more in British hands. They had already been in prison for some time; they were now doomed to go with us in sight of their own sunny France, and then be torn away again, carried to England, and imprisoned until the close of the war. No wonder they looked sorrowful, when, after having hazarded life for home and liberty, they found both snatched from them in a moment by their unlucky rencontre with our frigate. I am sure we should all have been glad to have missed them. But this is only one of the consequences of war.

Having joined the blockading fleet again, we led the same sort of life as before; now at anchor, then giving chase; now standing inshore, and anon standing out to sea; firing, and being fired at, without once coming into action.

Determined to accomplish some exploit or other, our captain ordered an attempt to be made at cutting out some of the French small-craft that lay inshore. We were accustomed to send out our barges almost every night in search of whatever prey they might capture; but on this occasion the preparations were more formidable than usual. The oars were muffled, the boat's crew increased, and every man was armed to the teeth. The cots were got ready on

board, in case any of the adventurers should return wounded. Cots are used to sleep in by ward-room officers and captains—midshipmen and sailors using hammocks. But a number of cots are always kept in a vessel of war for the benefit of wounded men; they differ from a hammock in being square at the bottom, and consequently more easy. Notwithstanding these expressive preparations, the brave fellows went off in as fine spirits as if they had been going on shore for a drunken spree. Such is the contempt of danger that prevails among sailors.

We had no tidings of this adventure until morning, when I was startled by hearing three cheers from the watch on deck; these were answered by three more from a party that seemed approaching us. I ran on deck just as our men came alongside with their bloodless prize—a lugger laden with French brandy, wine, and Castile soap. They had made this capture without difficulty; for the crew of the lugger made their escape in a boat on the first intimation of danger.

Though without any positive information, we now felt pretty certain that our government was at war with America. Among other things our captain appeared more anxious than usual: he was on deck almost all the time; the 'look-out' aloft was more rigidly observed; and every little while the cry of 'Mast-head there!' arrested our attention. It is customary in men-of-war to keep men at the fore and main mast-heads, whose duty it is to give notice of every new object that may appear. They are stationed in the royal yards, if they are up; but if not, on the topgallant yards; at night a look-out is kept on the fore yard only. Thus we passed several days, the captain running up and down, and constantly hailing the man at the mast-head; early in the morning he began his charge 'to keep a good look-out,' and continued to repeat it until night. Indeed, he seemed almost crazy with some pressing anxiety.

Sunday (December 25, 1812) came, and it brought with it a stiff breeze. We usually made a sort of holiday of this sacred day. After breakfast it was common to muster the entire crew on the spar-deck, dressed as the fancy of the captain might dictate; sometimes in blue jackets and white trousers, or blue jackets and blue trousers; at other times in blue jackets, scarlet vest, and blue or white trousers; with our bright anchor buttons glancing in the sun, and our black glossy hats ornamented with black ribbons, and with the name of our ship painted on them. After muster we frequently had church-service read by the captain; the rest of the day was devoted to idleness. But we were destined to spend the Sabbath just introduced to the reader in a very different manner.

We had scarcely finished breakfast before the man at the mast-head shouted: 'Sail, ho!'

The captain rushed upon deck, exclaiming: 'Mast-head there!'

'Sir?'

'Where away is the sail?' The precise answer to this question I do not recollect, but the captain proceeded to ask: 'What does she look like?'

'A square-rigged vessel, sir,' was the reply of the look-out.

After a few minutes, the captain shouted again: 'Mast-head there!'

'Sir?'

'What does she look like?'

'A large ship, sir, standing toward us!'

By this time most of the crew were on deck eagerly straining their eyes to obtain a glimpse of the approaching ship, and murmuring their opinions to each other on her probable character. Then came the voice of the captain, shouting: 'Keep silence fore and aft!' Silence being secured, he hailed the look-out, who, to his question of 'What does she look like?' replied: 'A large frigate bearing down upon us, sir!'

A whisper ran along the crew that the stranger ship was a Yankee frigate. The thought was confirmed by the command of 'All hands clear the ship for action, ahoy!' The drum and fife beat to quarters, bulk-heads were knocked away, the guns were released from their confinement, the whole dread paraphernalia of battle were produced, and after the lapse of a few minutes of hurry and confusion, every man and boy was at his post, ready to do his best service for his country, except the band, who, claiming exemption from the affray, safely stowed themselves away in the cable tier. We had only one sick man on the list, and he, at the cry of battle, hurried from his cot, feeble as he was, to take his post of danger. A few of the junior midshipmen were stationed below on the berth-deck, with orders given in our hearing to shoot any man who attempted to run from his quarters.

As the approaching ship shewed American colours, all doubt of her character was at an end. 'We must fight her,' was the conviction of every breast. Every possible arrangement that could insure success was accordingly made. The guns were shotted, the matches lighted; for although our guns were all furnished with first-rate locks, they were also provided with matches, attached by lanyards, in case the lock should miss fire. A lieutenant then passed through the ship, directing the marines and boarders—who were furnished with pikes, cutlasses, and pistols—how to proceed if it should be necessary to board the enemy. He was followed by the captain, who exhorted the men to fidelity and courage, urging upon their consideration the well-known motto of the brave Nelson: 'England expects every man to do his duty.' In addition to all these preparations on deck, some men were stationed in the tops with small-arms, whose duty it was to attend to trimming the sails, and to use their muskets provided we came to close action. There were others also below, called sail-trimmers, to assist in working the ship should it be necessary to shift her position during the battle.

My station was at the fifth gun on the main-deck. It was my duty to supply my gun with powder, a boy being appointed to each gun in the ship on the side we engaged for this purpose. A woollen screen was placed before the entrance to the magazine, with a hole in it, through which the cartridges were passed to the boys; we received them there, and covering them with our jackets, hurried to our respective guns. These precautions are observed to prevent the powder taking fire before it reaches the gun.

Thus we all stood, awaiting orders in motionless suspense. At last we fired three guns from the larboard side of the main-deck; this was followed by the command: 'Cease firing; you are throwing away your shot!'

Then came the order to 'wear ship,' and prepare to attack the enemy with our starboard guns. Soon after this I heard a firing from some other quarter, which I at first supposed to be a discharge from our quarter-deck guns, but it proved to be the roar of the enemy's cannon.

A strange noise, such as I had never heard before, next arrested my attention; it sounded like the tearing of sails just over our heads. This I soon ascertained to be the wind of the enemy's shot. The firing, after a few minutes' cessation, recommenced. The roaring of cannon could now be heard from all parts of our trembling ship, and mingling as it did with that of our foes, it made a most hideous noise. By and by I heard the shot strike the sides of our ship; the whole scene grew indescribably confused and horrible; it was like some awfully tremendous thunder-storm, whose deafening roar is attended by incessant streaks of lightning, carrying death in every flash, and strewing the ground with the victims of its wrath; only in our case the scene was rendered more horrible than that, by the presence of torrents of blood which dyed our decks.

Though the recital may be painful, yet as it will reveal the horrors of war, and shew at what a fearful price a victory is won or lost, I will present the reader with things as they met my eye during the progress of this dreadful fight. I was busily supplying my gun with powder, when I saw blood suddenly fly from the arm of a man stationed at our gun. I saw nothing strike him; the effect alone was visible; in an instant the third lieutenant tied his handkerchief round the wounded arm, and sent the poor fellow below to the surgeon.

The cries of the wounded now rang through all parts of the ship. These were carried to the cockpit as fast as they fell, while those more fortunate men who were killed outright were immediately thrown overboard. As I was stationed but a short distance from the main hatchway, I could catch a glance at all who were carried below. A glance was all I could indulge in, for the boys belonging to the guns next to mine were wounded in the early part of the action, and I had to spring with all my might to keep three or four guns supplied

with cartridges. I saw two of these lads fall nearly together. One of them was struck in the leg by a large shot; he had to suffer amputation above the wound. The other had a grape or canister shot sent through his ankle. A stout Yorkshireman lifted him in his arms and hurried with him to the cockpit. He had his foot cut off, and was thus made lame for life. Two of the boys stationed on the quarter-deck were killed. They were both Portuguese. A man who saw one of them killed, afterwards told me that his powder caught fire and burnt the flesh almost off his face. In this pitiable situation the agonised boy lifted up both hands, as if imploring relief, when a passing shot instantly cut him in two.

I was an eye-witness to a sight equally revolting. A man named Aldrich had one of his hands cut off by a shot, and almost at the same moment he received another shot, which tore open his bowels in a terrible manner. As he fell, two or three men caught him in their arms, and as he could not live, threw him overboard.

One of the officers in my division also fell in my sight. He was a noble-hearted fellow, named Nan Kivell. A grape or canister shot struck him near the heart. He fell, and was carried below, where he shortly after died.

Mr Scott, our first-lieutenant, was also slightly wounded by a grummet, or small iron ring, probably torn from a hammock clew by a shot. He went below, shouting to the men to fight on. Having had his wound dressed, he came up again, shouting to us at the top of his voice, and bidding us fight with all our might.

The battle went on. Our men kept cheering with all their might; I cheered with them, though I confess I scarcely knew for what. Certainly there was nothing very inspiriting in the aspect of things where I was stationed. So terrible had been the work of destruction round us, that it was termed the slaughter-house. Not only had we had several boys and men killed or wounded, but several of the guns were disabled. The one I belonged to had a piece of the muzzle knocked out; and when the ship rolled, it struck a beam of the upper deck with such force as to become jammed and fixed in that position. A twenty-four-pound shot had also gone through the screen of the magazine, immediately over the orifice through which we passed our powder. The schoolmaster received a death wound. The brave boatswain, who came from the sick cot to the din of battle, was fastening a stopper on a back-stay which had been shot away, when his head was smashed to pieces by a cannon-ball; another man, going to complete the unfinished task, was also struck down. One of our midshipmen likewise received a severe wound, and the ward-room steward was killed. A fellow named John, who for some petty offence had been sent on board as a punishment, was carried past me wounded. I distinctly heard the large blood-drops fall pat, pat, pat on the deck; his wounds were mortal. Even a poor goat, kept by the officers for her milk, did not escape the

general carnage; her hind legs were shot off, and poor Nan was thrown overboard.

I have often been asked what were my feelings during this fight. I felt pretty much as I suppose every one does at such a time. That men are without thought when they stand amid the dying and the dead is too absurd an idea to be entertained for a moment. We all appeared cheerful, but I know that many a serious thought ran through my mind; still, what could we do but keep up a semblance, at least, of animation? To run from our quarters would have been certain death from the hands of our own officers; to give way to gloom, or to shew fear, would do no good, and might brand us with the name of cowards, and insure certain defeat. Our only true philosophy, therefore, was to make the best of our situation, by fighting bravely and cheerfully. I thought a great deal, however, of the other world; every groan, every falling man, told me that the next instant I might be before the Judge of all the earth.

While these thoughts secretly agitated my bosom, the din of battle continued. Grape and canister shot were pouring through our port-holes like leaden rain, carrying death in their train. The large shot came against the ship's side like iron hail, shaking her to the very keel, or passing through her timbers, and scattering terrific splinters, which did a more appalling work than even their own death-giving blows. The reader may form an idea of the effect of grape and canister, when he is told that grape shot is formed by seven or eight balls confined to an iron and tied in a cloth. These balls are scattered by the explosion of the powder. Canister shot is made by filling a powder canister with balls, each as large as two or three musket balls; these also scatter with direful effect when discharged. What, then, with splinters, cannon-balls, grape, and canister poured incessantly upon us, the reader may be assured that the work of death went on in a manner which must have been satisfactory even to the King of Terrors himself.

Suddenly the rattling of the iron hail ceased. We were ordered to cease firing. A profound silence ensued, broken only by the stifled groans of the brave sufferers below. It was soon ascertained that the enemy had shot ahead to repair damages; for she was not so disabled but she could sail without difficulty, while we were so cut up that we lay utterly helpless. Our head braces were shot away; the fore and maintop masts were gone; the mizen-mast hung over the stern, having carried several men over in its fall: we were in the state of a complete wreck.

A council was now held among the officers on the quarter-deck. Our condition was perilous in the extreme; victory or escape was alike hopeless. Our ship was disabled; many of our men were killed, and many more wounded. The enemy would without doubt bear down upon us in a few moments, and, as she could now choose her own position, would doubtless rake us fore and aft. Any further

resistance was therefore folly; so, in spite of the hot-brained lieutenant, who advised them not to strike, but to sink alongside, it was determined to strike our colours. This was done by the hands of a brave fellow named Watson, whose saddened brow told how severely it pained his lion heart to do it. To me it was a pleasing sight, for I had seen fighting enough for one Sabbath; more than I wished to see again on a week day. His Britannic Majesty's frigate *Macedonian* was now the prize of the American frigate *United States*.

I now went below to see how matters appeared there. The first object I met was a man bearing a limb, which had just been detached from some poor sufferer. Pursuing my way to the ward-room, I necessarily passed through the steerage, which was strewed with the wounded: it was a sad spectacle, made more appalling by the groans and cries which rent the air. Some were groaning, others were swearing most bitterly, a few were praying, while those last arrived were begging most piteously to have their wounds dressed next. The surgeon and his mate were smeared with blood from head to foot; they looked more like butchers than doctors. Having so many patients, they had once shifted their quarters from the cockpit to the steerage; they now removed to the ward-room; and the long table, round which the officers had sat over many a merry feast, was soon covered with the bleeding forms of maimed and mutilated seamen.

I now set to work to render all the aid in my power to the sufferers. Our carpenter, named Reed, had his leg cut off. I helped to carry him to the after ward-room; but he soon breathed out his life there, and then I assisted in throwing his mangled remains overboard. We got out the cots as fast as possible, for most of the men were stretched out on the gory deck. One poor fellow who lay with a broken thigh begged me to give him water. I gave him some. He looked unutterable gratitude, drank, and died. It was with exceeding difficulty I moved through the steerage, it was so covered with mangled men, and so slippery with streams of blood. There was a poor boy there crying as if his heart would break. He had been servant to the boatswain whose head was dashed to pieces. Poor boy! he felt that he had lost a friend. I tried to comfort him, by reminding him that he ought to be thankful for having escaped death himself.

Here also I met one of my messmates, who shewed the utmost joy at seeing me alive, for he said he had heard that I was killed. He was looking up his messmates, which he said was always done by sailors. We found two of our mess wounded. One was the Swede, Logholm, who fell overboard and was nearly lost, as formerly mentioned. We held him while the surgeon cut off his leg above the knee. The operation was most painful to behold, the surgeon using his knife and saw on human flesh and bones as freely as the butcher at the shambles does on the carcass of a beast! Our other messmate suffered still more than the Swede; he was sadly mutilated

about the legs and thighs with splinters. Such scenes of suffering as I saw in that ward-room I hope never to witness again. Could the civilised world behold them as they were, and as they often are, infinitely worse than on that occasion, it seems to me that they would for ever put down the barbarous practices of war by universal consent.

Most of our officers and men were taken on board the victor ship. I was left, with a few others, to take care of the wounded. My master, the sailing-master, was also among the officers who continued in the ship. Most of the men who remained were unfit for any service, having broken into the spirit-room and made themselves drunk; some of them broke into the purser's room, and helped themselves to clothing; while others, by previous agreement, took possession of their dead messmates' property. For my own part, I was content to help myself to a little of the officers' provisions, which did me more good than could be obtained from rum. What was worse than all, however, was the folly of the sailors in giving spirits to their wounded messmates, since it only served to aggravate their distress.

The great number of the wounded kept our surgeon and his mate busily employed until late at night, and it was a long time before they had much leisure. I remember passing round the ship the day after the battle. Coming to a hammock, I found some one in it, apparently asleep. I spoke; he made no answer: I looked into the hammock; he was dead. My messmates coming up, we threw the corpse overboard; that was no time for useless ceremony. The man had probably crawled into his hammock the day before, and, not being perceived in the general distress, bled to death! O war, who can reveal thy miseries!

When the crew of the *United States* first boarded our frigate, to take possession of her as their prize, our men, heated with the fury of the battle, exasperated with the sight of their dead and wounded shipmates, and rendered furious by the rum they had obtained from the spirit-room, felt and exhibited some disposition to fight their captors. But after the confusion had subsided, and part of our men were snugly stowed away in the American ship, and the remainder found themselves kindly used in their own, the utmost good feeling began to prevail. We set to work to cleanse the ship, using hot vinegar to take out the scent of the blood, that had dyed the white of our planks with crimson. We also aided in fitting our disabled frigate for her voyage. This being accomplished, both ships sailed in company toward the American coast.

I soon felt myself perfectly at home with the American seamen; so much so, that I chose to mess with them. My shipmates also participated in similar feelings in both ships. All idea that we had been trying to shoot each other so shortly before seemed forgotten. We ate together, drank together, joked, sung, laughed, told yarns;

in short, a perfect union of ideas, feelings, and purposes seemed to exist among all hands. A corresponding state of unanimity existed, I was told, among the officers.

Our voyage was one of considerable excitement. The seas swarmed with British cruisers, and it was extremely doubtful whether the *United States* would elude their grasp, and reach the protection of an American port with her prize. I hoped most sincerely to avoid them, as did most of my old shipmates : in this we agreed with our captors, who wisely desired to dispose of one conquest before they attempted another. Our former officers, of course, were anxious for the sight of a British flag, but we saw none ; and after a prosperous voyage from the scene of conflict, we heard the welcome cry of 'Land, ho!' The *United States* entered the port of New London ; but, owing to a sudden shift of the wind, the *Macedonian* had to lay off and on for several hours. Had an English cruiser found us in this situation, we should have been easily recovered ; and as it was extremely probable we should fall in with one, I felt quite uneasy ; until after several hours, we made out to run into the pretty harbour of Newport. We fired a salute as we came to an anchor, which was promptly returned by the people on shore.

While we lay here a few days, several of our men contrived to run away. I would have done so too, but for the vigilance of the prize-officers, who were ordered to keep us that we might be exchanged for those Americans who had fallen into British hands. My desire for freedom at length prevailed over prudence, and I made my escape, glad to be rid of the tyranny to which I had been so long exposed. But this step, which, on reflection, I do not commend, brought another evil. I was destitute of any means of support, and after numerous ineffectual efforts to get employment on land, I again took to a seafaring life—this time, however, entering myself on board a United States brig of war, the *Syren*, carrying sixteen guns. I was then in the seventeenth year of my life. I was recommended by acquaintances to ship myself under a false name ; but, in defiance of my fears, I entered under my own proper name of Samuel Leech.

My first impressions of the American service were very favourable. The treatment in the *Syren* was more lenient than in the *Macedonian*. The captain and officers were kind; while there was a total exemption from that petty tyranny exercised by the upstart midshipmen in the British service. As a necessary effect, our crew was as comfortable and happy as men ever are in a man-of-war.

Our brig had before this taken in her guns, consisting of two long nine-pounders, twelve twenty-four-pound carronades, and two forty-two-pounders. Our crew was composed of about one hundred and twenty-five smart active men. We were all supplied with stout leathern caps, something like those used by firemen. These were crossed by two strips of iron covered with bear-skin, and were

designed to defend the head in boarding an enemy's ship, from the stroke of the cutlass. Strips of bear-skin were likewise used to fasten them on, serving the purpose of false whiskers, and causing us to look as fierce as hungry wolves. We were also frequently exercised in the various evolutions of a sea-fight; first using our cannon, then seizing our cutlasses and boarding-pikes, and cutting to the right and left, as if in the act of boarding an enemy's ship. Thus we spent our time from early in the fall until after Christmas, when we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness for sea.

As we lay waiting for our final orders, a report reached us that a large English brig of war, called the *Nimrod*, lay in a cove somewhere near Boston Bay. Upon this information, our officers planned a night expedition for the purpose of effecting her capture. Our intended mode of attack was to run close alongside, pour a broadside upon her, and then, without further ceremony, board her, cutlass in hand. So we took in our powder, ground up our cutlasses, and towards night got under-weigh. A change in the wind, however, defeated our designs, and we put into Salem harbour, with no other result than the freezing of a man's fingers, which happened while we were furling our sails. Thus ended our first warlike expedition in the *Syren*.

Shortly after this affair we received orders to start on a cruise to the coast of Africa, and, in company with the *Grand Turk*, a privateer, set sail from Salem. Passing the fort, we received the usual hail from the sentry of 'Brig, ahoy! where are you bound to?'

To this salutation the first-lieutenant jocosely answered: 'There and back again, on a man-of-war's cruise.' Such a reply would not have satisfied a British soldier; but we shot past the fort unmolested. After two days, we parted company with the *Grand Turk*, and, by the aid of a fair wind, soon found ourselves in the Gulf Stream; where, instead of fearing frozen fingers, we could go barefooted and feel quite comfortable.

We now kept a sharp look-out at the mast-head, but met with nothing until we reached the Canary Islands, near which we saw a boat-load of Portuguese, who, coming alongside, talked in their native tongue with great noise and earnestness, but were no more intelligible to us than so many black-birds.

While off the African coast, our captain died. His wasted body was placed in a coffin, with shot to sink it. After the service had been read, the plank on which the coffin rested was elevated, and it slipped into the great deep. The yards were braced round, and we were under-weigh again, when, to our surprise and grief, we saw the coffin floating on the waves. The reason was, the carpenter had bored holes in the top and bottom: he should have made them only in the top.

After the funeral, the crew were called aft, and the first-lieutenant, Mr Nicholson, told us that it should be left to our decision whether

he should assume the command and continue the cruise, or return home. We gave him three hearty cheers, in token of our wish to continue the cruise. He was a noble-minded man, very kind and civil to his crew, and the opposite in every respect to the haughty, lordly captain with whom I first sailed in the *Macedonian*. Seeing me one day with rather a poor hat on, he called me aft and presented me with one of his own, but little worn. 'Good-luck to him,' said I in sailor phrase as I returned to my messmates; 'he has a soul to be saved.' We also lost two of our crew, who fell victims to the heat of the climate.

One morning the cry of 'Sail, ho!' directed our attention to a strange sail, which had hove to, with her courses hauled up. At first we took her for a British man-of-war brig. The hands were summoned to quarters, and the ship got ready for action. A nearer approach, however, convinced us that the supposed enemy was no other than our old friend the *Grand Turk*. She did not appear to know us; for no sooner did she see that our craft was a brig of war, than, supposing us to belong to John Bull, she crowded all her canvas, and made the best of her way off. Knowing what she was, we permitted her to escape without further alarm.

The first land we made was Cape Mount. The natives came off to a considerable distance in their canoes, clothed in nothing but a piece of cloth fastened round the waist, and extending downward to the feet. As we approached the shore, we saw several fires burning; this, we were told, in the broken English spoken by our sable visitors, was the signal for trade. We bought a quantity of oranges, limes, cocoa-nuts, tamarinds, plantains, yams, and bananas. We likewise took in a quantity of cassada, a species of ground root, of which we made tolerable pudding and bread; also a few hogs and some water.

We lay here several days, looking out for any English vessels that might come thither for purposes of trade.

Meanwhile we began to experience the inconvenience of a hot climate. Our men were all covered with blotches or boils, probably occasioned by so sudden a transition from extreme cold to extreme heat. What was worse still, we were in want of a plentiful supply of water. In consequence of this, we were placed on an allowance of two quarts per diem to each man, which occasioned us much suffering; for after preparing our puddings, bread, and grog, we had but little left to assuage our burning thirst. Some, in their distress, drank large quantities of sea-water, which only increased their thirst, and made them sick; others sought relief in chewing lead, tea-leaves, or anything which would create moisture. Never did we feel more delighted than when our boat's crew announced the discovery of a pool of fine clear water.

While cruising along the coast, we one night perceived a large ship lying at anchor near the shore. We could not decide whether

she was a large merchantman or a man-of-war, so we approached her with the utmost caution. Our doubts were soon removed, for she suddenly loosed all her sails, and made chase after us. By the help of their glasses, our officers ascertained her to be an English frigate. Of course it was folly to engage her, so we made all the sail we could carry, beat to quarters, lighted our matches, and lay down at our guns, expecting to be prisoners of war before morning. During the night we hung out false lights, and altered our course: this baffled our pursuer: in the morning she was not to be seen.

The next sail we made was not so formidable. She was an English vessel at anchor in the Senegal River. We approached her, and hailed. Her officer returned an insolent reply, which so exasperated our captain, that he passed the word to fire into her, but recalled it almost immediately. The countermand was too late; for in a moment, everything being ready for action, we poured a whole broadside into our unfortunate foe. The current carried us away from the stranger. We attempted to beat up again; but our guns had roused the garrison in a fort which commanded the river; and they began to blaze away at us in so expressive a manner, that we found it prudent to get a little beyond the reach of their shot, and patiently wait for daylight.

The next morning we saw our enemy hauled close inshore, under the protection of the fort, and filled with soldiers. At first it was resolved to man the boats and cut her out; but this, after weighing the subject maturely, was pronounced to be too hazardous an experiment, and notwithstanding our men begged to make the attempt, it was wisely abandoned. How many were killed by our hasty broadside we never learned, but doubtless several poor fellows were hurried to a watery and unexpected grave, affording another illustration of the *beauty* of war. This affair our men humorously styled 'the battle of Senegal.'

After visiting Cape Three Points, we shaped our course for St Thomas. On our way we lost a prize through a display of Yankee cunning in her commander. We had hoisted English colours; the officer in command of the stranger was pretty well versed in the secrets of false colours, and in return he ran up the American flag. The bait took: supposing her to be American, we shewed the stars and stripes. This was all the merchantman desired. It told him what we were, and he made all possible sail for St Thomas. We followed, crowding every stitch of canvas our brig could carry; we also got out our sweeps, and swept her along; but in vain. The merchantman was the better sailer, and succeeded in reaching St Thomas, which, being a neutral port, secured her safety. Her name was the *Jane* of Liverpool. The next morning another Liverpool merchantman got into the harbour unseen by our look-out, until she was under the protection of the laws of neutrality.

Our next business was to watch the mouth of the harbour, in the

hope of catching them as they left port. But they were too cautious to run into danger, especially as they were expecting a convoy for their protection, which might make us glad to trust more to our canvas than to our cannon.

Shortly after this occurrence we made another sail standing in towards St Thomas. Hoisting English colours, our officers also donning the British uniform, we soon came near enough to hail her; for not doubting that we were a British brig, the merchantman made no effort to escape us. Our captain hailed her: 'Ship ahoy!'

'Halloa!'

'What ship is that?'

'The ship *Barton*.'

'Where do you belong?'

'To Liverpool.'

'What is your cargo?'

'Red-wood, palm-oil, and ivory.'

'Where are you bound to?'

'To St Thomas.'

Just at that moment our English flag was hauled down, and to the inexpressible annoyance of the officers of the *Barton*, the stars and stripes supplied its place.

'Haul down your colours!' continued Captain Nicholson.

The old captain, who up to this moment had been enjoying a comfortable nap in his very comfortable cabin, now came upon deck in his shirt sleeves, rubbing his eyes, and looking so exquisitely ridiculous, that it was scarcely possible to avoid laughing. So surprised was he at the unexpected termination of his dreams, that he could not command skill enough to strike his colours, which was accordingly done by the mate.

After taking out as much of her cargo as we desired, we proceeded to set her on fire. It was an imposing sight to behold the wild antics of the flames leaping from rope to rope, and from spar to spar, until she looked like a fiery cloud resting on the dark surface of the water. Presently her spars began to fall, her masts went by the board, her loaded guns went off, the hull was burned to the water's edge, and what a few hours before was a fine trim ship, looking like a winged creature of the deep, lay a shapeless charred mass, whose blackened outline, shadowed in the clear still waves, looked like the grim spirit of war lurking for its prey.

This wanton destruction of property was in accordance with our instructions, 'to *sink*, *burn*, and *destroy*' whatever we took from the enemy. Such is the war-spirit! SINK, BURN, and DESTROY! how it sounds! Yet such are the instructions given by Christian nations to their agents in time of war. What Christian will not pray for the destruction of such a spirit?

The crew of the *Barton* we carried into St Thomas, and placed them on board the *Jane*, excepting a Portuguese and two coloured

men, who shipped among our crew. We also took with us a fine black spaniel dog, whom the men called by the name of Paddy. This done, we proceeded to watch for fresh victims on which to wreak the vengeance of the war-spirit.

The next sail we met was an English brig called the *Adventure*, which had a whole menagerie of monkeys on board. We captured and burned her just as we did the *Barton*. Her crew was also disposed of in the same manner. One of them, an African prince, who had acquired a tolerable education in England, and who was remarkably polite and sensible, shipped in the *Syren*. His name was Samuel Quaqua.

We now remained at St Thomas several days, carrying on a petty trade with the natives. Our men bought all kinds of fruit, gold-dust, and birds. For these things we gave them articles of clothing, tobacco, knives, &c. For an old vest I obtained a large basketful of oranges; for a handful of tobacco, five large cocoa-nuts—a profitable exchange on my side, since, although I drew my tobacco of the purser, I fortunately never acquired the habit of using it; a loss I never regretted. My cocoa-nuts were far more gratifying and valuable when we got to sea, parched with thirst, and suffering for water, than all the tobacco in the ship.

From St Thomas we proceeded to Angola, where we stayed long enough to clean, paint, and refit our brig from stem to stern. This was the last port we intended to touch at on the coast of Africa. Our next anchorage was to be in Boston harbour—at least so we purposed; but the events of war frustrated our intention.

To accomplish our object, we had to run the gantlet through the host of English cruisers that hovered about like birds of prey along both sides of the Atlantic coast. This enterprise appeared so impossible to my mind while we lay at Angola, and the fear of being retaken and hung operated so strongly on my imagination, that more than once I determined to run away and find a refuge among the Africans; but my better judgment prevailed, and I continued at my post.

Still, I used every possible precaution to escape detection in case of our capture. In accordance with the custom of our navy at that period, I let my hair grow long behind. To change my looks more effectually, instead of tying mine in a cue as the others did, I let it hang in ringlets all round my face and neck. This, together with the effect of time, caused me to appear quite a different lad from what I was when a boy on board the *Macedonian*. I also adopted that peculiarity of dress practised by American men-of-war's-men, which consisted in wearing my shirt open at the neck, with the corners thrown back. On these corners a device was wrought, consisting of the stars of the American flag with the British flag underneath. By these means I hoped to pass for a genuine Yankee without suspicion, in case we should fall into English hands.

Having finished our preparations, we left Angola for Boston. We reached the island of Ascension in safety, where was a post-office of a truly patriarchal character. A box is nailed to a post near the shore. Ships that pass send to the box, and deposit or take out letters as the case may be. This is probably the cheapest general post-office establishment in the world.

We had scarcely left this island before the cry of 'Sail, ho!' arrested every ear. Supposing her to be a large merchantman, we made towards her; but a nearer approach made it doubtful whether she was an Indiaman or a man-of-war. The captain judged her to be the latter, and tacked ship immediately. He was unwilling to place himself in the situation of an American privateer, who, mistaking a seventy-four for a merchantman, ran his ship close alongside, and boldly summoned her to haul down her colours. The captain of the other ship coolly replied: 'I am not in the habit of striking my colours.' At the same moment the ports of his ship were opened, and disclosed her long ranges of guns yawning over the decks of the privateer. Perceiving his mistake, the privateer, with admirable tact and good-humour, said: 'Well, if you won't, I will;' and pulling down his bunting, surrendered to his more powerful foe. To avoid such a mistake as this, our captain made all sail to escape the coming stranger, which was now bearing down upon us under a heavy pressure of canvas, revealing, as she gained upon our little brig, that she bore the formidable character of a seventy-four gun ship under English colours.

Of course fighting was out of the question. It would be like the assault of a dog on an elephant, or a dolphin on a whale. We therefore crowded all possible sail, threw our guns, cables, anchors, hatches, &c. overboard, to increase her speed. But it soon became apparent that we could not escape. The wind blew quite fresh, which gave our opponent the advantage: she gained on us very fast. We shifted our course, in hopes to baffle her until night, when we felt pretty sure of getting out of her way. It was of no use; she still gained; until we saw ourselves almost within gunshot of our opponent.

In this extremity the captain ordered the quarter-master, George Watson, to throw the private signals overboard. This was a hard task for the bold-hearted fellow. As he pitched them into the sea, he said, 'Good-bye, brother Yankee;' an expression which, in spite of their mortifying situation, forced a smile from the lips of the officers.

The sound of a gun now came booming through the air. It was a signal for us to heave to, or to look out for consequences. What might have been, we learned afterwards, for a divison of the crew of the seventy-four had orders to sink us if we made the least shew of resistance. Finding it useless to prolong the chase, our commander reluctantly ordered the flag to be struck. We then hove

to, and our foe came rolling down upon us, looking like a huge avalanche rushing down the mountain-side to crush some poor peasant's dwelling. Her officers stood on her quarter-deck, glancing unutterable pride, while her captain shouted: 'What brig is that!'

'The United States brig *Syren*,' replied Captain Nicholson.

'This is his Britannic majesty's ship *Medway*!' he answered. 'I claim you as my lawful prize.'

Boats were then lowered, the little brig taken from us, and our crew transferred to the *Medway*, stowed away in the cable tier, and put in messes of twelve, with an allowance of only eight men's rations to a mess—a regulation which caused us considerable suffering from hunger. The sight of the marines on board the *Medway* made me tremble, for my fancy pointed out several of them as having formerly belonged to the *Macedonian*. I really feared I was destined speedily to swing at the yard-arm: it was, however, a groundless alarm.

This event happened July 12, 1814. Only eight days before, we had celebrated the independence of the United States. Now, we had a fair prospect of a rigorous imprisonment. Such are the changes which constantly occur under the rule of the war-spirit.

The day subsequent to our capture we were marched to the quarter-deck with our clothes-bags, where we underwent a strict search. We were ordered to remove our outside garments for this purpose. They expected to find us in possession of large quantities of gold-dust. What little our crew had purchased was taken from them, with a spirit of rapacity altogether beneath the dignity of a naval commander.

Our short allowance was a source of much discomfort in this our prison-ship. But in the true spirit of sailors, we made even this the subject of coarse jests and pleasant remark. Enduring this evil, we proceeded on our course. When the *Medway* arrived at Simon's Town, about twenty-one miles from the Cape of Good Hope, we met the *Denmark*, seventy-four, on her way to England with prisoners from Cape Town. The captain had hitherto intended to land us at the latter place, but the presence of the *Denmark* led him to change his purpose, and land us at Simon's Town.

The journey from this place to the Cape was one of great suffering to our crew. We were received on the beach by a file of Irish soldiers. Under their escort we proceeded seven miles, through heaps of burning sand, seeing nothing worthy of notice on the way but a number of men busily engaged in cutting up dead whales on the sea-shore.

After resting a short time, we recommenced our march, guarded by a new detachment of soldiers. Unused to walking as we were, we began to grow excessively fatigued; and after wading a stream of considerable depth, we were so overcome that it seemed impossible to proceed any farther. We lay down, discouraged and wretched,

on the sand. The guard brought us some bread, and gave half a pint of wine to each man. This revived us somewhat. We were now placed under a guard of dragoons. They were very kind, and urged us to attempt the remaining seven miles. To relieve us, they carried our clothes-bags on their horses; and overtaking some Dutch farmers going to the Cape with broom-stuff and brush, the officer of the dragoons made them carry the most weary among us in their wagons. It is not common for men to desire the inside of a prison, but I can assure my readers we did most heartily wish ourselves there on that tedious journey. At last, about nine o'clock P.M., we arrived at Cape Town, having left one of our number at Wineburg through exhaustion, who joined us the next day. Stiff, sore, and weary, we hastily threw ourselves on the hard boards of our prison, where, without needing to be soothed or rocked, we slept profoundly until late the next morning, when we took a survey of our new quarters. We found ourselves placed in a large yard surrounded by high walls, and strongly guarded by soldiers. Within this enclosure there was a building or shed composed of three rooms, neither of which had any floor. Round the sides stood three benches or stages, one above the other, to serve for berths. On these we spread our hammocks and bed-clothes, making them tolerably comfortable places to sleep in. A few of the men preferred to sling their hammocks as they did at sea. Here also we used to eat, unless, as was our frequent practice, we did so in the open air.

We remained in prison at the Cape till carried away in the ship *Cumberland* to England. Stopping by the way at St Helena, we were removed to the *Grampus*, a transfer which greatly alarmed me, since the more men who saw me, the greater of course was my chance of detection. Luckily, no one knew me, and I arrived with my companions in safety at Plymouth. I was equally fortunate here, and remained undiscovered till I was transferred with others to a vessel which was to take us in exchange to America. I pass over the circumstances of the voyage, and only mention that we were all landed in due time at New York.

My resolution had been to quit the sea and settle down on land, but on returning to New York all such fancies vanished, as they had done before. I spent my hard-won earnings foolishly like others, and, like them, when reduced to straits, again sought employment as a sailor. On this occasion I shipped on board the *Boxer*, commanded by Captain Porter, a man, as it proved, of stern disposition.

[The *Boxer*, which was a brig-sloop, had, as I understand, been captured from the English a short time previously, and in a manner which I may describe as illustrative of naval warfare. The encounter took place at no great distance from Portland, in the United States, on the 5th of September 1813. The *Boxer*, possessing twelve eighteen-pound carronades and two sixes, was commanded by

Captain Blyth: and his antagonist, the American brig-sloop *Enterprise*, commanded by Captain Burrowes, was armed with fourteen eighteen-pound carronades and two nines. Captain Blyth is spoken of as having been one of the bravest officers in the British service; and it is said that, prompted by the ardour of his temperament, he would encounter any foe, however great were the odds against him. In the beginning of August 1811, when acting as first-lieutenant of the *Quebec*, cruising between the Texel and Elbe, he volunteered, with a small select party, to cut out some French gun-boats; and, by the most daring intrepidity, his enterprise was successful. For this gallant action he was promoted to the command of the *Boxer*—which was by no means suited to his impetuous character. The *Boxer* was one of a set of brigs which had been respectively named after favourite hounds of one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and built, as was afterwards discovered, on an improper model, whether as respects strength of timber or sailing powers. Eager to meet an enemy's ship, Captain Blyth, while lying off Portland, observed the *Enterprise* approaching on the horizon, and immediately bore up to engage, leaving on shore the surgeon and two midshipmen, who were away 'shooting pigeons.' After manœuvring a few hours on various tacks to try rates of sailing, the two vessels, at a quarter past three in the afternoon, commenced firing at the distance of half pistol-shot apart. In the very first broadside, an eighteen-pound shot passed through Captain Blyth's body, and shattered his left arm, causing instant death; and about the same moment a musket-ball fired from the *Boxer* mortally wounded Captain Burrowes. The command of the *Boxer* now devolved upon her only lieutenant, David M'Creery, and that of the *Enterprise* on Lieutenant Edward M'Call. At half-past three the *Enterprise* ranged ahead, and rounding to on the starboard tack, raked the *Boxer* with starboard guns, and shot away her maintop-mast and fore-topsail-yard. The American then set her fore-sail, and, taking a position on the starboard-bow of her now wholly unmanageable antagonist, continued pouring in successive raking fires until forty-five minutes past three, when the *Boxer* surrendered. This defeat was caused not only by the damages done to the vessel, but by the weakened condition of the *Boxer's* crew. The lieutenant-commander, owing to the imprudent absence of the two midshipmen, had not an officer beneath him, and the master's mate and three seamen deserted their quarters during the action. Besides her commander, the *Boxer* had three men killed and seventeen wounded, while the *Enterprise*, besides her commander, had three or four killed and eleven wounded. The prize was carried into Portland; and there, on the 7th of September, the bodies of the two commanders were buried with military and civic honours.]

Refitted for the American service, the *Boxer* was now ready for a cruise, and I prepared to do my duty on board as an ordinary seaman. Formerly, I had been entered only as a boy; but now, as a

rated seaman, I had a station assigned me in the foretop, instead of being a servant to any of the officers. I was also appointed to be one of the crew of the captain's gig. This made my lot one of more fatigue and exposure than in any former voyage—a proof of which I very soon experienced. It being now late in the fall, the weather became very cold. One afternoon, the pennant having got foul of the royal mast, an officer ordered me to go up and clear it. I had no mittens on ; it took me some time to perform my task ; and before I came down, one of my fingers was frozen. Thus it is, however, with the poor tar ; and he thinks himself happy to escape with injuries so slight as this. We shortly received sailing-orders, and were soon under-weigh, bound to the Balize in the Gulf of Mexico. Here we cruised about some time, visiting New Orleans and other places, and keeping an outlook for pirates, with which these seas were then unhappily infested. This was a duty requiring great vigilance, and we were kept constantly at our posts. The most irksome duty of a sailor is to keep watch at night in the tops. Often have I stood for hours on the royal yard, or topgallant yard, without a man to converse with. Here, overcome with fatigue and want of sleep, I have fallen into a dreamy, dozing state, from which I was roused by a lee lurch of the ship. Starting up, I have shuddered at the danger I had so narrowly escaped. But notwithstanding this sudden fright, a few minutes had scarcely elapsed before I would be nodding again. This of course was a highly punishable offence.

When the weather was rough, we were indulged with permission to stand on the fore-topsail yard, or on the topgallant cross-trees ; and if the ship rolled heavily, we lashed ourselves to the mast for safety. I can assure my readers there is nothing desirable in this part of a sailor's duty. In whatever the pleasure of a life at sea consists, it is not in keeping a look-out from the mast-head at night. But the most disagreeable of all is, to be compelled to stand on these crazy elevations when half dead with sea-sickness. Some suppose that sailors are never sea-sick after the first time they go to sea. This is a mistake ; it is very much with them as with landsmen in respect to being sick in a coach. Those who are of bilious temperaments are always affected, more or less, when they ride in a coach or sleigh : while others are never sick on these occasions. So with seamen ; some are never sea-sick, others are sick only when going out of port, while some are so in every gale of wind. It is almost needless to say that for sailors no allowance is made for sea-sickness ; they must in all cases remain at their posts until it is time to be relieved.

Our cruise terminated after a few skirmishes, and we returned to New York, where I left the service, as I trusted for ever. As it occurred, my services as a seaman in a war-vessel would not long have been required. The peace between England and France in 1814, by opening the continent to American commerce, hitherto excluded by British policy, naturally removed one of the grounds of quarrel,

and opened the way for peace with the United States. On the 24th of December 1814, a treaty of peace, accordingly, was effected at Ghent, which left, however, the question of right of search and other matters on the ground on which they had previously stood. The Americans, as is well known, were most successful in their naval warfare; but, after all, that was a trifling compensation for ruined commerce; and for being brought to the very verge of national dismemberment. The losses of the British never made any distinct impression on the nation, otherwise than teaching a tolerably sound lesson in discretion, and leading to many important improvements in naval affairs. I sincerely trust that both nations, united by a thousand inextricable ties, and profiting by experience, will in all time coming avoid every description of warlike collision, and exist in the happiest terms of amity and peace.

[In taking leave of the sea, it may be expected that I should say a few words respecting the life of a sailor. As I have already mentioned, the profession of a sailor has its hardships, but these were much greater at the time of my service than they are now, after a lapse of twenty years. The duties of the men are now exactly regulated, and their comforts are cared for in many ways. On board of each vessel in the British navy there are now means for instruction, a library, and the savings of the men are carefully secured for them, or transmitted to their wives or friends. On shore also, there are at various ports establishments called 'Sailors' Homes,' where discharged seamen may reside at a moderate expense till engaged in a new vessel. At sea, as on land, steadiness, temperance, good temper, forbearance, and other good qualities, are sure to command respect, notwithstanding the severities of discipline. It is likewise most advantageous for a man to possess a good education; for the more he can make himself useful, and be depended on, the greater is his chance of promotion. A properly-bred sailor should, at the very least, be able to *reef and steer*—that is, adapt the sails to the wind whichever way it blows, and govern the vessel by the helm and compass. But besides these comparatively simple duties, he should likewise be able to throw and calculate by the log, to work a reckoning, take an observation, find the longitude, and keep a log-book, in which all necessary particulars of the voyage are daily inscribed. The log is a contrivance for ascertaining the rate of speed at which a vessel goes. It consists of a long cord, having an oblong and loaded piece of wood attached to one end. This wood, when heaved overboard, remains stationary in the water, and consequently, as the vessel advances, the line must be let out from a reel held in the hand. The line is marked by knots and half-knots, representing miles and half-miles, and the number of these run off indicates the number of miles which the vessel is going at per hour. Every common seaman can cast the log, and calculate the speed of the vessel from it; but few can do any more, because

they are contented to remain in ignorance, and inclined to spend their leisure time in trifling amusements rather than in study. Of course such persons cannot expect to rise in their profession.]

It is astonishing how many cases are on record of individuals who, with scarcely any other education than what has been procured on shipboard, and while serving in subordinate and laborious situations, have attained distinction. The celebrated English navigator, Dampier, although he had been some time at school before he left his native country, would have grown up in a state of ignorance, had he not exerted himself in self-instruction after he went to sea. Davis, the discoverer of the Straits which bear his name, also went to sea when quite a boy, and must have acquired all his knowledge, both of science and literary composition, while engaged with the duties of his profession. Every one is acquainted with Cook's humble origin, and his distinguished career. By his own persevering efforts did this great man raise himself from the lowest obscurity to a reputation wide as the world itself. But, better still than even all his fame—than either the honours he received while living, or those which, when he was no more, his country and mankind bestowed upon his memory—he had exalted himself in the scale of moral and intellectual being; had won for himself, by his unwearied striving, a new and nobler nature, and taken a high place among the instructors and benefactors of mankind. This alone is true temporal happiness—a reward of all labour, and study, and virtuous activity and endurance. Vancouver was a sailor formed under Cook, and to him we owe an interesting and ably-written account of the voyage which he made round the world in 1790 and the four following years. Falconer, the author of *The Shipwreck*, a popular poem, spent his life from childhood at sea. Falconer did not permit the success of his poetical efforts to withdraw him from his profession, in which, having transferred himself from the merchant service to the navy, he continued to rise steadily till he was appointed purser of a man-of-war, one of the best situations in the royal navy, and which can be held only by a man of education. Robert Drury, who wrote an account of the island of Madagascar, and of his strange adventures there, was also a self-taught sailor. Drury was only fourteen years of age when he set out on his first voyage in a vessel proceeding to India, and he was shipwrecked, in returning home on the island just mentioned, where he remained in captivity for fifteen years; so that, when he at last contrived to make his escape, he had almost forgotten his native language. He afterwards, however, wrote an account of his shipwreck and residence in Madagascar, which remains a popular work till the present day. Other cases might be mentioned, but these are enough to shew that the hardships of a sailor's life are no serious bar to improvement, provided he be true to himself, and be guided by a proper sense of duty.

Unfortunately for myself, my neglect of moral improvement, the abandonment of my country's service, and my headlong folly and improvidence, were errors now to be expiated. Having thrown myself adrift, with but slender resources, and far distant from my friends, I experienced the fate of many a disbanded and penniless tar. What hand to turn to for the means of subsistence I knew not. Determined at any rate to make an effort, I went about to different parts of the country seeking employment. I was not successful; and at length my money was all gone, and my shoes more than half worn out. When reduced to this sad extremity, and on the brink of despair, I was so fortunate as to discover an old shipmate; and through his kind influence, his brother-in-law employed me to work in his cloth-dressing establishment. As I was ignorant of the business, and was not really needed, my board was to be my only compensation. I lived here happily for some time, and then got employment of a more lucrative kind in another establishment, where I settled, and have since remained, thankful to have attained a haven of rest after the turmoils and dangers of a sea-life.*

*The foregoing narrative is abridged, with some alterations, from a small work entitled *Thirty Years from Home, or a Voice from the Main Deck, being the experience of Samuel Leech.* (Boston, 1843.)



MADAME ROLAND

AND

THE GIRONDINS.

EDUCATION AND MARRIAGE.



JEANNE MANON PHLIPON was born in Paris, in the year 1754, of obscure but respectable parents. Her father, who was an engraver of some talent, was an active and industrious man; and her mother was a woman of a superior mind, and endowed with most amiable qualities. Manon was, even when a mere child, distinguished for a lively and gentle disposition, great quickness of apprehension, and diligence in her studies. She was not four years of age when she knew how to read; and from that moment, to supply her with a sufficient quantity of books, was the only necessary care of her parents for the earlier part of her education. Everything which she could lay hold of she read, and that too, with singular advantage. So absorbed was she when reading, that the only successful method which was found of withdrawing her attention from her books, was by offering her flowers, of which she was passionately fond: indeed, books and flowers continued to the end of her life, even under the most trying circumstances, to afford her exquisite pleasure.

Her great intelligence, and her desire for study, inspired one of her uncles, the Abbé Bimont, with the idea of teaching her Latin. She eagerly embraced the proposal; but the abbé not having much time to spare, it appears that she did not make great progress in this language. As she grew up, her parents, who were resolved to let her have as good an education as their limited means would

permit, had her taught writing, geography, music, and dancing. She also learned drawing; and such was her ardour for study, that she would often rise at five o'clock in the morning, and, although only half-dressed, prepare her lessons and exercises. It may easily be imagined that the progress which she made was astonishing; and it need hardly be remarked, that she became a great favourite with her teachers, who found almost as much pleasure in imparting knowledge to her, as she did in receiving it from them. But her passion for study is well exemplified by the following anecdote. Happening to find an old treatise on heraldry, and doubtless pleased with the coloured engravings, she mastered its contents in an extremely short time; and one day she surprised her father, who was wholly unconscious of her newly acquired knowledge, by telling him that a seal, which he was then engraving, was executed in violation of heraldry. On consideration, he found she was correct, and from that moment she became his guide on this subject.

After finishing these preliminary studies, she was placed in a convent for twelve months; and in the quietness of this retreat, her mind was matured by the care and kind attentions of the instructors with whom she daily associated. The succeeding twelve months she spent with her grandmother; after which she returned to the parental home. Her time was now divided between reading and superintending some of the household concerns. Her favourite authors appear to have been Tasso, Thomson, Fenelon, and Plutarch. Of the last, which she read when only eight years of age, she confesses that she was passionately fond; and it was doubtless from the glorious examples of ancient patriotism and virtue recorded by that writer, that she imbibed many of the feelings and opinions which she afterwards possessed. The education which she received was, upon the whole, far more solid than brilliant; and if Manon was somewhat deficient in frivolous talents, she was well versed in ancient and modern history, astronomy, metaphysics, mathematics, and philosophy. She was as remarkable for modesty and an amiable disposition as for learning: hence she endeared herself to all who knew her. Her personal appearance was prepossessing. She was tall in figure, but with a countenance more fascinating than beautiful.

Several years of her life passed thus away in peace and happiness. Her chief recreation was going out with her parents on pleasure excursions in the beautiful vicinity of Meudon, a small village near Paris; but, with the exception of this relaxation, she lived in complete retirement. She received several advantageous offers of marriage, but refused them all. The impaired health of her mother was the only cause of grief which disturbed her happiness: this gave her serious uneasiness; and although there seemed no immediate cause for fear, she always felt unwilling to leave her alone. One day this beloved parent, who was then to all appearance well,

persuaded her to go and see her old friend, Sister Sainte-Agathe. Manon reluctantly complied: on her return, she found her mother dying. She had been suddenly struck with paralysis, was already speechless, and almost unconscious. In a few hours she breathed her last.

The shock was so severe, that Manon was thrown into a violent fever, which for a long time threatened to terminate fatally; and though eventually she recovered, an extreme languor afflicted her for several months. However, she continued her studies; and she even wrote a few philosophical treatises, but merely for her own amusement, and without any intention of ever publishing them. The unsettled state of her father's affairs induced her to leave his house, and to reside in the convent of which she had formerly been an inmate, and where she found her old friend Sister Sainte-Agathe. This was almost her only comfort; for her reduced means did not allow her to board in the convent, and the privations which she was called to endure were severe. About this time Monsieur Roland de la Platière, a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family, in easy though not affluent circumstances, and with whom she had been acquainted for some years, renewed an offer of marriage which he had formerly made to her, and to which, without giving him a positive refusal, she had delayed returning an answer. A correspondence existed between them, but had been discontinued by the desire of her father. Monsieur Roland was twenty years her senior; his manners were austere; but, being a man of rigid honesty and principle, he was fully able to appreciate Manon's merit. She was now twenty-five years of age, and had long felt an esteem for him, which his disinterested offer in her straitened circumstances only increased; she consequently consented, and in a short time became Madame Roland. This union, which took place in 1780, proved happy. She was much beloved by her husband, and ever testified for him the most tender regard and affection.

Monsieur Roland was inspector of several important manufactories, notwithstanding which he spent the first year of his married life in Paris, engaged in the publication of different commercial works. It was then that Madame Roland began—what she ever afterwards continued to do—to work with him, and assist him in his literary compositions. Her only relaxation from what proved a laborious task, was attending lectures upon natural history and botany. Four years she also spent with her husband at Amiens, where she gave birth to her only child, a daughter, whom she refused to give out to nurse according to the general custom, but insisted on bringing her up herself. It was indeed, a great characteristic of Madame Roland, that neither her literary nor political occupations made her forget her domestic duties. From Amiens they went to Lyon, in the neighbourhood of which they settled, at Villefranche, in the family mansion of Monsieur Roland, where his aged mother

and elder brother already resided. On the death of the former, they removed to Thezée, where Madame Roland spent many happy hours, being perfectly idolised by the inhabitants, to whose wants and illnesses she assiduously administered. Her mode of life she playfully describes in a letter to a friend, written by the fireside during a heavy fall of snow. Her husband is writing, her daughter knitting, and she occasionally pausing in her epistle to speak to the one and superintend the work of the other. But this happy period of her life was not to be of long duration. The Revolution of 1789 broke out, and with it both the elevation and misfortunes of that celebrated woman, who, after spending so many years of her life in obscurity, was destined to enact a striking part in the leading events of the day.

MINISTRY OF ROLAND.

Louis XVI., a benevolent but somewhat weak-minded man, was the reigning monarch of France, and though he at first shewed himself favourable to the principles of the Revolution, he possessed neither the firmness nor courage necessary to control its excesses. The Legislative Assembly, which consisted of the representatives of the people, sent to act for them from every part of France, was divided into three distinct parties—the *Girondins*, the *Montagnards*, and the *Plaine*. The first took their name from the department of the Gironde, whence most of them came: they professed an ardent love of freedom, tempered by a noble, generous feeling of humanity. They were young; for the greater part clever, heroic, and eloquent; but rash, inexperienced, and too confident in the justice of their cause. Brissot, of whom it was recorded that, after having lived like Aristides, he died like Sidney; the handsome and noble-minded Barbaroux; the eloquent Vergniaud, Valazé, Louvet, Gensonné, were the principal men amongst them. The Montagnards, or Mountaineers—so named from the elevated benches on which they sat in the Assembly—were undisguised republicans, proclaiming the absolute sovereignty of the people, and asserting that all restraint was but slavery. Marat, Robespierre, Danton—all the fiercest democrats of France—were its firm supporters. The Plaine, or Plain—thus termed in opposition to the Mountaineers, and on account of its occupying the floor of the place of assembly—was a moderate but weak party, of little influence.

Monsieur Roland and his wife shewed themselves, from the commencement, ardent partisans of the changes introduced. Roland was one of the first members elected for the new municipality of Lyon; and his wife, in her letters to a friend in Paris, recalling those days of her youth when she often wept at not having been born a Spartan or Roman maiden, enthusiastically added, that now her country had nothing to envy in the republics of antiquity. In another letter she alludes, with equal ardour, to the dawn of freedom;

and although conscious that she could never behold its great and real blessings, she rejoices in them for the sake of future generations. This enthusiastic mood soon gave way to gloomy and well-founded apprehensions. In the early part of 1791 she accompanied her husband to Paris, whither he had been sent to the National Assembly by the city of Lyon. She became an auditor of the legislative meetings, and from what she saw there, her fears only increased. She left Paris in September for Villefranche, impressed with a deep sense of coming evil. Both she and Roland, however, soon returned to Paris, which they found in the greatest imaginable confusion.

It was in this state of things, towards the beginning of 1792, that thoughts began to be entertained of choosing Roland for one of a new ministry, which was to consist chiefly of men belonging to the Girondin party. Roland had the deserved reputation of being strictly honest, and he was known by several clever works on political economy, which shewed him to be perfectly qualified for the post to which he was destined. All these considerations, without any solicitation on his part, influenced those in power to bestow on him the post of Minister of the Interior. Most people, notwithstanding Roland's well-acknowledged merit, were astonished at this nomination; for the simplicity of his manners and appearance offered a striking contrast with that of the courtiers of the still gay and punctilious court of Louis XVI.; and Madame Roland relates how her husband, on his first presentation at court, threw the master of the ceremonies into the greatest consternation by appearing with a round hat, and strings instead of buckles to his shoes.

Roland conducted himself with great prudence and integrity in his new situation; but notwithstanding his many eminent qualities, it must be confessed that his wife—so far his superior in mental qualifications—had an equal share with him in government. Her influence extended from that which she exercised over her husband's mind, to the entire Girondin party. She had selected for her own use, in the vast hotel then inhabited by Roland, the smallest drawing-room: it was very simply furnished—books, a scrutoire, and a few chairs were almost all that it contained. The greater number of those persons who came to converse with Roland on affairs of state, and who had any intimacy with him, chose to speak to him there, and in Madame Roland's presence, rather than in his own study. She was thus not only made conversant with the most important occurrences of the times, but was also well acquainted with the persons of the actors in them. The ministry of Roland was short; and singularly enough, his wife was the instrument, though not the cause, of his dismissal. The Girondins, who foresaw the dangers which threatened Louis XVI., were anxious to see him abandon his mistaken policy of endeavouring to conciliate all parties for firmer and more direct principles of action. Roland, from his

situation, was the fittest person to intrust with this delicate office of expostulation and advice, and it was resolved that he should write to the king. Madame Roland was the author of the letter, which was couched in bold, but firm and respectful language. Had the hapless monarch known how to profit by the advice it contained, many misfortunes might have been avoided. It was sent on the 11th of June (1792), and on the same day Roland was dismissed.

A few weeks after, on the 10th of August, the first step to anarchy was taken. A violent outbreak took place; the king was, with his family, imprisoned in the Temple, and deposed. Monarchy was declared to exist no longer in France, which now took the name of a Republic; whilst the Legislative Assembly, though consisting of the same members, received the appellation of National Convention. The Girondin ministry was recalled, and Roland resumed his post. For once the two opposite parties of the Mountain and the Gironde were united in acts and principles; and the names of Brissot, Barbaroux, Robespierre, and Danton were amongst the most popular of the day. But whilst the Girondins thus indulged, with Madame Roland, in fancied security and dreams of national freedom, the Mountaineers met at the club of the Jacobins, and there organised one of the most dreadful plots which ever disgraced humanity; we allude to the massacres of September. These massacres, in which the unfortunate beings then shut up in the different prisons of Paris were literally butchered, and also the slaughter of the king, whom the Girondins vainly endeavoured to save by proposing an appeal to the people, effectually, and for ever, separated the two parties. The Girondins indignantly declared that they would never again act in concert with men capable of approving of such atrocities; and two days after the king's execution, Roland resigned his post of minister. The death of Louis XVI. (21st January 1793) was, for the Girondins, the forerunner of their fall. They felt this to be the case; and from that moment the struggle between them and the Mountaineers became incessant and desperate. Madame Roland saw that the cause of freedom was lost. 'We are under the knife of Robespierre and Marat,' said she to a friend, in one of her letters bearing date 5th September 1792. In another letter of the 9th of the same month, and addressing the same person, she expresses herself thus: 'You knew my enthusiasm for the Revolution; well, I am now ashamed of it. It has been sullied by monsters; it is hideous.'

THE MOUNTAINEERS AND THE GIRONDINS.

The Mountaineers, or Jacobins, as they were now more generally called, who aimed at supreme power, determined first to get rid of all their antagonists, and began with the Girondins. As the mass of the people still looked upon their representatives with much respect, and as at that time any attempt made on their safety would

have assuredly failed, the Jacobins did not resort to the plan of openly accusing them of treason, so as to procure their arrest, but came to the horrible resolve of murdering them while assembled in the Convention. The night of the 10th of March was fixed for executing this plan; but the Assembly, though ignorant of the precise nature of the danger by which it was threatened, got some intimation of the plot, and held permanent sittings. On the evening of the 10th of March, the wife of Louvet, a Girondin, who resided in the Rue St Honoré, near to the meeting-house of the Jacobins, heard a tumult in the club, and, anxious for her husband's safety, she penetrated into the hall, and thus became a witness of the fearful scenes which nightly took place in that sanguinary assembly. Horrible threats and calumnies against the Girondins now formed the theme of their vociferations; and it was at length unanimously decided to sound the tocsin (the alarm-bell of Notre Dame), to rouse the people, close the city gates, and march in two divisions on the Convention and the houses of the ministers. This much having, after a stormy discussion, been agreed upon, the lights were extinguished, swords were drawn, and the Jacobins rushed forth to find the *Cordeliers* (members of another club), to proceed with them in a body towards the Convention.

Warned by his wife, Louvet hastened to seek the Girondins at the house of a colleague named Pétion. He found them calmly conversing together of their danger, and little disposed to believe it. All that he could do was to prevent them from going to the Convention that evening. As he urged Pétion to seek some safer place of refuge, the latter opened the window, put out his hand, and coolly replied: 'It rains; there will be nothing done to-night.'

Pétion was right. The absence of the twenty-two members from the Convention, the troops headed by Beurnonville, minister of war, and perhaps the rain, rendered the attempt of the Jacobins abortive; and the 10th of March, which was to have seen the Girondins overthrown, passed off harmlessly.

The indignation of the members of the Convention, on learning this intended assault, was proportionate to the greatness of the offence; but no vigorous measures were taken. The Girondins injudiciously forbore to follow up this manifest advantage. It was in vain that the committee, who had projected these murders, was denounced as guilty of insurrection. 'It is to be feared,' said Vergniaud, a leading Girondin, at the conclusion of an eloquent speech on the growing tyranny of the Jacobins, 'that the Revolution, like Saturn, may devour its own children, and engender despotism, with all its attendant calamities.' These prophetic words produced some effect on the Assembly, and they finally agreed to form a commission of twelve persons to examine into the plots and machinations of the Jacobins. This commission made several important discoveries, laying open to the public view some of the

projected atrocities of the Mountain party. Several Jacobins were arrested and thrown into prison, and the exasperation of their friends on learning this was extreme. On the night of the 27th of May the Convention received several threatening messages, demanding the abolition of the commission, and the freedom of the imprisoned Jacobins. To enforce this petition, the deputations entered the hall with their usual weapons—pistols and sabres—whilst their friends besieged from without the palace of the Tuileries, where the sittings of the Assembly were held. This may be said to have been the great turning-point of the Revolution. It was a bold attempt of the violent to crush the moderate party; and all depended on the moderates holding determinedly to constitutional rights. From what ensued, however, it will be seen that they quailed before the monsters who aimed at their overthrow; and from this moment law and justice were at an end.

As the armed wretches who had entered the Convention became more menacing, some of the members endeavoured to shew that, by this outrageous proceeding, all freedom of action was gone. But this was denied by Garat, the Jacobin Minister of the Interior; and, in a fit of timidity, the Girondins assented to a decree for abolishing the commission, and liberating the prisoners. Their proper policy ought to have been to quit the Assembly, unless the officers of the Convention had protected them from insult. But for their apparent pusillanimity the poor Girondins are not without excuse. The principles of constitutional liberty were very imperfectly understood in France; and violence was continually mixed up with peaceful debate.

On hearing that their object was gained, the people immediately dispersed, a large number of them proceeding to free the prisoners, who were liberated in triumph, and who, on seeing what force had done, determined that it should also effect the utter ruin of the Girondins. But the Convention, indignant at what had passed, the next day re-established the commission of the twelve, whose members received orders to examine more strictly than ever into the machinations of the Mountain party.

The exasperation of the Jacobins on hearing this rose to a fearful height. As soon as the news was spread, they paraded the streets in gloomy silence, and with dark and threatening glances. The Girondins received several urgent warnings to be on their guard. In short, both parties were in such a state as when a conflict is daily to be expected. Such was the excitement of the people on the evening of the 30th of May (1793), that several Girondins spent the night in a lonely room, armed and prepared to make a desperate resistance. The sound of the tocsin awoke them in the morning. At six they left their asylum, and proceeded to the Convention. Several times they were on the point of being stopped by groups of ill-looking men, but their arms protected them. One of them,

Rabaut St Etienne, a well-meaning but somewhat timorous man, continually repeated as they went along : '*Illa suprema dies*' ('This is the last day!') The sentence was prophetic.

No disturbances occurred on the 1st of June; yet it was evident that this was but the calm of the coming storm. But on the 2d, threatening rumours were once more afloat. The drum and tocsin might be heard, armed men filled the streets, and it was now evident to all that the ruin of the Gironde party was at hand. Indeed, on the morning of that day the state of parties was such, both within and without the Convention, that a collision, and one fatal to the weaker Girondins, seemed inevitable. The adherents of the Jacobins armed themselves, and took oath that they would not rest till the accusation and arrest of certain obnoxious Girondins had been effected. Towards evening they gathered their arms and ammunition on the large place before the Hôtel de Ville, and were exhorted by Marat, then one of their leaders, to do their duty. Marat himself rang the great bell or tocsin of the Hôtel de Ville, and, when they had all met, proceeded with them to the Place du Carrousel, near the Tuileries, which they reached a little after ten o'clock at night. Meanwhile the Girondin members who had determined on going to the Convention, found, when they reached the Assembly, that they were much divided. Many, apparently in their interest, advised them to submit, and resign their seats; but this they indignantly rejected.

Lanjuinais, one of their leaders, rose, and in an eloquent and vehement speech demanded by what right the Convention was thus insulted, and why the *générale*, or muster, might even then be heard in the streets, and under the very windows of the palace? He was frequently interrupted by loud cries; several of the Mountaineers rose to answer; but before they could speak, and when the last words had scarcely passed his lips, a tumultuous crowd of Jacobins entered the Convention. They demanded, with arms in their hands, and with threats in every word and look, that twenty-two of the Girondins should be accused and arrested. But the majority of the members, who felt that, if they yielded, all would be lost, resisted both their threats and petitions; and a scene of indescribable confusion followed. While the tumult was at its height, an armed mob of 20,000 men surrounded the hall, and by their menaces alarmed even the wretches who had stirred them into rebellion. To the disgrace of the Convention, it tampered with, and yielded to, this illegal force; and, according to order, passed a decree against the twenty-two Girondins. All of this ill-fated party who could be found were immediately arrested.

IMPRISONMENT OF MADAME ROLAND.

During the winter of 1792–3, M. Roland and his wife lived in constant apprehension of being assassinated. Along with all the

other Girondins, they were viewed with suspicion, and it was evident that a crisis was approaching in their fate. An attempt was made, by a wretch called Viard, to implicate Madame Roland in a fabricated plot against the nation, said to have been got up in London. The subject being brought before the Convention, it was resolved that Madame Roland should appear at the bar. She readily obeyed the summons. On being asked her name: 'Roland,' she answered; 'a name of which I am proud, for it is that of a good and honourable man.' Several other questions were put to her, such as: If she knew Viard—when she had seen him—and what had passed between them. To this she calmly replied that Viard had twice written to her to obtain an interview; that she had seen him once; and after some conversation, having discovered him to be a spy, had dismissed him with the contempt he deserved. Such was the calm dignity of her behaviour, the simplicity of her answers, and the evident falsehood of Viard's accusation, that the president declared her to be entirely free from suspicion; and, amidst the applause of the greatest part of the members, decreed the honour of the sitting to belong to her. But as the public, which consisted chiefly of Jacobins, remained silent, Marat rose, and pointing to them, gloomily observed: 'Look at the public; it is wiser than you are.' But notwithstanding the efforts of her enemies, this attempt which they had made to bring her into disgrace and contempt, only added new lustre and honour to her untarnished fame.

Roland having resigned his office in January 1793, they lived from that time up to the month of May in retirement and comparative security; but when the ruin of the Girondins seemed unavoidable, they prepared themselves for the worst. It was towards half-past five o'clock on the memorable evening of the 31st of May, that six armed men came to arrest Roland, with an order of the revolutionary committee. Roland protested, and refused to recognise the authority of a body which had not yet received the sanction of law. The men hesitated, and departed without putting the order into execution. Though she was at that time seriously ill, Madame Roland, alarmed for her husband's safety, immediately resolved to go to the Convention, protest against this illegal proceeding of the Mountaineers, and ask for redress. This course was dangerous, but it was the only one which remained; and without even waiting to change her morning gown, merely throwing a shawl over her person, she hastened towards the Tuileries, threading her way through a crowd of armed men, by whom the palace was then surrounded. All her efforts were vain, and she could not succeed in gaining admittance. She hastened back to her husband: he had left the house by a back-door, and was now concealed at the abode of a friend. On consulting with him, she determined to go again to the Convention; but she found that the sitting was over. The people had conquered.

On returning home at midnight, although greatly fatigued by the

exertion she had undergone in her weak state, her first care was to write a note to her husband, to be delivered to him early in the morning. She was hardly seated, when a knock was heard at the door: a deputation from the Commune had come to inquire after Roland. She refused to reveal his hiding-place; and they retired much dissatisfied, leaving a sentinel at the door of her apartment, and a body of guards below. Madame Roland now finished her note, confided it to a faithful female servant, and having taken a slight supper, retired to rest. She soon fell into a deep slumber; but had not slept above an hour, when her servant awoke her, announcing that several men wanted to speak to her. She appeared, and was immediately shewn an illegal warrant for her arrest, and in which the cause of her apprehension was not even stated. She was, moreover, informed that the seal of the republic was to be affixed to every closet, cupboard, and piece of furniture in her apartment, the windows not excepted. In his blind zeal, one of the men even insisted on sealing up a pianoforte, and on being dissuaded from doing so, he began measuring it.

Although well aware of the illegality of the warrant, Madame Roland submitted, perceiving in this case the uselessness of resistance. She merely asked, and obtained leave, to take some of her wearing apparel with her, and to put aside some of her daughter's clothing. She was, meanwhile, much annoyed by the presence of all the idle loiterers of the neighbourhood, who, having found the door open, filled the apartment almost to suffocation. Surrounded by this rude crowd, she once more sat down to her desk, and began writing a letter to a friend to whom she meant to intrust her daughter. She was immediately asked for that person's name; but firmly refusing to tell it, she tore up the half-finished missive. At seven next morning she was informed that everything was in readiness, and that she was to be conducted to prison. She calmly bade her daughter and servants farewell, gently exhorting them, as they bitterly wept around her, to bear their affliction with patience and resignation. When she had left her apartment, and reached the street, she found a hackney-coach in waiting: she advanced towards it between two rows of armed men, who followed the coach when she was within.

With the exception of a few women, who cried out after her: 'To the guillotine!' the crowd was silent. When they arrived at the prison—the Abbaye—Madame Roland was ushered into a dark room, occupied by several men lying on camp-beds, and from this she was made to ascend a narrow and dirty staircase to the porter's apartment. As there was yet no cell prepared for her, the porter's wife, a kind and compassionate woman, offered her the use of her own room for the day. The commissioners who had brought her gave strict orders concerning the manner in which she was to be treated. But the porter and his wife, who were both good and considerate people, did not follow them very closely, the instructions

being merely verbal. She was accordingly, after breakfast, allowed to write a letter to the National Assembly on her illegal arrest, and was promised the permission of seeing some of her friends. At ten that evening, her cell being ready, she entered it for the first time. It was a wide, but bare room, with four very dirty walls; it had a small chimney, and a window with double grating, which hardly admitted light; the bed was a mere pallet, with a pillow. Notwithstanding the dismal tolling of the tocsin, which might be heard during the whole night, she was so overpowered by fatigue, that she slept until twelve next day.

While in her prison, Madame Roland shewed how much the horrors of such a confinement may be alleviated by a cheerful and contented spirit. Her first care on rising was to arrange her cell as comfortably as possible. She covered a small table with a white cloth, and placed it near the window, to serve as her writing-desk. To keep it clean, she resolved to take her meals on the stove. Two large hair-pins, which she fixed in a shelf, were used, instead of pegs, to hang her clothes on. And these preparations Madame Roland made as cheerfully as when superintending the arrangements of her splendid drawing-room in the minister's hotel. This being done, her next care was to get a few books. Thomson's *Seasons*, one of her favourite works, she already had with her; and she asked for Plutarch's *Lives*, Hume's *History of England*, and Sheridan's *Dictionary*. By thus reading, and writing her reflections on what she read, she contrived to pass her time much more agreeably than might be expected.

She could hear, even in her solitude, that Paris was far from being quiet; the drum, and sounds of tumult from without, constantly reached the prison, and proclaimed that the force of the popular insurrection was increasing. She dined for that day in the apartment of the porter's wife. On entering the room, she perceived her faithful female servant. On beholding her mistress, the poor girl burst into tears; nor could Madame Roland herself, notwithstanding her fortitude, behold her grief unmoved. The next day Madame Roland impatiently waited for the morning's paper. She knew, from the tumult which had taken place without, that something important had occurred, and she feared the worst. On reading the news of the decree of arrest against the twenty-two Girondins, she let the paper fall, exclaiming, in a mingled burst of grief and indignation, that the cause of freedom was now for ever lost. She thought more of France than of her own situation; and even the state of her country was forgotten when she remembered that her husband was now a houseless fugitive in the provinces, whilst for her daughter she had scarcely been able to procure an asylum. But these were thoughts which she strove to banish, and if possible to forget, in the steps which she now took to effect her liberation. Her mode of life in the prison was, after that, the next thing to consider. The regulations were severe

enough: five livres (a sum equal to about four shillings) had formerly been allotted to every prisoner for his daily maintenance. When Roland was minister, he found this allowance much too high, and had it reduced to two livres (one-and-eightpence). As government provided the prisoner with nothing—his cell and some straw to lie on excepted—the porter of the prison received one livre a day for whatever furniture he might put into the cell; another livre—namely, tenpence—remained for the prisoner's food. This was of course wholly insufficient; but the prisoners were allowed to provide themselves with whatever they chose from their own purse. Madame Roland, however, resolved, with that singular stoicism which led her to accustom herself at once to the worst of any position, to conform as much as possible to the prison allowance. She began by leaving off her breakfast of coffee and chocolate, instead of which she took bread and water. Her dinner consisted merely of the common prison fare—coarse meat and vegetables. That economy was not her object by this singular conduct, is proved by the fact, that the money she thus spared she caused to be distributed among the poorer prisoners. The only indulgence she allowed herself was what in childhood she had most loved, and which still continued to be her only solace—books and flowers.

Notwithstanding the active efforts of the few friends who still remained true to her in her misfortunes, the epoch of freedom seemed very distant. Her letter to the Assembly remained unanswered; similar applications to the Minister of the Interior, and to the sectional authorities of the neighbourhood to which she belonged, met with a like fate. She was therefore much surprised when, on the twenty-fourth day of her imprisonment, she was unexpectedly liberated. The order for her liberation stated that there was 'nothing against her.' Madame Roland immediately took a coach and hastened to her house; but hardly had she passed the doorway, when two men once more arrested her in the name of the law. The cause of this cruel deception was, that her first apprehension being illegal, her enemies, more than usually anxious to secure her, had seen no better means of effecting this than by liberating her, and arresting her a second time. With a heavy heart she submitted, and was taken to the prison of Sainte-Pelagie, where she often regretted her room of the Abbaye.

On reaching this new prison, she learned that she must either share the cell of some other prisoner, or be shut up in a room so small that she could hardly move in it. Even the large cell to which she was taken was only about twelve feet long and six wide. Two beds, two small tables, and two chairs almost filled the apartment. She learned that government gave nothing towards the maintenance of the prisoners, with the exception of brown bread, and a dish of beans daily, neither of which she found it possible to eat. It is not to be supposed that the severe shock she had

experienced on finding her dreams of freedom and happiness so suddenly destroyed, was without its effect upon even one of her firm and resigned spirit. Several days elapsed before she regained her wonted composure. When she was somewhat settled in her new dwelling, she resumed her usual occupations—studying the English language, and practising drawing. Three sincere and devoted friends, Champagneux, Bosc, and Grandpré, visited her in her prison as often as prudence would allow. The first, who knew her privations and her pride, only occasionally ventured to make her small presents of fruit. Bosc more freely gave her beautiful plants and flowers, which he procured from the national garden of plants in Paris. But neither the kindness of her friends nor her own efforts succeeded in making her cell in Sainte-Pelagie tolerable; and after a time, the jailer's wife, taking pity on her, caused her removal to a better and more cheerful apartment, and even procured her a pianoforte, which afforded her many an hour of recreation during the tedious months of her imprisonment.

This change made Madame Roland as happy as she could be in a prison. There was little to remind her of her captivity; and instead of an ill-looking and rude jailer, the head-jailer's wife, the gentle Madame Bonchaud, now daily visited her, attending to her wants with the kindest solicitude. Nay, such was the affection she had conceived for her prisoner, that she even offered to facilitate her escape. Although much moved at this proof of devotion, Madame Roland firmly refused; nor could the entreaties of her friend Champagneux, and of Madame Bonchaud herself, induce her to change her mind.

The indulgences which she owed to the kindness of Madame Bonchaud were not permitted her long; they reached the ears of those in power, who, deeming them incompatible with republican equality, severely reprimanded the jailer, ordered the pianoforte to be removed, and Madame Roland to be once more closely confined to her cell. This change she bore with her usual calm fortitude; nor was her resignation lessened by the prospect now held out of her speedy trial and condemnation. Miss H. M. Williams, an English lady then residing in France, thus mentions a visit which she paid to Madame Roland, with whom she was well acquainted.

'I visited her in the prison of Sainte-Pelagie, where her soul, superior to circumstances, retained its accustomed serenity, and she conversed with the same animated cheerfulness in her little cell as she used to do in the hotel of the minister. She had provided herself with a few books, and I found her reading Plutarch. She told me that she expected to die; and the look of placid resignation with which she said it, convinced me that she was prepared to meet death with a firmness worthy of her exalted character. When I inquired after her daughter, an only child of thirteen years of age, she burst into tears; and at the overwhelming recollection of her husband

and child, the courage of the victim of liberty was lost in the feelings of the wife and the mother.

During her stay in the Abbaye and in Sainte-Pelagie, Madame Roland wrote her admirable *Memoirs* and *Notes for History*. The *Memoirs* she confided to her devoted friend Champagneux. She also intrusted some papers to Miss Williams, who was unfortunately obliged to destroy them.

FATE OF THE TWENTY-TWO GIRONDINS.

Meanwhile, though a few of the Girondins had effected their escape, the rest were at first kept prisoners in their own houses, and afterwards removed to the Luxembourg, and thence to La Force. Two of them, on account of ill health, were allowed to remain in the Luxembourg, and there await their trial. These were La Source and Sillery. The first was a Protestant minister of Languedoc, and a member of the National Convention; the latter, a man of about sixty, and better known as the husband of the celebrated Madame de Sillery, Countess of Genlis, shared his captivity. Both were seen in that prison by Miss H. M. Williams (herself then a prisoner), authoress of the interesting *Letters from France*, from which we extract the following abridged account:

'Our apartment, with two others adjoining, was separated from the public room by a little passage and a door, which the officers carefully locked at night. It happened that these apartments were then occupied by two individuals, in whose society we had passed some of the most agreeable hours of our residence in France. These persons were Sillery and La Source, two of the members of the Convention, who had been long in close confinement, and who were now on the point of appearing before that sanguinary tribunal; whence, after the most shocking mockery of justice, they were inhumanly dragged to the scaffold. Sillery, on account of his infirmities, had with much difficulty obtained permission from the police for his servant to be admitted into the prison during the day, together with an old female friend, who, on the plea of illness, had implored leave to attend as his nurse. Sillery's friend and his servant being allowed to go in and out of his apartment, the door was not constantly locked, although he and La Source were closely confined, and not permitted to have any communication with the other prisoners. The second night of our abode in the Luxembourg, when the prisoners had retired to their respective chambers, and the keeper had locked the outer door which enclosed our three apartments, La Source entered our room. We were obliged to converse in whispers, whilst we kept watch successively at the outer door, that if any step approached, he might instantly fly to his chamber. He had much to ask, having been three months a close prisoner. In the solitude of his prison, no voice of friendship, no accents of pity, had reached

his ear; and after our arrival, he used, through the lonely day, to count the hours till the prison gates were closed, till all was still within its walls, and no sound was heard without, except at intervals the hoarse cry of the sentinels, when he hastened to our apartment. La Source, at his second visit, was accompanied by Sillery, a man of about sixty years of age, but who had lived freely, like most men of his former rank in France; and from this dissipated life, had more the appearance of age than belonged to his years. The mind of Sillery was somewhat less fortified against his approaching fate than that of La Source. The old man often turned back on the past and wept; and sometimes inquired, with an anxious look, if we believed there was any chance of his deliverance. Alas! I have no words to paint the sensations of those moments. To know that the days of our fellow-captives were numbered—that they were doomed to perish—that the sanguinary tribunal before which they were going to appear was but the pathway to the scaffold—to have the painful task of smothering our feelings, while we endeavoured to soothe the weakness of humanity by hopes we knew were fallacious, was a species of misery almost insupportable. They had, however, in their calamity, that support which is of all others the most effectual under misfortune. Religion was in La Source a habit of the mind. Impressed with the most sublime ideas of the Supreme Being, he reposed, with unbounded confidence, in that Providence in whose hand are the issues of life and death. Sillery, who had a feeling heart, found devotion the most soothing refuge of affliction. He and La Source composed together a little hymn adapted to a sweet solemn air, which they called their evening service. Every night before we parted they sung this simple dirge in a low tone, to prevent their being heard in the other apartments, which made it seem more plaintive. Those mournful sounds, the knell of my departing friends, yet thrill upon my heart.

"Calm all the tumults that invade
Our souls, and lend thy powerful aid.
Oh! source of mercy, soothe our pains,
And break, O break, our cruel chains!
To Thee the captive pours his cry,
To Thee the mourner loves to fly;
The incense of our tears receive—
'Tis all the incense we can give.

Eternal Power, our cause defend!
O God, of innocence the friend!
Near Thee for ever she resides,
In Thee for ever she confides.
Thou know'st the secrets of the breast,
Thou know'st the oppressor and the oppressed:
Do Thou our wrongs with pity see,
Avert a doom offending Thee.

But should the murderer's arm prevail;
Should tyranny our lives assail;
Unmoved, triumphant, scorning death,
We 'll bless Thee with our latest breath.
The hour, the glorious hour will come,
That consecrates the patriot's tomb;
And with the pang our memory claims,
Our country will avenge our names."

'La Source often spoke of his wife with tender regret. He had been married only a week when he was chosen a member of the Legislative Assembly, and was obliged to hasten to Paris, while his bride remained in Languedoc, to take care of an aged mother. When the Legislative Assembly was dissolved, La Source was immediately elected a member of the National Convention, and could find no interval in which to visit his native spot, or his wife, whom he saw no more. In his meditations on the chain of political events, he mentioned one little incident which seemed to hang on his mind with a sort of superstitious feeling. A few days after the 10th of August, he dined in the Faubourg St Antoine with several members of the Legislative Assembly, who were the most distinguished for their talents and patriotism. They were exulting in the birth of the new republic, and the glorious part they were to act as its founders, when a citizen of the Faubourg, who had been invited to partake of the repast, observed that he feared a different destiny awaited them. "As you have been the founders of the republic," said he, "you will also be its victims. In a short time you will be obliged to impose restraints and duties on the people, to whom your enemies and theirs will represent you as having overthrown royal power only to establish your own. You will be accused of aristocracy; and I foresee," he added with much perturbation, "that you will perish on the scaffold." The company smiled at this singular prediction; but during the ensuing winter, when the storm was gathering over the political horizon, La Source recalled the prophecy, and sometimes reminded Vergniaud of the man of the Faubourg St Antoine. Vergniaud had little heeded the augur; but a few days previous to the 31st of May, when the Convention was for the first time besieged, La Source said again to Vergniaud: "Well, what think you of the prophet of the Faubourg St Antoine?" "The prophet of the Faubourg St Antoine," answered Vergniaud, "was in the right."

'The morning now arrived when La Source and Sillery, together with nineteen other members of the Convention, were led before the revolutionary tribunal. When the guards who were to conduct them arrived, the other prisoners crowded to the public room to see them pass, and we shut ourselves up in our own apartment. They returned about five in the evening, and we had no opportunity of seeing them till midnight, when they related to us what had passed.

The conduct of the judges and the aspect of the jury were calculated to banish every gleam of hope from the bosoms of the prisoners. The judges permitted, with reluctance, anything to be urged in their defence; and the jury listened with impatience, casting upon their victims looks of atrocity, in which they might easily read their fate: yet, in spite of these unhappy omens, our friends returned from the tribunal with their minds much elevated.

'A few days before the sanguinary trial had ended,' continues Miss Williams, 'the administration of the police sent orders that the Englishwomen confined in the Luxembourg should be removed the next day to a convent in the Faubourg St Antoine. With what keen regret La Source and Sillery received this intelligence! A thousand times they thanked us for the danger we had risked in receiving them, and for the sympathy which had soothed the last hours of their existence; a thousand times they declared, that if it were yet possible their lives might be preserved, they should consider themselves for ever bound to us by the most sacred ties of gratitude and friendship; but they felt, alas! how small was the chance that we should meet again in this world. Sillery cut off a lock of his white hair, which he begged I would preserve for his sake, and La Source gave me a similar relic. They embraced us with much emotion. They prayed that the blessing of God might be upon us. We mingled our tears together, and parted to meet no more.'

The conduct of the Girondin prisoners confined in the Conciergerie, where they had been transferred from La Force, is not described as less noble or less resigned by the Baron H. de Riouffe, who also happened to be their fellow-prisoner, but who was fortunately forgotten by his enemies, and thus survived the Reign of Terror. They were calm and resigned: hope they had none. Brissot never betrayed the least anxiety for his own fate, but often mourned over that of France. He was thoughtful, but with a grave and dignified demeanour, worthy of the cause for which he had lived, and for which he was now called upon to suffer. Gensonné seemed to feel a noble disdain for the tyrants who oppressed his country: their names never once passed his lips. Vergniaud was the same as ever, grave and gay by turns. At times his fellow-prisoners would gather around him, listening to that impassioned eloquence with which he was gifted, and which was so soon to be lost to the world for ever. On other occasions he would divert their thoughts from their present situation by the inexhaustible fund of mirth and anecdote which he possessed. Valazé seemed to have lost every other feeling in that of the glorious martyrdom which awaited him.

But of all those heroic and hapless men, none exited deeper emotions of pity than the two brothers-in-law, Ducos and Fonfrède. Both had the full enjoyment of their liberty till the act of accusation appeared, in which they had not the least suspicion that they should

be included. Ducos might have escaped, but he preferred sharing the fate and prison of his relative. Both calmly submitted to their fate; and yet, by losing life, they lost all that could endear it—an immense fortune, and beloved wives and children. Fonfrède, less resigned than his friend, took one of the other prisoners apart on the last day of their trial. He began speaking to him of his wife and children, and as he uttered the names of those he so tenderly loved, he could not refrain from shedding tears. Ducos saw him, and tenderly consoled him, not striving to disguise his own emotion. This happened twenty-four hours before their execution. For the first two sittings of their judges, the Girondins were allowed to speak in their defence, and the impassioned eloquence of Vergniaud had well-nigh won their cause, melting to tears even the fierce assassins present—the same who had taken a part in the massacres of September. This being perceived, he and the other prisoners were forbidden to speak, and, by a bitter perversion of all justice, were condemned unheard.

On hearing his sentence, La Source merely repeated those words of one of the ancients: 'I die at a moment when the people have lost their reason, but you will die when they recover it.' All behaved with remarkable firmness, embracing one another, and crying out: 'Long live the Republic!' One alone amongst them, Valazé, swooned and fell. 'Thou art afraid,' said Gensonné, raising him up—he was dead! He had stabbed himself to the heart with a small dagger concealed amongst his papers. The court immediately ordered that the dead body should be conveyed on a car to the place of execution, and beheaded like the other prisoners. Vergniaud was provided with poison, but threw it away on hearing his doom, preferring to die with his friends Ducos and Fonfrède. They were condemned on the night of the 30th of October 1793. On their return to the Conciergerie, their fellow-prisoners, who were anxiously waiting to know the result of their trial, might hear the signal they had agreed upon in case they should be condemned—the patriotic songs with which they all at once filled their cell; and throughout the whole of that dreadful night did those songs of freedom break upon the silence of the dungeons of tyranny. They also spent part of the few hours now allotted them in conversing on the future destinies of France. They partook of a light supper, during which the servant of Duprat waited upon them. Duprat, seeing him weep, gently comforted him; thanking him with much kindness for his past services, and confiding his wife to his care. This servant afterwards sold a small annuity which he possessed, to relieve the distress into which the wife of his former master had fallen.

The next day they were led to the guillotine. Sillery was executed first. He bowed gravely to the people, and behaved with great firmness. When they had reached the foot of the scaffold, the twenty-one Girondins embraced one another, once more singing the

national anthem of the Marseillaise, and crying out aloud: 'Long live the Republic!' In a few minutes they had perished; and of those heroic, eloquent, and noble-minded men, nothing now remained —nothing—but an immortal memory.

TRIAL OF MADAME ROLAND.

On the 31st of October 1793, the day of the execution of the twenty-two Girondins, Madame Roland was transferred from Sainte-Pelagie to the Conciergerie, which her valued friends had just left for the scaffold. She was placed in a bare and miserable dungeon. The bed on which she lay she owed to the kindness of another prisoner, who gave it up to her. Although the weather was very cold, no covering was allowed her. The next day she underwent a long examination before Judge David. She was very strictly questioned concerning the friendship she had entertained for the Girondins. Without concealing this well-known fact, she strove to clear herself from the calumnies cast upon her; but, not even waiting for her answer, they asked new questions, to which she found it very difficult to reply. This vexatious examination lasted three hours. Although she was obliged to undergo several other examinations like the first, neither her composure nor her resignation forsook her. She never shewed or felt greater calmness of mind than at this trying epoch of her life; and the singular contrast which her womanly attractions and appearance offered to the heroic feelings by which she was now more than ever actuated, is eloquently described by Riouffe. Although past the prime of youth, she was still fascinating; her elegant figure had lost none of its dignity, and her large dark eyes were still full of expression and sweetness. She would often speak at the iron grating which divided the part of the prison in which men were confined from that which she inhabited; and the noble and heroic thoughts which then passed her lips, and above all, perhaps, the exquisite melody of her language, would draw the prisoners around her, making them listen, as though entranced by the touching instances of courage and womanly feeling which she daily and unconsciously offered. She often spoke of the Girondins, calling them *our friends;* but she mentioned their names without either sorrow or regret; for she was already purified by her approaching fate from almost every earthly feeling and weakness.

Occasionally her usual resignation failed her. The woman who waited on her one day said to Riouffe: 'Before you, she appears strong; but when she is in her room, she will often stay for three hours at a time leaning against the window, and weeping.' The prisoners themselves often beheld the traces of tears on her cheeks, although she strove to conceal them. She remained but a week in the Conciergerie, and already her gentleness had endeared her to all. The day before her trial, her advocate, Chauveau Lagarde, visited her to

receive her last instructions. Madame Roland drew a ring from her finger, and said: 'To-morrow I shall be no more. I know the fate which awaits me. Your kind assistance cannot avail aught for me, and would but endanger you, without saving my life. I pray you, therefore, not to come to the tribunal, but to accept of this last testimony of my regard.'

When led to the tribunal, she attired herself in white, as a symbol of her innocence. She had been refused the means of dressing her long dark hair, which fell in thick curls on her neck and shoulders, increasing the more than common loveliness of her appearance. Her bearing before the tribunal was firm and full of dignity. Witnesses, by whom nothing could be proved, were called against her. One of these was a lady, her daughter's governess, who, greatly alarmed for her own life, consented to speak against Madame Roland, from whom, whilst attending her daughter's education, she had received every mark of kindness and attention, being, moreover, intrusted with a thousand francs a month (£40) to distribute to the poor. What she said, although it tended to criminate Madame Roland, was vague and unsatisfactory. But a touching contrast to this base ingratitude was offered by the faithful female servant already alluded to, whom neither threats nor persuasions could induce to say anything prejudicial to her mistress.

Madame Roland's defence, which she composed herself, has been deservedly pronounced by Alison, the historian, one of the most touching things of the whole French Revolution. 'The accusation against me,' she remarked, 'is founded wholly on the supposition of my being an accomplice with men called conspirators; yet although I cannot be called upon to give an account of my private affections, I may glory in them as I do in the whole course of my conduct, and I have nothing to conceal from the world.' Alluding to her refusal to escape, she said: 'I was earnestly conjured to escape from my prison, and received offers of assistance to convey me to whatever place I should think proper. I was deterred from accepting these offers from considerations both of duty and of honour. Of duty, because I would not injure those to whose care I was committed; of honour, since in all cases I should prefer exposing myself to the consequences of every possible vexation, rather than incur the appearances of guilt by a flight unworthy of my character. . . . It would have been easy for me to have avoided this trial, which I foresaw; but I thought it more becoming to meet it. I thought that I owed this example to my country. I thought that if I should be condemned, I should leave to my tyrants the odium of sacrificing a woman who had no other crime than perhaps some talents, of which she seldom availed herself; great zeal for the interests of mankind; courage to adhere to her unfortunate friends; and to render homage to truth at the hazard of her life. Those who have true greatness of soul throw away selfish feelings, remember that

they belong only to the species, and look to futurity for their reward. . . . I await my sentence. When innocence mounts the scaffold, to which it is condemned by error or wickedness, it reaches the goal of triumph. May I be the last victim that shall be sacrificed! I shall leave with joy this unhappy land, which is destroying the good, and drinking in the blood of the just. . . . God of Heaven! enlighten this unhappy people, for whose liberty I breathe my warmest vows! Liberty!—to those great souls it eminently belongs who despise death, and who can meet it with courage; but it was not formed for those weak minds who compound with crime, while they conceal their self-love and their cowardice under the name of prudence. It was not formed for those profligate men who, creeping forth from a sink of wretchedness, run and bathe in the blood that streams from the scaffold. But it is the guardian of a wise and humane people, who practise justice, despise flatterers, know their true friends, and revere truth.'

The simple eloquent appeal from which the above passages are quoted, availed but little. It proved her innocence. The only crime imputed to her was her friendship for the Girondins—but this did not soften her obdurate tyrants. Finding she could not be implicated otherwise, the president asked her whether she was not aware of her husband's place of refuge. She replied that, whether she knew it or not, she would not reveal it; and that there was no law by which she was obliged, in a court of justice, to violate the strongest feelings of nature. Upon this she was condemned. On her sentence being read to her, she rose and said: 'You judge me worthy of sharing the fate of the great men whom you have assassinated. I shall endeavour to imitate their firmness upon the scaffold.' On her return to the prison, she passed beneath the narrow portal with a rapidity which almost seemed to betoken joy; and, by a sign, she informed the other prisoners of her condemnation. The remainder of the day she spent in great composure and serenity of mind. She had opium in her possession; but although she might, by taking it, have escaped a fearful death on the scaffold, she nobly and rightly disdained to commit suicide, and resolved to submit to her fate, however bitter it might be. Her last recorded thoughts are full of solemn grandeur and dignity. They conclude by a touching and final farewell to life, and all that she had most loved on earth. Besides this, she wrote several letters; one to her devoted servant, who, at the risk of life, still remained true to her mistress, and gave her the most touching proofs of affection; another to her daughter, and which, though short, is fraught with maternal tenderness and feeling. 'Be worthy of thy parents,' says she at the end of this letter; 'they bequeath thee great examples, and if thou knowest how to profit by them, thine shall not be a useless life.' This daughter, having succeeded in escaping the notice of the revolutionary tyrants, subsequently married the son of Champagneux, the

same who received from Madame Roland her *Memoirs*, and gave her in her prison every mark of attachment.

On being led to the scaffold, Madame Roland's firmness did not desert her, and she was called upon to give a singular proof of courage and generosity. She was accompanied to the place of execution by a man destined to share her fate, but who evinced an unutterable horror for the fearful death which awaited him. In her attentions to this hapless man, and in her endeavour to inspire him with courage, Madame Roland was unremitting, and partly successful.

At the guillotine, when more than one person is executed, the first who dies is at least spared the fearful and lingering torture of beholding the death of the others. This was therefore considered a privilege, and had been granted to Madame Roland as a woman. But seeing the terror of her companion, she said to him: 'Go first; let me at least spare you the pain of seeing my blood shed.' She then turned to the executioner, and begged that this sad indulgence might be granted to her fellow-sufferer. The man hesitated, telling her that he had received orders that she should perish first. 'But you cannot, I am sure,' said she with a smile, 'refuse the last request of a lady?' Her request was at once complied with. When her turn came to ascend the scaffold, Madame Roland gazed on the gigantic statue of Liberty, which, as though in bitter mockery, had been placed near the guillotine; and bowing gravely before it, pronounced the memorable words: 'O Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!'

Thus, on the 9th November 1793, died this heroic and hapless woman, worthy, by her talents and virtues, of a better fate. She perished the victim of tyranny, at the age of thirty-nine, though she appeared much younger.

It is said that, when in the fatal cart, and on her way to the scaffold, such were the unusual emotions which filled her breast, that she asked for pens and paper to write. The request was refused; but Champagneux, who relates this anecdote, says he is convinced that, had it been granted, she would have written at the foot of the scaffold with as much composure and serenity of mind as in her study. Her death filled all those who had known her with deep grief. On learning it for the first time, Buzot the Girondin, and her intimate friend, was delirious for several days. Her faithful female servant presented herself before the revolutionary tribunal which had condemned her mistress, and asked to die on the same scaffold on which she had perished. Such were the transports of her grief, that the sanguinary jury, who daily doomed so many to death, declared that she was mad, and dismissed her as such. A man named Lecocq, who had been employed by Madame Roland in some menial capacity, and who had conceived the most devoted attachment for her, appeared also before the

tribunal, and made the same application; but which in his case met with success. He was condemned, and immediately guillotined.

Madame Roland had foretold that her husband would not survive her; nor was she mistaken. He was, at the time of her death, concealed in the house of a friend near Rouen. The news of her fatal end filled him with grief and despair. He immediately resolved to die; nor could the persuasions and entreaties of his friends dissuade him from putting his project into execution. His first intention was to go immediately to Paris, appear in the Convention, and there, after solemnly upbraiding the Mountaineers with the murder of his wife, either perish by their hands, or die like her on the scaffold. But on reflecting that if he were judicially put to death, his property would become forfeited to the state, and his only child be left destitute, he resolved to perish by his own hand. Not to endanger the safety of those persons to whose kindness he owed his present asylum, he left their house, and, after bidding them a last and affectionate farewell, proceeded alone along the road which leads from Rouen to Paris. Some passengers found him the next morning seated at the foot of a tree, leaning against it, and quite dead. He had stabbed himself to the heart. So calm and composed were his look and attitude, that several persons had passed him, thinking him to be merely asleep. A strange chance ordained that, when he was found, Legendre the Mountaineer should be passing on his way to Rouen. This Legendre, although now a member of the National Convention, had, until lately, been a butcher; and it was in this capacity that he had first been known to Roland, who was one of his customers, and who treated him with great kindness, which several times shewed itself by important services his high post left it in his power to render. But, far from feeling any gratitude for this kind behaviour, Legendre, who was a man of a low and sanguinary disposition, no sooner was a member of the National Convention, than he became one of Roland's bitterest enemies.

Instead of shewing any feeling of compunction or pity on beholding the dead body of the man to whom he owed so much, he gave vent to the most shocking demonstrations of triumph and exultation. A curate of the neighbourhood, who happened to be present, declared that his actions and language were too fearful to relate. After despoiling the corpse of the unfortunate Roland of all the papers which he found upon him, Legendre went off in triumph. Amongst these papers, which have thus been lost, was a letter addressed by Roland to the persons who might find his body after death, and in which, besides stating that he had been unable to survive the murder of his wife, he earnestly conjured them to respect the last remains of a man who, although he thus now miserably perished, had devoted his life to the rigid exercise of every social duty, and, above all, to the good of his country.

Such was the end of Roland. Although, by committing suicide,

it must be confessed that he rendered himself guilty of a highly reprehensible and criminal act, yet some excuse for him may be found in his despair on hearing of the death of his wife—whom he most tenderly loved—and in the excited, if not deranged state of mind, news so terrible might well bring on.

Having thus seen perish the unfortunate Madame Roland and the Girondins who had been arrested, we turn to an account of those who, having escaped from Paris, were wandering through the provinces in quest of places of security.

THE FUGITIVE GIRONDINS.

After the decree of accusation passed against the Girondins in consequence of the events of the 31st May 1793, those amongst them who had determined to effect their escape remained for some time concealed in Paris, but soon left it, to seek a refuge in the department of the Calvados (Normandy), which they reached after innumerable difficulties. Buzot, Barbaroux, and Gorsas were now together at Caen, and might be considered chiefs of the insurrection which was preparing in that town, and by which it was hoped to overthrow the tyranny of the Mountaineers. Louvet, Pétion, and Guadet joined them towards the end of June. Guadet arrived in Caen, disguised as an upholsterer's journeyman: he was greatly fatigued, having walked twenty-two leagues in one day, through fields and bypaths, and thus succeeded in eluding his pursuers.

A number of the departments of France coalesced in favour of the Girondins. They raised troops, and adopted vigorous measures to insure the success of their efforts against the Mountaineers. General Wimpfen was named commander-in-chief of the forces of Brittany and Normandy; but his inaction proved the ruin of the cause he had been chosen to defend. The shameful defeat of the officer Puisaye, who allowed himself to be beaten at Vernon by the Mountaineer forces, discouraged the troops, and it was resolved to disband them, and to discontinue a war in which there was little profit and less glory. This disappointment was not the only one the Girondins were to suffer. On returning one day from a disheartening interview with General Wimpfen, they found affixed to the gates of the Intendance —one of the public buildings of Caen in which they lodged—the decree passed against them on the 2d of June, and which declared them to be outlawed. The regiments of Brittany were then on the point of leaving Caen. They heard of the insults which the Girondins had received, and, thinking rightly that Caen was no longer a safe place for them, they immediately proposed that the Girondins should accompany them, as volunteers, to Brittany, whither they were then returning: an offer which was willingly accepted. They left Caen the next morning, divided into three troops, each of which accompanied one of the three battalions of the regiment. They walked

with the soldiers, sharing their humble meals, and putting up, like them, calmly and cheerfully with the many inconveniences of a soldier's life. When they had reached Fougères, the three battalions were obliged to separate: each of them was anxious to keep their persecuted friends; but as this was impossible, the Girondins decided on following the fortunes of the battalion of the Finistère—a course which later events proved to have been the best they could adopt.

After a narrow escape in passing through the town of Dol, where they would undoubtedly have been seized but for the bravery of the battalion, they arrived safely at Dinan, where they were enthusiastically received. It may easily be imagined that, being little accustomed to such violent exercise as they had lately undergone, the Girondins slept soundly that night. They were awakened early in the morning by the noise of a quarrel which had arisen amongst the soldiers. The cause of it was this: some of the volunteers of the Finistère becoming alarmed for their own safety and that of their friends, declared to their companions that the Girondins must no longer accompany them; but the others, feeling all the odium which such conduct was likely to bring upon them, energetically refused to consent to this arrangement, and they were at the height of the altercation when the Girondins interfered. On learning the cause of the quarrel, they immediately and unanimously resolved to set out alone from Dinan; and no entreaties could make them change this resolution. All the Finistèriens united in making them offers of service and money, which the Girondins, although destitute of means, refused to accept. The only offer to which they consented was that which was made for completing their equipment as volunteers; for as this was most essential to their safety, they agreed to it. The best arms of the whole battalion were given them; and they were, moreover, provided with six armed guides, and passes signed by one of the officers. All their arrangements being completed, they set out for Quimper,* a town forty leagues distant, and which they had to reach through bad roads and a tract of country full of Jacobins.

Their little troop now consisted, besides the six guides, of Pétion, Barbaroux, Salles, Buzot and his servant, Louvet, and several others —making nineteen in all. Those who had escaped from Paris, and who were not with them, were Lanjuinais, Guadet (who, being a slow walker, and having remained behind, had not left Dinan with them, and proceeded alone to Quimper without being recognised), Valady and a friend who afterwards joined them, and Duchâtel and Kerveglan, who had preceded them to Quimper, where they were to prepare lodgings for them.

After many vicissitudes and escapes, they approached Quimper, and were taken to a peasant's house in the neighbourhood of that

* Quimper is a seaport, situated at the juncture of the rivers Eir and Odet, near the northern extremity of the Bay of Biscay.

town, where the refreshment they so much needed was procured for them; but as they could not stay in this place, Kerveglan's friend led them to the curate of the neighbourhood, with whom they remained concealed for that day. Towards evening they set out for Quimper, and separated, some of them never to meet again. Salles, Cussy, and Girey Duprez went to Kerveglan's house; Buzot was concealed near the town; Pétion and Guadet somewhere in the country not far from Quimper; whilst Riouffe, Barbaroux, and Louvet entered the town, where they escaped observation until they luckily succeeded in procuring a small brig, the captain of which engaged to convey them along the coast privately, with several of their friends, to the department of the Gironde, where, as Guadet, who was a native of Saint Emilion, near Bordeaux, assured them, they could not fail of being enthusiastically received. Those who acceded to this plan were Barbaroux, Buzot, Guadet, Pétion, Salles, Louvet, Valady and his friend.

The brig conveyed them to a place named Bec d'Ambès, in the Gironde, where a friend of Guadet then resided. They were no sooner landed than Guadet called at the house of his friend, who happened not to be at home. Whilst waiting, he proceeded with his companions to the next inn, and imprudently told his name. After taking some refreshment, they returned to the house, in which, being now admitted, they made themselves at home. But whilst at the inn, they had gathered information which, though Guadet declared that it could not be true, seriously alarmed them. It was confidently asserted that Bordeaux was in the power of the Jacobins, and that the town, in which they had hoped to be able to announce themselves openly, was so wholly submissive to the Mountaineers, that there was little, if any, chance of their finding in it a single place of refuge. Guadet, accompanied by Pétion, immediately resolved to go to Bordeaux, and examine into the truth of this report. He soon came back, to confess that the reality was even worse than they had imagined; but again left them to seek a refuge for all in Saint Emilion, where his family resided. It was agreed that his friends should remain at the country-house, and there wait till he sent for them.

It happened that the innkeeper, their neighbour, was a fierce Jacobin, who, guessing what they were, determined to betray them. The preparations made to arrest them could not escape their notice. They immediately barricaded themselves in their abode, resolved to resist to the utmost. They were six in number, and their arms consisted of fourteen pistols, five sabres, and one gun. The gun and pistols they loaded, and calmly awaited an attack. Louvet and Barbaroux kept watch the whole night, but without being disturbed. The next day passed off, to their great surprise, as peacefully; but towards evening a messenger from Guadet arrived, stating that he had found a hiding-place for *two* only, and inviting them to lose

no time in deciding which of their number these two should be. All declared that they would not accept of safety which was not for the whole of them, and immediately resolved to leave the house, trusting to Providence for the rest. They set out with a guide as secretly as possible, and as they reached the boat which was to convey them up the course of the Garonne, four hundred men, with two pieces of cannon, besieged the house they had just left, but found, to their great surprise and disappointment, that their intended captives had escaped.

When they fancied themselves far enough from their pursuers, the Girondins landed, and after some consultation, separated. Louvet, Barbaroux, Valady and his friend, decided on going back to Paris; Pétion and Buzot trusted for their safety to chance; whilst Guadet and Salles wandered towards the Landes (broad sandy wastes), in the hope of finding some hiding-place. We will follow the first in their adventures.

They resolved to pass for tradesmen travelling on business; a pretence little likely to serve through a whole country which they had to cross, and where Barbaroux was well known by a countenance as remarkable as it was handsome. On the first night they lost their way, from a natural unwillingness for questioning strangers. Whilst they were in this dilemma, Barbaroux perceived a small parsonage, and immediately proposed to knock at the door, and inquire the road to the nearest town. The priest himself opened to them, and, after answering their questions, and looking at them attentively, said: 'Come, confess it; you are good people in trouble?' It would have been useless to deny what there was little danger in acknowledging, and, without discovering themselves, they answered affirmatively. The worthy man immediately bade them enter, and when they were within, the tired wanderers experienced such a welcome as the traveller received of yore from the patriarchs. But on learning the names of his guests, both the joy and anxiety of their host increased. He was delighted that Barbaroux, with whose name he was familiar, was one of them; nor could he disguise his uneasiness, much more on their account than on his own. He determined, however, at all risks, to shelter them as long as possible. This, unfortunately, was only for a few days. The rumour that the priest had persons concealed in his house was spread in the village, and soon gained ground. To his grief, he was reluctantly compelled to dismiss his visitors; but, unwilling to do this without at the same time providing them with some other place of refuge, he found means, by interceding for them with a friend, to get them concealed in a hay-loft, which proved but an indifferent abode after the comforts of his own house.

This loft had a few days before been filled with new hay, and in this Louvet, Barbaroux, and Valady (Valady's friend had left them whilst they were at the priest's) were obliged to hide, without even

being able to keep their heads free or uncovered; the loft being open to everybody, whilst two persons only were acquainted with the fact of their presence in it. The hay being newly mowed, it was intolerably warm, and the heat they were obliged to endure, although it was now October, was increased by the want of air. For three days the hapless Girondins were forgotten by their host, and being afraid to go out, they neither tasted any kind of food nor wetted their lips. At the end of the third day they were informed that their presence was suspected, and that they must leave the loft immediately. The night was both wet and cold, and they were obliged to pass it in a wood, where they were drenched to the skin. Early the next morning the good priest came to look for them, and moved with compassion at the sight of their wretched state, insisted on taking them home with him, where he concealed them in another loft, from which they could easily escape into the fields.

Meanwhile, Salles and Guadet, after having been thirty times refused an asylum, found one under the roof of Guadet's sister-in-law, Madame Bouquey, a lady who, with her husband, had left Paris on purpose to afford the fugitive Girondins a shelter. She lived in Saint Emilion, and her house communicated with the extensive caverns and grottos which abound in that place. In one of these grottos—which could only be reached by a kind of well thirty feet deep—Salles and Guadet were concealed. On hearing of the wretched state of Barbaroux, Louvet, and Valady, she immediately said: 'Let them come.' The only condition she imposed was, that they should not arrive till midnight. They accordingly left the good priest, and passed the night in the house of one of his friends, another priest, by whom they were most kindly received. Their feet, swollen with fatigue, were bathed in warm water; their hair and beards, which had grown long during their wanderings, trimmed and shaved; and instead of that which they had been compelled to wear for many a day, dry and clean linen was substituted, and every other kindness and attention shewn to them.

From this house they proceeded to Madame Bouquey's, where they were no less kindly received. In a few days they learned that Buzot and Pétion had, within a fortnight, been compelled to change their asylum seven times. 'Let them come,' again exclaimed Madame Bouquey, whose generous feelings would never allow her to consider the risk she ran. They came, and once more the whole seven found themselves united. But notwithstanding the efforts of their kind hostess, they were but indifferently fed. She received, as her allowance, a pound of bread a day, such being then the scarcity in France. They accordingly slept till twelve o'clock, to spare a breakfast, and their dinner consisted of a soup made of vegetables. The day they spent in the grottos; and it was only at night that this generous woman, who, with the exception of Guadet, hardly knew them, could admit them into her own house, then securely closed,

and where they found everything which she could imagine to contribute to their comfort, after the cheerless day they had passed. Although surrounded with persons who were dreadfully alarmed at the proximity of the Girondins, and who earnestly urged her to forego her dangerous humanity, Madame Bouquey's generous purpose of saving them was not shaken.

But soon, and to her deep grief, this kind-hearted woman was compelled to part from her guests. The importunities of her family at length prevailed, and once more the wanderers were sent adrift. Buzot, in his *Memoirs*, which he began at Madame Bouquey's house, and which have been preserved, describes their miserable condition. They were not only extremely poor, but were scarcely provided with clothes. Barbaroux, Buzot, and Pétion went away together, they knew not whither; Guadet, Salles, Valady, and Louvet were equally ignorant of their destination. Their parting, which many reasons contributed to render affecting, took place in November 1793, a few days after the death of Madame Roland. Soon afterwards Valady resolved to leave his companions, and to proceed alone on his journey. A melancholy foreboding seemed to hang over him. As he slowly departed, his friends often looked sadly back after him, until his form disappeared in the gloom of the night, and the sound of his distant footsteps might no longer be heard. In a few days he was taken, and executed.

It was night, and the rain poured down in such torrents, that Louvet and his companions were soon wet through. Guadet then bethought him of a lady who was deeply indebted to him, and who had ever begged of him to consider her as his best friend. She lived not far off, and they immediately proceeded towards her house. When the servant opened the door to them, he feigned not to recognise Guadet, with whose person he was quite familiar. Guadet sent in his name; the lady refused to see him; he remonstrated, urging the almost fainting state of Louvet from a hurt leg, and begging to be at least admitted for a few hours, that they might warm their limbs. A refusal was once more returned. Louvet, whose anguish was increased by fatigue, now swooned away. Guadet knocked again at the inhospitable door, and in the name of humanity asked for some vinegar to restore his friend. It was also refused. Louvet at length recovered, and, after proceeding a little farther, declared that he would return to Paris, and no longer remain in the Gironde, where they were so ill used; and all the entreaties of his friends could not change his resolution.

From this moment the fortunes of the Girondins were separated. Guadet, with his friend Salles, found a refuge in the house of his father, but only for a short time. It happened that three Girondins, Biroteau, Cussy, and Grangeneuve, had been arrested some time before in Bordeaux, and executed. This immediately led the revolutionary agents to suspect that the rest were concealed in Saint

Emilion. They ordered a search in the grottos; and they had inhabitants of the place, and even dogs, to assist them; but their search proved ineffectual. They also examined the house of Guadet's father, and in doing this, had reason to suspect there was a hiding-place. The sound of the snapping of a pistol confirmed their suspicions. Further concealment was useless; and Guadet and Salles, who were hidden within, immediately cried out that they would surrender. They were at once arrested, and with them Guadet's father, his brother, and an old aunt who lived in the house. Guadet and Salles were guillotined the next day at Bordeaux. Salles's last letter to his wife, whom he left destitute, and with three children, dependent on the charity of a good priest of Brittany, is most touching, and breathes the tenderest affection. Both behaved with uncommon firmness. Guadet addressed the crowd; but the drums, which were purposely beaten, prevented him from being heard, with the exception of his last words: 'Citizens, you behold the last of your faithful representatives.' They died on the 19th of June 1794.

Buzot, Barbaroux, and Pétion were meanwhile in the house of a priest of Saint Emilion; but he being unfortunately unable to conceal them long, sent word to Madame Bouquey that she must find some other hiding-place for her friends. The good lady was much perplexed, until she thought at last of a very humane and honest man, a hairdresser, in whom she knew she could confide. 'I daresay,' said she, 'that Baptiste Troquart [such was his name] would keep them for some time.' Guadet's brother—this was before the arrest of Salles and Guadet—broke the subject to the hairdresser, who instantly agreed to receive them. This worthy man readily undertook, without prospect of remuneration, to conceal and attend to the wants of the three fugitives. They remained three months with him, receiving during that time every mark of kindness and attention. After working all day, Troquart would go out at night to find food for them, which, on account of the great scarcity of provisions, was no easy task. After long escaping the vigilance of the local authorities, their host received notice of the death of Guadet and Salles, and of domiciliary visits which daily took place in the neighbourhood. In short, it soon became evident that if the Girondins valued their lives, or his safety, they had no time to lose in effecting their escape. They left his house at night, accepting from him a loaf of bread, which was all that he could give. With this they set forward, ignorant where to go, but resolved never to be taken alive. The next morning, when they were in the vicinity of Castillon, in a cornfield, they perceived a vast crowd, occasioned by a fair in the neighbourhood, but which, at a distance, they mistook for battalions sent to arrest them. Barbaroux immediately endeavoured to blow out his brains, but only wounded himself in the attempt. The sound of the report of the pistol drew a woman to the spot, who gave the

alarm, and Barbaroux, still living, though insensible, was conveyed to Bordeaux, where, his identity having been ascertained before the revolutionary tribunal, he was immediately guillotined, 25th June 1794. Two days afterwards, the bodies of Pétion and Buzot were found in the corn-field, half devoured by wolves. It is gratifying to add that, a few weeks later, the Reign of Terror came to an end in the fall of Robespierre and his miserable companions. When this happy event took place, a general rejoicing prevailed throughout France. The prisons rang with songs, and people embraced each other in a species of intoxication. The activity of the guillotine was now suspended, and calm inquiry succeeded to a period of dire injustice and disorder. Those who had been in dread to speak their mind, even to their nearest relations, now commented freely on the state of public affairs. Unfortunately, before this resumption of reason and order, the excellent Madame Bouquey perished on the scaffold, with almost every member of her family. Her death, however, was to be attributed more to her relationship with Guadet, than to her hospitality towards his companions.

Such was the end of the Girondins. They almost all died on the scaffold : some of them betrayed by treacherous friends, like Rabaut St Etienne ; and others, like Valady, through their own rashness. Several, amongst whom was Louvet, survived those eventful times ; but few were ever afterwards concerned in public affairs.

The Gironde party became now, in every sense of the word, extinct. France was unworthy of them : it had not the intelligence or the heroism to defend them. Their fate has shewn us the *utter folly of trusting to theories in a revolution.* Commencing with the best intentions, they hastened the fall of monarchy, and fanned a flame which finally and remorselessly devoured them. In proportion as the discord of the Revolution increased, their sentiments became more distasteful to the multitude, which, with passions aroused, could not appreciate principles of moderation. After their fall from power, and the execution of twenty-two of their number, the Dantonists, or party next moderate in degree, tried to quell the violence that had been produced ; and they also fell, and were exterminated, leaving the Terrorists for a time in unquestioned authority ; and it was only when the most extreme likewise perished, that, as above mentioned, a public calm was restored. We know of no page in history so well calculated to render men patient under real or fancied wrongs, as that which recounts this ferocious struggle. What could afford a more striking lesson of the necessity for keeping in all cases within the bounds of constitutional moderation ? Let us, with these remarks, draw a veil over the errors of the Girondins, whose heroic endurance of suffering in the day of adversity may be supposed to expiate failings which, arising from ignorance and good intention, are not without excuse.



THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

THE most distinctly marked epoch in the history of our island is the conquest of England by the Normans in the end of the eleventh century. This period of British history has recently received much attention from historians; and perhaps the following brief narrative, in which we adopt the spirit, and avail ourselves of the investigations, of these historians, may be of popular service.

At the dawn of history our island was inhabited by different Celtic or Gaelic races. About the commencement of the Christian era the Romans invaded it, and having conquered the greater part of it, kept possession of it for four hundred years, governing and civilising the inhabitants. In the year 410, however, the Roman armies were called out of Britain, their services being required to assist in repelling the invasion of the German or barbarian races, which were pouring in upon the central parts of the Roman empire. Thus abandoned by the Romans, the island was for some time in a state of confusion, owing to the inroads which the Scots and Picts of the north, who had not been softened by intercourse with the Romans, were constantly making upon the Cambrians and Logrians of the south, who, though belonging to the same original stock with themselves, had, in consequence of Roman influence, lost much of their native wildness of character. Not able to defend themselves against the Scots and Picts, the Cambrians and Logrians invited the assistance of Hengst and Horsa, two German corsairs, who,

roving the seas in quest of booty, chanced to land on the coast of Kent. Hengst and Horsa quickly brought into England an army of their own countrymen from that part of the continent which we now call Denmark; and these being followed by others of the same race from the Netherlands and Gaul, the island, in the course of sixty or seventy years, was overrun by a new population of Angles, Jutes, and Saxons, and the original Celtic inhabitants were pushed before them, and cooped up in a few corners, into which it was difficult to pursue them. The new inhabitants of England were gradually converted to Christianity by missionaries from Rome. For nearly three hundred years they remained broken up into six or seven separate little kingdoms or provinces; but at length, about the end of the ninth century, they were incorporated into one monarchy, called the kingdom of the Anglo-Saxons. This kingdom included all that we now call England, except a considerable portion in the north called Northumbria, which had been seized by the Danish and Norwegian pirates or sea-kings, who were then the terror of the north of Europe. The inhabitants of this part of England were called Anglo-Danes, to distinguish them from the Anglo-Saxons. About the year 934, however, Ethelstan, king of the Anglo-Saxons, the grandson of Alfred the Great, gained a great victory over the Anglo-Danish king, and incorporated the whole country, from the Tweed to Land's End, into one kingdom, called *England*, divided no longer into separate states, but into a number of shires or counties, as at present. Still, the animosity between the two populations—the Anglo-Saxon and the Anglo-Danish—continued, and many attempts were made by the Anglo-Danes to obtain the sovereignty of the island. They at last effected it under Sweyn or Sweno, a Danish sea-king, who came across the German Ocean with a large fleet, and, after many battles, succeeded, in 1013, in driving the Anglo-Saxon king, Ethelred, out of the country, and assuming the crown himself. The expelled king, Ethelred, with his two sons, took refuge in the dominions of Richard, Duke of Normandy, in France, whose sister he had married—a step which, as will afterwards appear, was followed by very unforeseen consequences.

The Danish king, Sweyn, dying in 1014, and his son Knut, or Canute, not being able immediately to seize the vacant throne, Ethelred again obtained temporary possession of a part of England. In 1016, however, he too died, and his Anglo-Saxon subjects chose as his successor his natural son, Edmund Ironside, passing over his two legitimate children, Alfred and Edward, who were then at their uncle's court in Normandy. For a while the struggle lasted between the two rivals for the throne—Edmund the Anglo-Saxon, and Canute the Dane—and many battles were fought with various success. In one of these battles, the Danes having been defeated, and forced to flee, one of their principal captains, named Ulf, lost his

way in the woods. After wandering all night, he met at daybreak a young peasant driving a herd of oxen, whom he saluted, and asked his name. 'I am Godwin, the son of Ulfnoth,' said the young peasant, 'and thou art a Dane.' Thus obliged to confess who he was, Ulf begged the young Saxon to shew him his way to the Severn, where the Danish ships were at anchor. 'It is foolish in a Dane,' replied the peasant, 'to expect such a service from a Saxon; and, besides, the way is long, and the country people are all in arms.' The Danish chief drew off a gold ring from his finger, and gave it to the shepherd as an inducement to be his guide. The young Saxon looked at it for an instant with great earnestness, and then returned it, saying: 'I will take nothing from thee, but I will try to conduct thee.' Leading him to his father's cottage, he concealed him there during the day, and when night came on, they prepared to depart together. As they were going, the old peasant said to Ulf: 'This is my only son Godwin, who risks his life for thee. He cannot return among his countrymen again; take him, therefore, and present him to thy king, Canute, that he may enter into his service.' The Dane promised, and kept his word. The young Saxon peasant was well received in the Danish camp, and rising from step to step by the force of his talents, he afterwards became known over all England as the great Earl Godwin.

After the death of Edmund Ironside, Canute became sole king of England, over which he ruled with firmness and ability till 1035—the stability of his government having been secured by the prudent precaution of marrying the Norman princess Emma or Alfghive, the widow of the deceased Ethelred, and the mother of the two Saxon princes whose claims to the throne he feared. These two princes, still residing in Normandy, were apparently shut out from all hope of ever succeeding to the throne of their ancestors; for their mother having born a son to her new husband Canute, this son, whose name was Hardicanute, was left heir on his father's death. Hardicanute, however, found a rival in Harold, another of Canute's sons, and for some time the two brothers contended for the crown. Alfred, one of the two sons of the Saxon Ethelred, thinking to take advantage of the confusion arising from this contest, landed in England with a number of Norman followers, and gained some successes; but was afterwards abandoned by his party, and treacherously murdered, at the instigation, some said, of Earl Godwin, the peasant's son, now governor of a province. Of the two rival brothers, Harold was at first successful; but when he died, Hardicanute ascended the throne without opposition. His death took place in 1041; and now Earl Godwin, who was the most powerful and popular personage in the kingdom, resolved to free his country from the government of the Danes, and restore tranquillity and order by recalling Edward from Normandy, the remaining son of Ethelred. Godwin might, apparently, with little difficulty, have become king himself; but his

motives were those of a great mind, anxious not for personal aggrandisement, but for the welfare of the nation. Accordingly, at a great council of the chief men of the kingdom, held at Gillingham, it was resolved, by his advice, to invite Edward to come over and assume his father's crown; on condition, however, of his bringing with him as few Normans as possible.

In 1042, Edward returned to his native land, and was consecrated king in the cathedral of Winchester. One of his first acts was to marry Edith or Ethelswith, the daughter of the peasant's son to whom he owed his kingdom. The beauty and the sweetness of this princess, as well as her love of learning, are celebrated in the chronicles of the time. 'I have seen her many times in my childhood,' says the monk Ingulphus, 'when I went to visit my father, who was employed in the king's palace. If she met me returning from school, she would question me in my grammar, or my verses, or my logic, in which she was very skilful; and when she had drawn me into the labyrinth of some subtle argument, she never failed to give me three or four crowns through the hands of her woman, and send me to take refreshment in the pantry.' 'Godwin,' the people said in their songs, contrasting the austerity of the father with the sweetness of the daughter, 'is the parent of Editha, as the thorn is of the rose.'

For a time all was peace and prosperity. Supported by the wise counsels of his father-in-law Godwin, and the immense power which he and his five sons, Harold, Sweyn, Tostig, Gurth, and Leofwin, wielded over the affections of the people, Edward rectified what was wrong in the state, established good laws, and earned for himself a reputation which outlasted his life, and appeared long afterwards in the deep feeling with which people talked of the happy state of England during the reign of the pious Edward the Confessor. Edward, however, could not root out the affections which thirty years' residence in Normandy had implanted in his heart; and forgetting the promise attached to his acceptance of the crown, he began to admit Norman strangers into the kingdom. The high offices of state were conferred on foreigners who had no interest of birth in the country. Fortresses were placed in the hands of Norman captains; Norman priests were promoted to vacant bishoprics; and the king's palace was filled with Norman favourites. The Anglo-Saxon language became unfashionable at Edward's court, so that even old Saxon nobles tried to learn Norman; Saxon mantles were laid aside for Norman short coats; and the very form of handwriting which the Normans practised was studiously imitated. In vain did the people murmur; in vain did Godwin and his sons try to resist the tide of Norman influence; the evil increased to such an extent, that Normans, on arriving in England, felt as if they were still in their own country. Before detailing the consequences which resulted from this conduct of Edward, it is necessary to give our

readers a brief account of the origin and history of this singular people the Normans.

THE NORMANS IN FRANCE.

The Normans, though we are accustomed to regard them as Frenchmen, were, as their name *Nor-mans* or *Northmen* indicates, originally of the same Teutonic stock as the Angles, Danes, and Saxons. In the end of the ninth century, there ruled over Norway a king called Harold Harfagher, or Harold with the Beautiful Hair, who set himself resolutely to destroy the system of piracy which the Scandinavian chiefs had practised for several centuries in all parts of the North Sea. Within his own dominions he attempted to enforce regulations for preventing the oppressive exactions of the nobles, especially for abolishing the custom of *strandhug*, as it was called, by which a chief, when he was in want of provisions for his ships, used to land on the nearest coast, and seize what he wanted without payment. One of the most eminent of Harold's subjects was Rognvald, who had a son called Rolf or Rollo, renowned for his valour, and so tall, that, not being able to find a horse of the small Norway breed large enough for him to ride, he used always to go on foot. Returning from an excursion, Rollo ventured one day to land on the coast of a remote province, and exercise his right of strandhug. Complaint was made to the king; and a council having been assembled, Rollo was banished from Norway. The young Norwegian, collecting some vessels, commenced the congenial life of a pirate or sea-king. Sailing round by the Hebrides, where he was joined by many of his countrymen whose circumstances were similar to his own, he descended upon the coasts of France. Ascending the Seine, the bold adventurers took possession of the towns of Rouen, Evreux, and Bayeux, and in a short time were masters of the whole surrounding district—the inhabitants of which, however, they treated with more consideration than is usual in conquest. Rollo was chosen king, a title afterwards superseded by the French one of duke; and for many years the little Scandinavian kingdom of Normandy continued independent of the rest of France. At length, in 912, Duke Rollo of Normandy and Charles the Simple of France had an interview, at which Rollo agreed to be the king's vassal for his territory of Normandy; in return for which Charles gave him the additional fief of Brittany, adjacent to Normandy, or rather gave him liberty to conquer it if he could, for Brittany did not acknowledge the French sovereignty. At this interview an incident occurred which will shew the spirit of the two parties and of the times. When Rollo was about to retire, he was told that he ought to kneel and kiss the king's foot, in token of vassalage. 'Kiss a man's foot!' replied the Norwegian with astonishment. Being told that it was a necessary and customary ceremony, Rollo at

length beckoned to one of his soldiers, and bade him kiss the king's foot in his stead. The soldier, laying hold of the king's leg, raised the foot to his mouth, and the king was thrown on his back, amid peals of laughter from the unmannerly Scandinavians.

Rollo and his Normans soon embraced Christianity; and their children, amalgamating with the native population of the province which they had conquered, lost their own language, and gradually acquired the *lingua Romana*, or French. In the course of a century this incorporation of the Normans with the natives was complete; the recollection of their Scandinavian origin was only preserved by the nobles; and the people of Norway and Denmark no longer recognised them as related to themselves by ties of kindred. In 1013, when Ethelred, the Anglo-Saxon king of England, took refuge, as before related, in the court of his brother-in-law Richard, the fourth in descent from Duke Rollo, French was the universal language of Normandy, and the Normans in all external respects were Frenchmen. Educated from their earliest years at this court, Alfred and Edward, the two sons of Ethelred, could not but contract a taste and liking for everything French; and when, in 1042, Edward was recalled to assume the crown of England, he was more a Norman than an Anglo-Saxon. Thirty years' residence in France must have made the language and the customs of his native country strange to him; and it was but natural that when his old Norman acquaintances came to pay their respects to him in England, he should give them a hearty welcome. The Normans, already noted for their restless and grasping disposition, availed themselves of Edward's weakness, as we have seen, and came over in great numbers.

THE NORMANS IN ENGLAND—THEIR EXPULSION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Among the Frenchmen who came into England to visit Edward, was his brother-in-law Eustace, the hot-headed Count of Boulogne. In a frolic the count, riding armed with his men into the town of Dover, proceeded to insult the inhabitants, and to quarter themselves in the best houses they could find. One householder was bold enough to offer resistance; a Frenchman was killed in the fray; and his companions seeing this, drew their swords, galloped through the streets like madmen, striking at all they met, and trampling down women and children, till, being opposed by an armed body of citizens, nineteen of them were slain. The rest returned to Gloucester, where Edward was holding his court; and here Eustace, making his complaint to the king, demanded vengeance upon the inhabitants of Dover for the injury they had done him. Edward gave orders to his father-in-law, Earl Godwin, to go and chastise those insolent subjects who had dared to insult his guests. The earl, however, knew the facts of the case better, and told the king

that he ought to protect his subjects against the foreigners, rather than punish them in so hasty and summary a manner for what inquiry might prove to have been no crime at all. The king, enraged at this act of disobedience, and urged on by his Norman favourites, resolved to bring Godwin to trial, and the result was a contest between the sovereign and his subject, in which the latter was able, by his popularity, to bid the king defiance. At length Edward managed to assemble a parliament, and, by keeping troops in the neighbourhood to overawe it, to procure a sentence of banishment against Godwin and his sons. Obeying this decree, Godwin, his wife Ghitha, and his three sons, Sweyn, Gurth, and Tostig, embarked for Flanders, while the other two, Harold and Leofwin, took refuge in Ireland. The only member of this powerful family left in England was the Queen Edith; and, as if to complete their downfall, Edward was unmanly enough to allow her to be removed from the palace, and imprisoned in a cloister. 'It was not right,' his Norman associates said, 'that the daughter should sleep on a down bed, while her father and brothers were in exile.'

After the banishment of Godwin and his sons, the Normans poured in upon England in still greater numbers. A Norman, Robert of Jumiegès, became Archbishop of Canterbury, another Norman became Bishop of London; and Norman noblemen were appointed to all the highest posts of the kingdom. Among the crowd of Norman visitors who came into England about the year 1051, was one whose name was afterwards to be better known—William, the young Duke of Normandy, called at that time William the Bastard. William was the illegitimate son of the last Duke Robert, called, from his violent temper, Robert le Diable, by Arlète, a young girl, the daughter of a tanner of Falaise, whom he chanced to see one day washing linen in a brook. He was born in 1024, and brought up with all the honours of the duke's son. In 1031, when he was seven years of age, his father, Duke Robert, resolved to set out on a pilgrimage of penance to the Holy Land; but before he went, he made the Norman nobility elect young William their duke, and swear fealty to him as such. The boy, as he grew up, manifested a spirit worthy of the descendant of Rollo; ambitious, fierce, and even cruel, he had yet qualities which endeared him to his subjects in Normandy, and made them ready to follow him in any enterprise which he chose to engage in. From his earliest youth he had been occupied in war, especially against the neighbouring provinces of Anjou and Brittany. During the king of England's long exile in Normandy, he had of course become acquainted with the young duke his cousin; and indeed, during a portion of it, he had been indebted to him for liberty to reside in the country, William's accession to the dukedom having taken place ten years before Edward left Normandy. There was, therefore, nothing extraordinary in the circumstance of William's now paying a visit to the dominions of his former guest.

The visit, however, was attended by very important results. 'In riding through the land,' says the historian Thierry, 'the Duke of Normandy might have easily persuaded himself that he had not quitted his own dominions. The captains of the English fleet which received him at Dover were Normans; they were Norman soldiers who composed the garrison of the castle on the neighbouring cliffs; crowds of governors and dignified clergy who came to pay their respects to him were Normans; Edward's Norman favourites respectfully ranged themselves round their feudal chief, so that William appeared in England almost more a king than Edward himself.' All these circumstances conspired to nourish in the young duke's mind an idea which he had already begun to entertain, that, on the death of Edward, he might be his successor. No hint, however, escaped him of what was passing in his mind; and after enjoying the hospitalities of Edward for some time, he returned to Normandy.

Meanwhile the banished Godwin and his sons were not idle. In constant correspondence with the Anglo-Saxon party in England, they soon learned that the state of affairs there was favourable to their return. Accordingly, in 1052, raising some vessels at Bruges, they sailed for the coast of Kent, and after holding communication with the inhabitants, they ventured to land. Immediately finding themselves supported by the population, they marched towards London, and at length compelled Edward to consent to an assembly of the chiefs for revising the sentence of banishment which had been pronounced against them. This assembly reversed the sentence, and readmitted Godwin and his family into England, Edward and he giving each other hostages as a security for their future amicable conduct towards each other. Edward's wife, Edith, now resumed her honours as queen; and all the members of this powerful family were restored to their former dignities, except Sweyn, who, stung with remorse for some crimes which he had committed in his youth, one of which was the abduction of a nun, had resolved to atone for them by walking barefoot to Jerusalem. This painful pilgrimage he accomplished, but it cost him his life.

The Normans at the court of Edward had taken to horse, and fled at the first rumour of Godwin's reconciliation with the king; and in a short time there was not a Norman of consequence remaining in the island. Among the first to flee, as if for their lives, were Robert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and William, Bishop of London. They and their followers embarked in some fishing-boats, which carried them to France; and so hurried had been their flight, that the archbishop left behind him his *pallium*, the symbol of archiepiscopal authority with which the pope had invested him. A few Normans, special favourites of the king, were, contrary to Godwin's advice, permitted to return to England; but a sentence of banishment was pronounced against the rest, as enemies to the public peace and to

the English nation. Stigand, the Saxon Bishop of East Anglia, was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other places vacated by the Normans were in like manner given to Anglo-Saxons.

Thus was England for a time cleared of the Normans. The expelled Normans, however, especially the expelled Norman clergy, were dangerous enemies. Robert, the ex-archbishop of Canterbury, immediately bent his steps towards Rome, then the centre of the intrigues of all the nations of Christendom. Here he laid his complaint before the pope and the cardinals, demanding a sentence against the Anglo-Saxon Stigand, who had been intruded into his archbishopric. The papal court was at that time very willing to receive a complaint against the English, who, since the death of Hardicanute, had neglected to pay the tax of Peter's pence, imposed by Canute in token of his reverence for the Romish Church. Rome, therefore, at this time received no money from England except what was offered in private donations. The Norman priest's complaint was accordingly listened to with attention; and the College of Cardinals having decided that Stigand was guilty of a crime in retaining the *pallium* which Robert had left in his flight, letters were granted to Robert by Pope Stephen X. declaring him to be the true and lawful Archbishop of Canterbury. Stephen's successor, the antipope Benedict X., during his short papacy, seemed disposed to favour the Anglo-Saxons; but Norman influence again prevailed under the papacy of Nicholas II., which commenced in 1059. The man who appears to have been most efficient in stirring up the wrath of the papal court against the English was Lanfranc, a monk of Lombard origin, celebrated for his learning and abilities, who was then at Rome on a mission from Normandy connected with the marriage of the Norman duke with his cousin Matilda, daughter of the Count of Flanders. Lanfranc seems to have suggested to the pope and the heads of the Romish clergy the idea of regaining their ancient footing in England by means of the Normans, whose duke might one day, he said, sit upon the Anglo-Saxon throne. There was one man then connected with the papacy on whose mind this idea of Lanfranc's was likely to fall like seed upon prepared ground: this was Hildebrand, the monk of Cluny, afterwards Pope Gregory VII., and even now the true ruling mind in the Romish Church. The great idea of Hildebrand's soul was the aggrandisement of the spiritual power in all the nations of Europe; and in the proposal of an alliance between the pope and the Norman duke against England, he saw the means of once more subjugating that refractory island under the ecclesiastical power of Rome. Accordingly, he used all his influence to weaken the English interest at the papal court, and to dispose the pope and his cardinals to sanction the claim which it was understood the Norman duke made, of being the rightful successor to the English king Edward.

In the meantime events in England were hastening towards the

catastrophe. In 1053, shortly after the expulsion of the Normans, the great Earl Godwin died. The manner of his death was somewhat remarkable, if we may believe the tradition handed down by several of the old historians, but contradicted by others. We have already mentioned that Godwin was accused by his enemies, the Normans, of being implicated in the death of Alfred, the brother of Edward, who made an expedition into England for the purpose of claiming the throne while it was disputed by the two sons of Canute. The story accordingly is, that one day, when Godwin was dining with the king, one of the attendants, while in the act of filling a cup with wine, slipped with one leg, but saved himself from falling by the other. 'Ah,' said Godwin to the king, laughing, 'there the one brother came to the help of the other.'

'Doubtless,' replied Edward, glancing significantly at the Saxon earl, 'one brother needs the help of another; and would to God that my brother were still alive!'

'King,' said Godwin, perceiving the meaning of Edward's allusion, 'why is it that the slightest mention of your brother makes you look with an evil eye upon me? If I had any concern in his death, may the God of heaven cause me to choke on this piece of bread!' He put the bread into his mouth, instantly grew black in the face, and fell from his seat a corpse. So at least say the Norman chroniclers; the Saxons give a less romantic account of the death of their beloved chief, and one more likely to be true.

After Godwin's death, his sons, especially Harold the eldest, and Tostig the third, inherited his power. Harold was appointed governor of the country south of the Thames, while to Tostig was assigned the government of Northumbria. Tostig, however, being of a proud and tyrannical disposition, soon came to a rupture with his Northumbrian subjects, who were for the most part of Danish descent; and as their differences could not be satisfactorily adjusted, he quitted the country, and went over to Flanders, enraged both against the king and his brother Harold, who, he conceived, had not taken his part with sufficient earnestness. Harold, meanwhile, grew in popularity. Equally trusted by the king, and beloved by the nation, he perpetuated the glory of the great earl his father, and was universally acknowledged as the first man in the kingdom. In the spirit of his father, he resolutely resisted the readmission of the Normans into England, as fraught with danger to the independence of the country.

It will be remembered that, on the occasion of the reconciliation of the Earl Godwin and the king, they delivered hostages to each other, as guarantees of their renewed friendship. The hostages given by Godwin to Edward were his youngest son, Ulfnoth, and a son of his second son Sweyn. These had been sent, in 1053, to the court of William of Normandy, where they still remained in a sort of captivity. Harold, becoming anxious for the return of his

brother and his nephew to their native land, begged leave from Edward, in the autumn of 1065, to pay a visit to Normandy, that he might bring them back. Edward was perfectly willing to release the hostages, but he was alarmed at the thought of Harold putting himself in the power of the Norman duke. 'I know Duke William,' he said, 'and his crafty spirit. He will grant thee nothing, unless he can secure some advantage thereby to himself. Stay thou at home, and let another person go instead.'

Harold, however, boldly embarked for Normandy. Unfortunately, the vessels were wrecked on that part of the coast which belonged to the Count of Ponthieu, and Harold and his companions were made prisoners by the count. In this dilemma the Norman Duke interfered in a handsome manner, and ransomed his intended visitor, thus laying him beforehand under an obligation of gratitude. Harold and his suite thus released, were received by William with the most studied attention and kindness; the hostages were liberated at once at Harold's request; and at William's earnest solicitation, the Saxons prolonged their visit, not only engaging in friendly jousts and pleasure-parties with the Normans, but even rendering them assistance in a military excursion against the inhabitants of Brittany, between whom and the Normans there had been a feud ever since the time that Charles the Simple made over Brittany as a fief to Duke Rollo. Harold and William became bosom-companions; they shared the same tent, they ate at the same table, and when they rode out, in the words of an old chronicler, 'tales together they told, ilk on a good palfrey.' 'One day,' says Thierry, 'William turned the conversation on his early intimacy with King Edward. "When Edward and I," said the duke, "lived like twin-brothers in the same tent, he made me a promise that, if ever he became king of England, he would nominate me his successor to the crown. Harold," he continued, "I should like well that you would give me your assistance to make this promise good; and be sure that, if by your help I obtain the kingdom, I will grant you all you choose to ask." Harold was completely taken by surprise at this sudden disclosure; but he could not avoid using some vague expressions of assent. William then proceeded—"Since my friend consents to assist me, I shall take the liberty of telling him what I would like him to do. The castle of Dover must be fortified, a well of water must be sunk in it, and it must be given up to my soldiers; moreover, to strengthen the ties between us, you must give me your sister, that I may marry her to one of my chiefs, and you yourself must marry my daughter Adela. I expect also that when you go away, you will leave behind you one of the hostages you came to reclaim; I shall bring him to England with me when I come to claim the crown." At these words, Harold perceived all the danger into which he had brought not only himself, but also his young relations. To relieve himself from his

embarrassment, he gave a verbal consent to all that the duke required, intending afterwards to escape from his promise.'

Nothing more was said on the fatal subject for some time; and Harold was flattering himself that no serious consequences would arise from his unfortunate agreement with William, when the duke summoned a great council of his barons to meet at Avranches, or, according to another account, at Bayeux. 'The day preceding that fixed for the assembly, William had caused all the bones and relics of saints that were preserved in the convents and religious houses of the country round about to be secretly collected, and put into a large chest or hamper, which was placed in the middle of the hall where the council was to sit, and carefully covered with a cloth of gold. When the duke had taken his seat in the chair of state, holding in his hand a drawn sword, ornamented with a chaplet of flowers of gold, and having around him his Norman barons, with the Saxon chief among them, he commanded a missal to be brought and placed upon the chest which contained the relics. Then addressing Harold, he said in a loud voice: "Harold, I here require thee, in presence of this noble assembly, to confirm by oath the promises thou hast already made to me in private; namely, that thou wilt assist me to obtain the crown of England after Edward's death, that thou wilt marry my daughter Adela, and that thou wilt send thy sister into Normandy, that I may give her in marriage to one of my barons." The English chief, again taken by surprise, did not dare to deny his promise; and approaching the missal with a troubled air, laid his hand upon its leaves, and swore to be true to his engagements with the duke, if he lived, and if God granted him assistance. "God be thy assistance!" said the whole assembly at once; and while Harold still stood, at a signal from the duke the missal and the cloth of gold were removed, and the dry bones and skeletons which filled the chest to the brim were exposed to view, and the son of Godwin became aware that he had been betrayed into taking an oath of tremendous sanctity. When his eyes lighted on the heap of relics, say the Norman historians, he shuddered, and started back with a changed countenance.' After thus obtaining his object, William did not seek longer to detain his guest, who departed for England, taking his nephew with him, but leaving his brother behind, as a hostage in William's keeping for the faithful fulfilment of his promise. William accompanied him to the sea-shore, and took an affectionate leave of him.

'Ah,' said King Edward when Harold returned, and told him all that had occurred, 'I forewarned you of what William would do; I know him too well. Heaven grant that I may not live to see the misfortunes which are about to fall on this country!' It would seem, from Edward's demeanour, that he was conscious of having made some such promise as that alluded to by William during his exile in Normandy.

DEATH OF EDWARD—INVASION OF ENGLAND—BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Edward did not long survive the return of Harold from Normandy. Naturally of a weak and melancholy temperament, his last days were spent in gloomy forebodings and superstitious observances. His subjects likewise shared his anxiety, and began to remember old prophecies, in which terrible misfortunes were predicted to the Saxon nation. The feeling of sanctity attached to the oath which Harold had sworn—an oath which, according to the ideas of the time, was not the less binding that it had been imposed by deceit—had much to do with this national melancholy. Unless that oath were broken, the Norman duke would almost certainly be king of England. But if that oath were broken, would not Heaven punish the impiety? Such was the universal feeling of the English people, when the death of the king, on the 5th of January 1066, obliged them to come to a practical decision. On his deathbed the king was haunted with frightful visions; and, to the horror of his attendants, he would, in his paroxysms, repeat such passages of Scripture as the following: 'The Lord hath bent his bow; he hath prepared his sword; he waveth and brandisheth it like a warrior; he will shew his wrath by fire and sword.' In vain did Stigand, the Archbishop of Canterbury, assure them that these were but the raving fancies of a dying man; they received them as the divine announcements of coming disaster.

Before his death, Edward did one courageous act—he nominated Harold as his successor. Accordingly, on the day after Edward's funeral, Harold was elected king of England, and anointed by Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury. There was only one person alive who could have disputed the throne with Harold—Edgar, the grandson of Edmund Ironside, and grand-nephew of Edward; but Edgar, though English by descent, was a foreigner by birth, and possessed no qualifications which could entitle him to be the rival of Harold. Harold therefore ascended the throne without opposition, and signalised the commencement of his reign by various vigorous and decisive measures, calculated to secure the independence of his country against Norman intrigue. The beginning of his reign, however, was marked by the portentous appearance of a comet, which was visible for a month, and was gazed at by crowds as the harbinger of war and misfortune.

Meanwhile the news of Edward's death had reached the Norman duke. 'At the moment when he received the intelligence,' says Thierry, 'he was in his park, near Rouen, with a new bow and arrows in his hand, trying them. On receiving the news, he became thoughtful, gave the bow and arrows mechanically into the hands of one of his men, and passing the Seine, repaired to his palace at

Rouen. Entering the long hall, he paced backwards and forwards, sometimes sitting down, and immediately rising again, shifting his seat and posture, and unable to remain in one place. No one dared to approach him; all his men looked on and wondered. At length one officer, who was more familiar with him than the rest, ventured to go up to him. "My lord," said he, "there is a report that the king of England is dead, and that Harold has broken his oath to you, and seized the throne. Is this news true?" "It is true," replied William; "and it is this that causes my chagrin." "Do not distress yourself about what cannot be amended," said the other. "For Edward's death there is no remedy; but for the wrong done you by Harold there is. You have right on your side, and brave knights to defend it. Make an attempt, then, upon England; a work well begun is half ended."'

William had taken his resolution; but, crafty and cautious as he was audacious, he first sent a friendly message to Harold. 'William, Duke of the Normans,' so ran the message, 'sends to remind thee of thy oath, sworn to him with thy hand and with thy mouth upon the holy relics of the saints.' 'I remember the oath well,' was Harold's reply; 'but I was under coercion when I took it. Besides, I promised what it is not in my power to perform. The country has made me king, and I cannot give up the kingdom against the country's will; neither can I, against the country's will, marry a foreign wife. As for my sister, whom the duke proposed to give in marriage to one of his nobles, would he have me send a corpse? She is dead.' This answer was reported to William; who, however, did not even yet lose his temper, but sent another message, couched in mild but reproachful terms, entreating Harold at least to fulfil part of his promise, by marrying his daughter Adela. To put an end to all further solicitation on this point, Harold married the sister of two great Saxon chiefs, Edwin and Morkar. Roused by this final insult, the Norman duke swore that, within a year, he would be revenged on the perjured Harold and those who supported him.

The beginning of the year 1066 was spent in preparations on both sides. The Norman duke received an accession to his cause in the person of Harold's own brother, Tostig, who, it will be remembered, had, about nine years before, left England, owing to fancied ill-treatment at the hands of the late king and of his brother, and gone over to Flanders. No sooner had Harold ascended the throne, than Tostig presented himself to Duke William in Normandy, and offered to assist him in deposing his brother. William listened to his proposals, and gave him some vessels with which to make an attempt on some part of the English coast. Tostig, instead of proceeding immediately to England, bent his course to Denmark, where he endeavoured to engage Sweno, the Danish king, in the enterprise. Failing in this, he next addressed himself to Harold of Norway, the last of the renowned sea-kings of Scandinavia, and

already famous for his exploits all over the north of Europe. 'The world knows,' said Tostig to him, 'that there is no warrior living like thee. Thou hast but to wish it, and England will be thine.' Harold was persuaded, and agreed to collect an armament, and invade England in the summer or the autumn. Thus were the English threatened with two simultaneous invasions—the invasion of William and his Normans from the south, and of the Norwegians under Harold and Tostig from the north.

Leaving Tostig and the Scandinavian Harold for a while, let us return to William and his Normans. Far and wide did he publish the perjury of Harold, enlisting the superstition of the times on his side. All Europe was intent on the impending struggle between the man who had broken his oath, sworn on the holy relics, and the man who had deceived his guest into taking the oath; and, strange as it may appear, the sympathy was on the side of the latter. At Rome, especially, the Norman interest prevailed. William accused Harold of sacrilege before the pontifical court, demanded that England should be laid under interdict so long as Harold reigned over it, and presented his own claims to the throne. The cause of the Norman found a willing advocate in Archdeacon Hildebrand, who saw in William a tool for the accomplishment in England of his own gigantic scheme of spiritual supremacy. Ardently and perseveringly, he endeavoured to bring the cardinals and leading clergy over to his views, and to persuade them to sanction a Norman invasion of England. For some time his representations were ineffectual. 'I almost earned,' he says, 'infamy from some of the brethren for my conduct; for they muttered that I was labouring in the cause of murder and bloodshed.' Before his indomitable energy, however, all opposition gave way; and a judicial sentence was at length pronounced by the pope himself, in terms of which 'William, Duke of Normandy, had permission granted him to enter England, to restore it to the sway of the Romish see, and to re-establish in it the tax of Peter's pence.' At the same time a papal bull was sent to William, declaring the excommunication of Harold and all who should adhere to him; and as a further evidence of the sacredness of William's cause in the eyes of the church, a consecrated banner was sent as a gift from the pope, along with a diamond ring, in which was enchased one of the hairs of the apostle Peter.

In the meantime, while waiting the blessing of the church, William had not been neglecting more substantial preparations. 'The duke,' says William of Malmesbury, 'spent the whole year in providing the necessaries of war; his own soldiers were armed and kept in discipline at great expense; foreign troops were invited into his service; his different squadrons and battalions were carefully formed and made up of the tallest and strongest men, whilst he took care that the chief captains and officers, besides having a perfect knowledge

of the military art, should be men of mature experience: to have seen them either at the head of their soldiers or alone, you would have thought them kings, not captains.' It was not without some difficulty, however, that William persuaded his own subjects of Normandy to assist him in his project. 'Doubtless,' said the Norman citizens in the council which William summoned on purpose to ask their assistance in arms and money, 'Duke William is our liege lord. We are not bound, however, to pay him money to assist him in wars beyond the sea. His wars have already burdened us too much; and if he fails in this expedition, our country will be ruined.' The crafty duke knew how to overcome this opposition. 'He sent,' says Thierry, 'for those men separately who had opposed his wishes in the council, beginning with the most rich and influential, and begged that they would assist him purely as a personal favour. No one had courage, thus singly interrogated, face to face with the duke, to utter a refusal. Whatever amount of money, arms, or provisions they promised, was immediately registered; and in this manner the example of those who subscribed first determined the amount promised by those who came last. One subscribed for a ship, another for so many armed men, and some engaged their personal service. The clergy gave money; the merchants gave arms and stuffs; and the country people gave corn. Carpenters were soon employed in all the ports of Normandy building and refitting vessels; armourers and smiths in making lances, swords, and mail; and porters in carrying burdens backwards and forwards between the ships and the manufactories.'

The arrival from Rome of the papal bull, the consecrated banner, and the diamond ring, in which the hair of St Peter was enchased, increased the enthusiasm. From east and west, from north and south, from Anjou, Brittany, Flanders, France, and Burgundy, nay, even from the banks of the Rhine, adventurers flocked in to join the expedition, led partly by the hopes of salvation in joining an enterprise which the church had blessed, and partly by the hopes of plunder. To all these adventurers William made ample promises. To one he promised the governorship of a town when England should be conquered, to another so much land, to another a rich English wife. To one covetous adventurer, who assisted him with a ship and twenty men-at-arms, he gave an English bishopric in prospect.

At the middle of August 1066 all was ready; hundreds of vessels and transport-boats were collected at the mouth of the river Dives; and the army was encamped on the beach, waiting for a fair wind to embark. For a whole month the winds blew contrary. This delay was trying to William, both on account of the expense which it caused, and of its discouraging effect on the minds of the soldiers. Never were his prudence and energy more conspicuous. 'The expenses of the knights,' says his contemporary biographer, William of Poitiers, 'foreign as well as Norman, were cheerfully paid; but

he would permit no one, however high his rank, to seize anything at his own hands. The flocks and herds fed in the fields as securely as if they had been shut up in some secret place. The crops ripened for the sickle of the labourer without being cut down by foraging parties, or trodden under foot by the haughty carelessness of the knights; and the weak and unarmed husbandman travelled wherever he chose, singing on his horse, and gazing without fear on the troops of warlike men who crossed his path.' At length a breeze from the south sprang up, and the fleet set sail. The ships had got no farther than the roadstead of St Valery, near Dieppe, when the wind again became adverse; and a storm arising, the fleet was tossed about, and several transports were wrecked. The troops were obliged to disembark, gloomy and dispirited. 'Heaven,' they said, looking at the bodies of their wrecked companions washed ashore by the tide, 'is against us; we have not fought a battle, and yet many of us have been slain. It is mad for any man to seek to possess himself of a kingdom which does not belong to him.' 'It was then,' says William of Poitiers, 'that the duke subdued adversity by prudence. Concealing as far as possible the death of those who had perished in the waves, he gave orders for the secret burial of their corpses, and in the meantime he comforted his men by an increase of rations.' Still he could not hide his anxiety. Many times in the day he repaired to the church of St Valery, the patron saint of that part of the coast. Here he would continue for a long time in prayer; and whenever he came out of the church, he would turn round and look up to the weathercock, to see if the wind had shifted. Still the winds were northerly. In despair, William 'caused the body of St Valery, the beloved of God, to be carried out of the church, followed in procession by all whose duty it was to assist in this act of Christian humility. At length the favourable wind so long wished for arose; every voice and every hand was raised in gratitude to Heaven, and all began to embark with the utmost haste. The duke, in his ardour and impatience, was not slow to reprimand those who shewed the slightest inclination to loiter.'

It was on the evening of the 27th of September that the fleet set sail. It consisted of four hundred large vessels, and more than a thousand transports, and contained in all about sixty thousand men. The duke's ship led the van, with sails of different colours, with the three Norman lions painted on them, and the pope's consecrated banner flying at the mast-head. As night came on, the ship's lanterns were hoisted as a signal to the rest of the fleet in what direction they were to steer. William's ship, however, being the best sailer, soon left the others far behind. All the night he paced the deck in anxiety. In the morning he sent a sailor to the topmast, to see if there were any signs of the approach of the other ships. 'I see nothing but sea and sky,' cried the man from aloft. Anchor was immediately cast; and, to conceal his uneasiness, William

ordered a repast, with plenty of spiced wines, to be served to his men on the deck. A second time the sailor climbed to the topmast. 'I see four sails,' he said. A third time he mounted; and now the answer was: 'I see a forest of masts and sails.' Anchor was then weighed, and the hostile fleet advanced to the shores of England.

Meanwhile Harold the Scandinavian had set sail from Norway with a fleet of two hundred vessels. Gloomy omens attended the departure of the fleet from the Norway shore. It was observed that, when Harold stepped on board his vessel, the weight of his gigantic body made it sink deeper in the water than it had ever sunk before. The Norse soldiers, too, had fearful dreams, betokening the unfortunate issue of the enterprise they were about to engage in. 'Whilst the royal fleet was at anchor,' says the old Norse historian Snorro, 'one of the soldiers in the king's ship saw in a dream a gigantic female standing on a rock, holding a naked sword in her hand, and counting the ships. A crowd of ravens and vultures alighted upon the masts and yards of all the vessels. "Go," said the figure to them; "you shall have plenty to eat, for I go with the ships!" Another soldier dreamed that "he saw a fleet, which he knew to be that of his master Harold. It steered for England, and disembarked its freight of warriors on a shore where there was already drawn up a hostile army, clothed in shining steel, and with flags waving. Suddenly a shape was seen advancing in front of the English army —a tall and terrible woman, riding on a wolf, holding in his jaws a human body, dripping with blood; and when he had devoured it, the woman gave him another."' The impression of these omens was effaced as soon as the fleet set sail under the command of Harold and his son Olaf. Sailing southward, along the Scottish coast, where they were joined by Tostig the Saxon, who had for some time been cruising in these seas, the Norwegians landed at length at Scarborough, in Yorkshire, two or three weeks before William's fleet had sailed from Normandy. After attacking and plundering the town of Scarborough, they sailed up the Humber and the Ouse, with the intention of laying siege to York, the capital of Northumbria, the district of which Tostig had been governor. Edwin, Morkar, and Waltheof, the present chiefs of the district, tried to arrest their progress; but unable to do so, they threw themselves into York, resolved to defend it to the last. Elated with his success, Tostig assumed his old title of chief of Northumberland, and issued proclamations requiring the inhabitants to submit to his government.

Intelligence of these proceedings of the Norwegians in Yorkshire was carried to the English king, Harold, who was then on the southern coast, watching the expected appearance of the Norman fleet. As the northerly winds still continued to detain it in the French port, Harold at length resolved to march north and fight the Norwegians, hoping that he would be able to drive them away, and

return in time to oppose the landing of his more formidable enemy the Normans. Accordingly, setting out with all haste, he reached York at the very moment when the inhabitants, despairing of relief, had agreed to surrender to the Norwegians. Depending on this agreement, the Norwegians had broken up their lines, and retired to their camp at some distance from York. What followed will be best told in the spirited narrative of Thierry. 'The unexpected arrival of the Saxon king, who had marched by such a route as to avoid the enemy's outposts, at once changed all these dispositions. The citizens resumed their arms, and the gates were shut and strictly guarded, so that no intelligence of what was passing could reach the Norwegian camp. On the following morning the sun broke out with that intense heat which sometimes distinguishes an autumnal day, and that division of the Norwegian army which left the camp on the Humber to accompany their king to York, believing that they had no enemy to deal with, put off their mail-shirts on account of the great heat, and marched with no other defensive arms than their helmets and bucklers. On coming within a short distance of the town, they perceived all at once a great cloud of dust, through which, as it approached, they could discern the quick glancing of steel against the rays of the sun. "Who are these men," said the king to Tostig, "who are meeting us?" "They can be no other," replied Tostig, "than Englishmen coming to implore our friendship." The mass, however, advanced, extending itself every moment, till it became a powerful army drawn up in order of battle. "The enemy! —the enemy!" cried the Norwegians; and three horsemen were instantly despatched to carry the news to the rest of the army in the camp and the fleet, and to hasten their arrival.' The Norwegian king then unfurled his standard called *Landodan*, or the Ravager of the World, and, according to the minute description of Snorro, 'drew up his men in a long line of no great depth, whose horns or extremities were bent back almost to touch each other; so that the array was in the form of a huge circle of equal depth, in which shield touched shield both in the first and second rank, whilst the king and his soldiers were within the circle, where also was fixed the standard. Earl Tostig occupied another position, surrounded by his own men, and having his own standard. The king had ordered this arrangement of the troops, because he knew it was the common custom for horsemen to attack in squadrons, and suddenly retreat; for which reason he commanded not only that his army should be drawn up in this manner, but also that a reinforcement of archers should be added where they were most needed. Those in the first line received orders to fix their lances in the earth, in such a position that the points of them should be opposed to the breasts of the horsemen, while the second rank had orders to level the points of their lances against the breasts of the horses.' 'All of them, however,' says Thierry, 'wanted the most important part of their armour.

Harold, the son of Sigurd, as he rode along the ranks on his black horse, sang extempore verses, a fragment of which has been handed down by the historians of the north. "Let us fight," said he; "let us march without cuirasses against the keen edge of the blue steel: our helmets glitter in the sun; helmets are armour enough for the brave." Riding round the circle of his men, his horse stumbled, and threw him. "A fall," he said, rising, "is a good omen." Not so it appeared to his namesake the English Harold, who, observing him fall, asked of one near him who that tall man was who had just been thrown from the black horse. "That is Harold, king of Norway," said the other. "He is a noble-looking man," said the Saxon, "but fortune is about to desert him."

'Before the two armies met, twenty Saxon horsemen, clad both men and horse in steel, rode up to the Norwegian lines, and one of them cried out with a loud voice: "Where is Tostig, the son of Godwin?" "He is here," answered Tostig himself. "If thou art Tostig," replied the horseman, "thy brother tells thee, by my mouth, that he salutes thee, and offers thee peace, friendship, and restoration to all thy former honours." "These," said Tostig, "are fair terms, and very different from the affronts and injuries I have experienced at his hands. But if I accept the offers, what remains for the noble King Harold, the son of Sigurd, my faithful friend and ally?" "He shall have," cried the other, "seven feet of English ground, or perhaps a trifle more, for he is taller than most men." "Go back, then," said Tostig, "and bid my brother prepare for battle; it shall never be said, by any but a liar, that the son of Godwin betrayed the son of Sigurd."

'The battle began, and at the first onset the Norwegian king received an arrow in the throat, which killed him on the spot. Tostig immediately took the command of the troops, and his brother Harold a second time sent to offer him and his Norwegian allies life and pardon; but all exclaimed they would rather die than be under obligation to the Saxons. At this moment the men from the Norwegian fleet came up in full armour, but fatigued by their march under the burning sun. Although strong in numbers, they could not sustain the shock of the English, who had already broken the first line, and seized the royal standard. Tostig was slain, and along with him most of the Norwegian chiefs. For the third time Harold offered peace to the vanquished: it was now accepted. Olaf, son of the slain monarch, along with the bishop and chief of the Orkneys, returned home with twenty-three ships, after having sworn friendship with England.'

Thus was the invasion of the Norwegians repelled. A more formidable enemy, however, was about to land on the English shore. The day of the battle between the two Harolds at York was the 25th of September 1066. Two days after, as we are already aware, the Norman fleet had set sail from the port of St Valery; and a few

hours brought it in sight of England. Unfortunately, a fleet of English vessels, which Harold had stationed along the coast, had just gone into harbour for a supply of provisions; and on the 28th of September William was able, without any opposition, to effect a landing at Pevensey, near Hastings, in the county of Sussex. The landing is described very minutely in an old French romance, written on the subject of the Conquest. First landed the archers, 'each having his bow in his hand, with his quiver and arrows at his side, all of them clothed in short, close garments, and having their hair cropped and their beards shaven; all reached the shore in safety, and found no armed men to dispute their passage.' Next came the knights in full armour, with their shields at their necks and conical helmets of polished iron. Mounted on their war-horses, they leaped upon the sand, and all raised their lances, taking possession of the plain. After them came the carpenters, the smiths, and the other workmen attached to the army, who brought along with them, and unloaded from the boats, piece by piece, three wooden forts or castles, which had been made in Normandy. The duke himself came last. Leaping in full armour from the boat, his foot slipped and sank in the wet sand, and he fell his whole length on the beach, with his face downwards. A murmur arose among his men, and some of them cried out: 'A bad omen.'

'No; by the splendour of God!' cried William, leaping to his feet; 'I have seized on the land with my two hands, and you shall see it will all be ours!'

On this one of the soldiers ran up to a little hamlet near, and fetching back two handfuls of earth, he knelt before the duke, and said: 'My lord, I here give you seisin of this land.'

'I accept it,' said William; 'and may God keep it mine!'

A temporary camp was then erected, and fortified in case of attack, and the Normans sat down to dinner. Next morning part of the army advanced upon Hastings, where another camp was made and fortified; and the rest of the day was spent in exploring the country round about. Wherever the Normans advanced, the inhabitants, concealing their furniture and other valuables, fled to the churches and churchyards, where they imagined they would be most safe.

Harold was lying at York, wounded, when he received intelligence that the Normans had landed. 'Better,' he cried, when he heard the news, 'have given my brother Tostig all he asked, than have been away from the coast when William reached it. Had I been there, they should have been driven into the sea. But God's will be done!'

Marching southward like a madman, he collected soldiers as he went, and left orders that those who could not be instantly assembled should follow him. In four days he would have been at the head of a hundred thousand men; but hoping to come upon the Normans by surprise, and defeat them, as he had defeated the Norwegians at York, so rapid were his movements that, when he was within seven

miles of the enemy's camp at Hastings, his army did not amount to more than a fourth part of William's. Finding now that the Normans were on their guard, he was obliged to halt and intrench himself. He sent spies who could speak French into the enemy's camp, to observe their movements. Astonished at the cropped hair and shaven chins of the archers, these men returned and told Harold that there were more priests in the Norman army than fighting-men. 'No,' said Harold; 'they are not priests, and we shall soon see how they can fight.'

Harold was advised by some of the Saxon chiefs to retire towards London, so as to be joined by the reinforcements which were then assembling, laying the country waste as he marched. This, however, he refused to do. His two brothers, Gurth and Leofwin, then proposed that he should himself proceed northward, and place himself at the head of the army, which was fast recruiting in the northern counties, leaving them to fight the Normans at Hastings. This advice was dictated partly by military prudence, partly by the superstitious fear that Harold's presence in the battle, guilty as he was of a broken oath, might prove inauspicious. Harold, however, withstood all these solicitations.

William, on the other hand, although stronger than his enemy, did not hesitate to have recourse to treaty before risking a battle. He sent a priest, Hugh de Maigrot, to the Anglo-Saxon camp to propose to Harold one of three things—to surrender the kingdom; refer the question of disputed sovereignty to the pope; or decide it by single combat with the duke.

'I will not surrender the kingdom,' was Harold's reply; 'and I will not refer the question to the pope; and I will not accept of the duke's offer of single combat.'

A second time Maigrot entered the Anglo-Saxon camp with an offer from Duke William. 'The duke,' he said, 'offers to Harold, if he will keep his compact, all the country north of the Humber; and to his brother Gurth all the land which belonged to the Earl Godwin.' This offer was likewise refused. 'Then hear, Harold,' cried Maigrot in a loud and solemn voice, 'my master's last message to thee. He bids me tell thee that thou art a perjured man and a liar; that thou and all who adhere to thee are excommunicated by the pope; and that the pope's bull is in his hands.'

This last message, especially the mention of the pope's excommunication, produced considerable excitement in the Anglo-Saxon army. At length one of the chiefs roused their courage by bidding them reflect that the struggle they were at present engaged in was not a mere struggle which of two persons should be king; it was a struggle whether Anglo-Saxons or Normans should be masters of England. 'Duke William,' he said, 'has already promised our lands, our goods, our wives, our daughters, to his Norman soldiers; and if we once admit him, he must keep his promise. Nothing

therefore remains for us but to fight to the last.' The truth of this statement was too evident to all; and a universal oath was sworn to make no peace with the invaders.

The time had now arrived for a mortal struggle between Harold of England and William of Normandy for the sovereignty of the country. William had landed on the shore of Sussex, near Hastings, and here he took his stand, in front of the defences hastily set up by the Anglo-Saxons. 'On the night of the 13th of October (1066),' says Thierry, 'William announced to his army that the battle would take place next day. The priests and monks, who, in the hopes of booty, had followed the army in great numbers, met together to offer up prayers and sing litanies, while the soldiers were preparing their arms and attending to their horses. What little time remained to the soldiers after these duties, was employed in confessing their sins and receiving the sacrament. In the other army the night was spent in a very different manner: the Anglo-Saxons gathered in revel round their camp-fires, singing their old national songs, and quaffing horns of beer and wine.

'At daybreak, the Bishop of Bayeux, William's half-brother, wearing a steel hauberk under his priestly habit, celebrated mass in the Norman camp, and blessed the soldiers; then mounting a superb white horse, and taking a baton in his hand, he drew up his squadron of cavalry. The army was divided into three columns. In the first were the soldiers from the counties of Boulogne and Ponthieu, along with the greater part of those who had engaged their services for pay; the second consisted of the allies from Brittany, Maine, and Poitou; William in person commanded the third, composed of the Norman chivalry. In front, and on the flanks of each column, were drawn up several lines of light infantry, wearing quilted cassocks, and carrying either long-bows or cross-bows of steel. The duke rode on a Spanish charger, which had been presented to him by a rich Norman, who had returned from a pilgrimage to Saint Jago de Compostella, in Galicia. Round his neck he wore suspended the most holy of the relics on which Harold had sworn, and at his side a young Norman, called Toustain-le-Blanc, carried the standard which the pope had consecrated. At the moment when the troops were about to advance, William raised his voice, and thus addressed them: "See that you fight well, and put all to death; if we win, we shall all make our fortunes. What I gain, you shall gain too; what I conquer, you shall conquer; if this land becomes mine, it shall also be yours. You know, however, that I have come here not only to claim my right, but to avenge our nation on these English for their felonies, perjuries, and treasons. They murdered the Danes, men and women, on St Brice's night; they decimated the companions of my kinsman Alfred, and put him to death. Come on, then; and let us, with the help of God, punish them for these misdeeds."

'The army moved forward, and soon came in sight of the Saxon

camp, to the north-west of Hastings. The priests and monks then detached themselves from it, and took their station on a neighbouring eminence, where they could pray, and witness the battle in safety. At this moment a Norman knight, named Taillefer, spurred his horse in front of the army, and raised the song, celebrated throughout France, of the deeds of Charlemagne and Roland. As he sang, he played with his sword, throwing it high up into the air, and catching it again with his right hand. The Normans joined in the chorus, or shouted "God be our aid!"

'When they came within bow-shot of the enemy, the archers began to discharge their arrows, and the cross-bowmen their bolts; but most of the shots were deadened by the high parapet round the Saxon intrenchments. The infantry with their lances and the cavalry then advanced to the intrenchments, and endeavoured to force them; but the Anglo-Saxons, drawn up on foot around their standard, which was fixed in the earth, and forming a compact and solid mass behind the redoubts, received the assailants with tremendous cuts of their steel axes, which were so heavy and sharp that they broke the lances, and clove the coats of mail sheer through. The Normans, unable either to force the redoubts or to remove the palisades, and wearied by their unsuccessful attack, fell back upon the column which William commanded. The duke, however, ordered the archers to advance again, shooting no longer point-blank, but at such an elevation that their arrows might fall within the enemy's intrenchments. In consequence of this manœuvre, many of the English were wounded, chiefly in the face, and Harold himself lost an eye by an arrow; he continued, however, to fight at the head of his men. The conflict of foot and horse recommenced amid cries of "Our Lady!" and "God be our aid!" But the Normans were repulsed at one of the gates of the camp, and driven as far as a great ravine, covered with brushwood and brambles, where their horses stumbling from the roughness of the ground, they fell pell-mell, and were killed in numbers. A panic now seized the army of the invaders; it was rumoured that the duke was slain, and they began to flee. William threw himself before the fugitives, barring their passage, threatening, and even striking them with his lance. "Here I am," cried he, taking off his helmet; "look at me! I am alive yet; and, by God's help, I shall conquer." The men returned to the attack, but still found it impossible to force the entrance, or make a breach in the palisades. The duke then bethought himself of a stratagem to draw the English out of their position. He ordered a band of a thousand horse to advance, and retire immediately afterwards in flight. At the sight of this pretended flight, the Saxons were thrown off their guard, and with one accord rushed from their intrenchments, with their axes slung round their necks. At a certain distance the fugitives were joined by a body of troops stationed for the purpose, and wheeled round upon

their pursuers, who, surprised in their disorder, were assailed with lances and swords, whose strokes they could not ward off, both hands being occupied in managing their heavy battle-axes. Their ranks once broken, the entrances of the redoubts were forced; horse and foot rushed in together; but a desperate hand-to-hand combat was still maintained. Duke William had his horse killed under him. Harold and his two brothers fell dead at the foot of their standard, which was instantly plucked out of the ground, and replaced by the banner which had been sent from Rome. The remains of the English army prolonged the struggle till it became dark, and the combatants could only distinguish each other by their language.

'The few surviving companions of Harold dispersed in all directions; many died on the roads, in consequence of their wounds and fatigue. The Norman horse pursued them relentlessly, and gave quarter to none. The Normans remained all night on the field of battle; and at daybreak the duke drew up his troops, and made the names of all the men who had come across the sea with him be called over from the roll which had beeen prepared before they left the port of St Valery. A vast number of these now lay dead or dying, stretched side by side with the vanquished Saxons. The fortunate survivors received, as the first-fruits of their victory, the plunder of the slain. In examining the dead bodies, thirteen were found with the monkish habit under their armour. These were the Abbot of Hida and his twelve companions; and the name of their monastery was the first inscribed in the black-book of the conquerors.'

The body of King Harold lay for some time in the field, and could not be found. At length the monks who searched for it applied to a woman whom Harold had loved before he was made king, and asked her to accompany and assist them. Her name was Edith Swanes-hals, or Edith the Swan-necked. She succeeded, better than they had done, in finding out the corpse of her lover. The spot on which the engagement took place has since been known by the name of *Battle*.

THE NORMANS MARCH UPON LONDON—WILLIAM CROWNED KING—THE CONQUEST COMPLETED.

The battle of Hastings decided the fate of England; but much remained to be done before the country could be considered as entirely conquered. The news of Harold's death spread quickly over the land, and the Saxon chiefs consulted who should be appointed his successor to the throne. Neither of his two sons was old enough; his brothers-in-law, Edwin and Morkar, the Earls of Mercia and Northumberland, had some partisans; but the general wish of the inhabitants of London and the neighbourhood was in favour of Edgar Atheling, or Edgar the Illustrious, the grand-nephew

of Edward the Confessor. Edgar, a weak young man, was accordingly proclaimed king. Many, however, and particularly some of the superior clergy, were in favour of submission to the Conqueror, recommended as he was by the authority of the pope. Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Eldred, Archbishop of York, adhered to Edgar Atheling.

Edgar's reign was soon to be brought to a conclusion. After remaining for some days near Hastings, William and his army marched against Dover, the castle of which capitulated. Then, reinforced by fresh troops which had arrived from Normandy, he advanced through Kent towards London. A body of horse, however, which he had sent in advance of the army, having been repulsed by the Saxons in Southwark, he judged it prudent to make a circuit before approaching the city. Crossing the Thames, therefore, at Wallingford, he advanced to Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, and there encamped, sending out parties in all directions to lay the country waste. Meanwhile, the inhabitants of London were divided among themselves as to the course of conduct which they should pursue. Edwin and Morkar, with other patriots, had retired into the northern provinces, resolved to make a stand against the Conqueror there; Edgar Atheling, and Archbishops Stigand and Eldred, were unable without their assistance to defend the city; and the great body of the common citizens, with the *hanse* or municipal corporation at their head, were disposed to make terms with the Conqueror, and sent a deputy to his camp to ascertain whether he would guarantee them their ancient liberties if they surrendered to his rule. In these circumstances, nothing remained for Edgar but to resign his crown. Accordingly, he and his court, including the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, and a number of other nobles and ecclesiastics, repaired to the Norman camp at Berkhamstead, and tendered their allegiance to Duke William, who in turn made them promises of kind treatment. The Norman army then marched directly upon London, and quartered themselves in the city as its lords and masters.

At a council of war, held in the camp near London by the Norman chiefs, it was debated whether William should be immediately crowned king of England, or whether the Conquest should, in the first place, be pursued somewhat farther. William himself, for some secret reason, seemed inclined to delay his assumption of the throne; but the chiefs, stirred up by the eloquence of Aimery de Thouars, a captain of the auxiliaries from Poitou, insisted that his coronation should take place immediately; and to this arrangement the Saxons were obliged to consent. Accordingly, Christmas-day, 1066, was appointed for the performance of the ceremony. On that day, William, and the chiefs of his army, amounting to two hundred and sixty, walked in procession from the Norman camp to Westminster Abbey between two lines of Norman soldiers. The streets were

crowded with spectators, and all the approaches to the abbey were guarded by Normans. In the abbey were already assembled a number of Saxons, whom their fears induced to be present to assist at the ceremony. After William and the Norman barons entered the church, Geoffrey, Bishop of Coutances, addressed the Normans who were present in the French language, and demanded whether it was their opinion that their duke ought to assume the title of king of the English; and at the same time Eldred, Archbishop of York (Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, having refused to attend), asked the Anglo-Saxons present whether they were willing to receive the Norman duke as their king. At this moment the church rang with shouts and acclamations; and the Norman soldiers outside, mistaking the noise for an indication that some violence was being offered to the duke, or some interruption to the ceremony, obeyed secret orders which they had received in case of such an event, and set fire to a number of houses, and surrounded the doors of the church. All were thrown into confusion; the Anglo-Saxons who were in the abbey rushed out to save their houses from destruction, the Normans followed them, and none remained except the duke and a few ecclesiastics of both nations, who concluded the ceremony, and administered to him the oath usually taken by the Anglo-Saxon kings. The duke, it is said, trembled violently.

William was forty-two years of age at the time of his coronation as king of England. His reign, which lasted twenty-one years, from 1066 to 1087, has been described as 'little else than a succession of revolts, followed by chastisements so severe, that at its end few, if any, considerable estates remained in the possession of an Englishman.' Let us briefly sketch the principal events of his reign, down at least to the period at which the Conquest may be considered as having been completed.

The first occupation of William after his coronation was the confiscation of all the property of the principal Anglo-Saxons in that part of England which he had already reduced, and its division, according to promise, among his followers. After retaining to himself all the late king's treasures, with a great part of the richest plunder of the churches and shops, he bestowed the rest upon the priests, barons, knights, and soldiers, according to their rank, and the nature of the bargain they had made with him before leaving Normandy. Some received estates and castles, some the sovereignty of towns and villages, some were paid in money, and some obtained the hand of Saxon ladies, whose husbands or fathers had been killed at the battle of Hastings. The native population indiscriminately, but especially those who had taken part against the Conqueror, were mercilessly robbed of their houses, their lands, and their wealth. 'The towns,' says Thierry, 'suffered in a different manner from the country; and each town or district had its own particular grievances. At Pevensey, for example, where the Norman army

had landed, the soldiers shared among themselves the houses of the vanquished. In other places the inhabitants themselves were portioned out like chattels. The city of Dover, half-consumed by fire, was given to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, who in turn distributed the houses among his warriors and followers. Raoul de Courpespine received three houses, and a poor woman's field; William, son of Geoffrey, also received three houses, along with the town-house, or hall of the burgesses. Near Colchester, in Essex, Geoffrey de Mandeville seized forty manors or houses, surrounded by cultivated lands; fourteen Saxon proprietors were dispossessed by a Norman called Engelry; one rich Englishman placed himself for security under the protection of Gaultier, a Norman; another Englishman became a serf on the soil of his own field.' So it was over all the conquered district; the sixty thousand Normans who had come over with William settling down like a band of nobles in the midst of a population of serfs. Some of the Saxons, indeed, may have been permitted to retain their rank and wealth; but these cases were the exceptions; and the meanest soldier in William's army found himself raised, both in wealth and station, above the descendants of the most powerful of the Anglo-Saxon thanes. 'The man who had crossed the sea with the quilted cassock and wooden bow of a common foot-soldier, now appeared mounted on a war-horse, and bearing the military baldrick; and the herdsmen of Normandy and the weavers of Flanders became in England men of consequence.' As yet, however, only a part of England had been conquered; and when the rest should have been subdued, the followers of William might expect still greater rewards. Allured by these hopes, crowds of new adventurers poured into England from the continent, to offer their arms and services to the Conqueror.

Before pushing the Conquest into the northern and western districts of England, William paid a visit to Normandy, carrying with him, as hostages for the peace of the kingdom during his absence, the principal Anglo-Saxon nobility, and leaving William Fitzosborne, and Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, as his lieutenants. He had scarcely gone when the Saxons of the conquered districts of Kent and Herefordshire revolted against their Norman oppressors; and as the Cambrians or Welsh of the extreme west of England seemed disposed to assist their ancient enemies, the Anglo-Saxons, against the new invaders of the island, the insurrection appeared very formidable. William, accordingly, hastened back from Normandy, and after spending some time in soothing and conciliating the Saxons of London and the neighbourhood, by large promises and cunning proclamations, he marched westward into the provinces which still remained unconquered. Somerset, Devon, Gloucester, and other counties of the south-west, were speedily reduced, and divided, like the eastern counties, among the fortunate soldiers of the Conqueror. By the year 1068, the whole of England south of

the Ouse and Severn had been effectually subdued and garrisoned by the Normans; there remained, however, the extensive provinces north of these rivers which still preserved their independence, and afforded a retreat for all the patriots of the south whom the Conqueror had dispossessed of their lands and forced to flee. Here the Northumbrian chiefs Edwin and Morkar, the brothers-in-law of King Harold, a young Saxon named Edrick, and many other patriots, some of whom had sworn never again to sleep under a roof until their country should be delivered out of the strangers' hands, were constantly engaged in schemes and plots for the expulsion of the Normans. A close alliance was formed for this purpose between the Saxons and the Welsh of the west of Mercia, who generously forgot that, on the present occasion, the Anglo-Saxons were suffering precisely what, six hundred years before, they had themselves inflicted on the Celtic British. Besides the Welsh, the Anglo-Saxons found another ally in the Scotch, under their king, Malcolm Canmore, in whose dominions the young Saxon king, Edgar Atheling, with his mother and his two sisters, sought a refuge. Malcolm—a monarch of great abilities, and who, from an early period of his reign, had made it a part of his policy, for the civilisation of his own kingdom, to admit into it all strangers who chose to come—received the refugees kindly, gave them lands in the Lothians, and, in token of his friendship for the Saxons, married Edgar's younger sister Margaret, a princess of extraordinary accomplishments for that period.

Hearing of this triple alliance between the Anglo-Saxons, the Welsh, and the Scotch, William marched northwards, and, victorious wherever he advanced, took in succession the towns of Oxford, Warwick, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, and York. After the siege of York, an incident occurred which Thierry thus narrates: 'Eldred, Archbishop of York, who had lent his assistance at the consecration of the foreign king, came into the desolated city to perform some religious ceremony. When he came, he sent to his lands, not far from the city, for some provisions for his household. His servants, driving wagons laden with corn and other articles, were met at one of the gates of York by the Norman governor with a numerous escort. "Who are you?" demanded the Norman; "and to whom do these supplies belong?" "We are," said they, "the archbishop's servants, and these provisions are for the use of his household." The viscount, paying no respect to this intimation, made a sign to his soldiers to seize the horses and wagons, and carry the provisions to the Norman magazines. When the archbishop, the friend and ally of the conquerors, found that even he did not escape the miseries of the Conquest, there arose in his soul an indignation which his calm and prudent spirit had never experienced before. He immediately repaired to the Conqueror's quarters, and presented himself in his episcopal habits, with his pastoral staff in his hand. William rose, according to custom, to give the archbishop

the kiss of peace; but the Saxon stepped back, and said: "Hear me, King William. Thou wert a foreigner; nevertheless, because it was God's will to punish this nation, thou didst obtain, at the cost of much blood, the kingdom of England. Then I anointed thee king; I crowned thee; I blessed thee with mine own hands; but now I curse thee and thy race, because thou hast deserved it; because thou art the persecutor of God's church, and the oppressor of its ministers." The Norman attendants of William had their swords half unsheathed, and would have killed the old man; but William allowed him to depart.'

For two years York was the northernmost post of the Normans, and Northumbria continued in the possession of the Saxon patriots. Many attempts were made by the latter, assisted by the Welsh, the Scotch, and also by a Danish fleet sent to their aid by Sweyn, king of Denmark, to regain what they had lost; and one of these was so successful, that York came again into their possession, and Edgar Atheling was again saluted as king in the northern provinces. This success was partly owing to the diminished enthusiasm of the Normans in the cause of the Conquest, many of whom, instead of settling in the country, had taken the earliest opportunity of re-embarking for their native land, carrying along with them the riches which they had acquired. In 1070, however, William made a second expedition into the north, and before his activity and the valour of his troops all opposition gave way. Cumberland and Northumberland were reduced; Edgar and some of his followers fled again into Scotland; while the great patriot chiefs, Waltheof, Edwin, Morkar, and Cospatrick, were obliged to submit to the Conqueror. At the end of that year the whole of England, from Land's End to Tweed, was virtually conquered by the Normans.

FATE OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS—SOCIAL EFFECTS OF THE CONQUEST.

After the completion of the Conquest, in the year 1070, the Anglo-Saxons may be considered as dividing themselves into three classes —the great mass of the population, which lived groaning under the Norman yoke; the patriot outlaws, who swarmed in the forests and less accessible districts of the country, and waged a perpetual war with the foreigners, leading a free but savage and precarious life; and the exiles, who, quitting their native land, scattered themselves in search of liberty over all parts of the world. Of the first class—the great mass of the subdued Saxon population—a little more must be said.

Now that he was firmly seated on the throne, William pursued with even greater rigour and consistency than before his policy of degrading the natives of the country which he had conquered. In 1070, William, intriguing with Pope Alexander II., procured the

assembling of an ecclesiastical council at Winchester, presided over by two papal legates, at which Stigand, the Saxon Archbishop of Canterbury, was deposed, along with Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln; Eghelman, Bishop of East Anglia; Eghelrik, Bishop of Sussex; Eghelwin, Bishop of Durham; and almost every other ecclesiastical dignitary of the English race. These prelates were replaced by Norman priests; the archbishopric of Canterbury being conferred on Lanfranc, to whose services at Rome, as we formerly mentioned, William had been greatly indebted. Eldred, the Archbishop of York, having died, a Norman prelate, Thomas, was appointed his successor. The simultaneous deposition of so many of the Saxon clergy excited a deep interest in the ecclesiastical world, and it is probable that some complaints might have been heard but for the accession of Hildebrand to the papacy. He declared the deposition legitimate, and the discussion was at an end. The last prelate of English birth left in England was Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, a weak simple man, of amiable disposition, who had assisted the Conqueror more zealously than any other Saxon. Even his deposition was at length resolved on. Accordingly, in 1076, he was summoned before a council of Norman prelates and nobles, held in Westminster Abbey, King William and Archbishop Lanfranc presiding. It was here unanimously voted that Wulfstan was unfit to continue Bishop of Worcester, seeing that he could not speak French; and he was required, therefore, to surrender his episcopal ring and crosier. On this demand being made, the weak old man was inspired with an energy superior to his character: his lean frame quivered, and rising up before all the assembly, he walked slowly up to the tomb of Edward the Confessor, who was interred beneath the abbey pavement, and standing by the tombstone, said, addressing the dead monarch beneath: 'Edward, I received this staff from thee, and I return it to thee again.' Then turning to the Normans, he said: 'A better than you gave me this staff, to whom now I give it back; take it up if you can.' At these words he struck the tombstone with the end of his crosier, and the Normans, impressed with a superstitious awe, did not venture to repeat their demand; nay, according to the popular tradition, the staff clove the stone, and stuck in it so firmly that no one but Wulfstan himself could pull it out, which he did when the king bade him resume it. This miracle was generally believed; and after his death, which took place shortly after, Wulfstan was worshipped as a saint by the Saxons.

The most immediate and remarkable result of the Conquest was the introduction of what is called the *feudal system* into England. Under the Anglo-Saxon dynasty, few traces of this system existed —the government being popular in its character. When, however, William had conquered England, there resulted from his partition of the territory among his followers a new set of social arrangements. Reserving one thousand four hundred and twenty-two manors to

himself as his private share, he divided the rest of the kingdom among seven or eight hundred of his principal followers, who became bound, in return, to render him homage and military service. These great barons, who were called tenants-in-chief, let out their lands on similar terms to their dependants, and so on until every Norman was provided for. On consulting the Great Roll of the Normans, called also the Doomsday-book, which William caused to be made out between 1081 and 1086, for the purpose of ascertaining into whose hands all the lands of England had got, only one or two Saxon names are found in the list of tenants-in-chief, and these for very small estates; from which it appears that all the former proprietors of England—the Anglo-Saxon thanes and ceorls—had been degraded into tenants of the Norman barons, or even, lower still, into tenants of Norman knights, who were tenants themselves. The lower class of the Anglo-Saxons, again, became absolute serfs of the soil—villains, cottars, and bonders under Norman masters.

Thus, in the end of the eleventh century, there came to be two distinct populations in England—a Norman population, consisting probably at first of not more altogether than a hundred and fifty thousand men, and an Anglo-Saxon population of some millions. Of the mixture of these two populations, the present English nation is the result. The mixture did not take place at once. For two or even three centuries after the Conquest, we can distinguish the two populations. To understand the state of society in England immediately after the Conquest, the reader, in the words of Thierry, 'must imagine to himself two countries—the one possessed by the Normans, wealthy and exonerated from capitation and other taxes; the other, that is, the Saxon, enslaved and oppressed with a land-tax: the former full of spacious mansions, of walled and moated castles; the latter covered with thatched huts and old ruined walls: this peopled with the prosperous and idle, with soldiers and courtiers, with knights and barons—that with men miserable, and doomed to toil with peasants and artisans. Lastly, to complete the picture, these two lands are in a manner woven into each other; they meet at every point, and yet they are more completely separated than if there were seas between them. Each has a language of its own, which is strange to the other. French is the court language, used in all the palaces, castles, and mansions, in the abbeys and monasteries, in all the residences of wealth and power; while the ancient language of the country is heard only at the firesides of the poor and the serfs.'

In the process of time these differences disappeared, and the two populations amalgamated with each other, constituting our present English people. Even at the present day, however, it is maintained by some that the higher classes of the country exhibit traces of their Norman descent, while the lower classes are in a much greater degree the genuine descendants of the Anglo-Saxons.



SELECTIONS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this sceptred sway :
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, man,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him ;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

—*Measure for Measure.*

HUMAN LIFE.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms ;
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school : and then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow : then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth : and then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part : the sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound : last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

—*As You Like It.*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

—*Macbeth.*

POWER OF MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jessica. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud—
Which is the hot condition of their blood—
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

If music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again ! It had a dying fall :
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour !

—*Twelfth Night.*

OUTWARD SHOW.

So may the outward shows be least themselves ;
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What fatal error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars ;
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk?
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight ;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it :
So are those crispéd snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

Well, come, my Kate ; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments ;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor :

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What ! is the jay more precious than the lark
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
Or is the adder better than the eel
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?
Oh no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

—*Taming of the Shrew.*

FORGIVENESS.

Oliver. WHEN last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell ! He threw his eye aside,
And mark, what object did present itself !
Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back ; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother—his elder brother.

Celia. Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;
And he did reckon him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Rosalind. But, to Orlando ; did he leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so ;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,

And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him.

—*As You Like It.*

EXILE.

Duke Senior. NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam—
The season's difference. As the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Amiens. I would not change it. Happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style!

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools—
Being native burghers of this desert city—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

1st Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother, that hath banished you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears

Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase : and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralise this spectacle?
1st Lord. Oh yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream :
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament,
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.' Then, being alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends ;
''Tis right,' quoth he ; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company.' Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him. 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
'Tis just the fashion. Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life ; swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and, what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.
Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
2d Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.
Duke S. Shew me the place ;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

—*As You Like It.*

All places that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are, to a wise man, ports and happy havens :
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee ;
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exiled thee ; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look ; what thy soul holds dear, imagine it

To lie that way thou goest, not whence thou comest.
Suppose the singing birds musicians ;
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strewed ;
The flowers fair ladies ; and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance ;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

—*King Richard II.*

VIRTUE NOT TITLES.

Bertram. BUT follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your rising? I know her well ;
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife ! Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever !

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, poured all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty : if she be
All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name : but do not so :
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed :
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour : good alone
Is good, without a name : vileness is so :
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;
In these to nature she's immediate heir ;
And these breed honour ; that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honours born,
And is not like the sire. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our fore-goers : the mere word's a slave,
Debauched on every tomb ; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damned oblivion is the tomb
Of honoured bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest : virtue and she
Is her own dower ; honour and wealth from me.

—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

GRIEF.

I PRAY thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form.
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man. For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

CHEERFULNESS.

Antonio. I HOLD the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gratiano. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

Sleep, when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle;
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'
Oh, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.

—*Merchant of Venice.*

FEAR OF DEATH.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where.
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world, or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling! 'Tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

—*Measure for Measure.*

LOVE OF LIFE.

Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art

(Servile to all the skiey influences),
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nursed by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not:
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear
That makes these odds all even.

—*Measure for Measure.*

LEGAL JUSTICE.

Angelo. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.
Escalus. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know

(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attained the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not, some time in your life,
Erred in this point which now you censure him,
And pulled the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus;
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What 's open made to justice,
That justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die!

Escal. Well, Heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

—*Measure for Measure.*

AUTHORITY.

COULD great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp, sulphureous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle. Oh, but man—proud man!
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

—*Measure for Measure.*

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar,
And the creature run from the cur?—There,
There thou mightst behold the great image of authority:
A dog's obeyed in office. * * *
Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags—a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

—*King Lear.*

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Julia. OH, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Lucetta. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns;
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course.
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor
(For long agone I have forgot to court:
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed);
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Valentine. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words :
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.
Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.
Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her :
Send her another ; never give her o'er ;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you :
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean *away :*
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

WOMAN'S DUTY.

Fy, fy ! unknit that threatening unkind brow ;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor :
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads ;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled—
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee
And for thy maintenance : commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land ;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?
I am ashamed that women are so simple

To offer war where they should kneel for peace ;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
Where they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world ;
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts ?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms !
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown.
But now I see our lances are but straws ;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot ;
And place your hands below your husband's foot :
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready—may it do him ease.

—*Taming of the Shrew.*

ADMIRATION.

ALL tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram about her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him. Stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smothered up, leads filled, and ridges horsed,
With variable complexions—all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : seld-shewn flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station : our veiled dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gauded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

—*Coriolanus.*

RUMOUR.

I FROM the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth ;
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,

The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepared defence;
Whilst the big year, swollen with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant War,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe,
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads—
The still discordant wavering multitude—
Can play upon it.

—*Henry IV. Part II.*

SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

Oh God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now;
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time:
So many hours must I tend my flock,
So many hours must I take my rest,
So many hours must I contemplate,
So many hours must I sport myself,
So many days my ewes have been with young,
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean,
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece;
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! How sweet—how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich-embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
Oh yes, it doth; a thousandfold it doth.
And to conclude—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,

All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

—*Henry VI. Part III.*

PERSEVERANCE.

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude's :
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright ; to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast. Keep then the path ;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue ; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost.
Or, like a gallant horse, fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on : then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours ;
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer : welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. Oh, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

—*Troilus and Cressida.*

OPPORTUNITY.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

—*Julius Cæsar.*

ORDER.

THE heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol,
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other ; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents ! what mutiny !
What raging of the sea ! shaking of earth !
Commotion in the winds ! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture ! Oh, when degree is shaked,
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprise is sick ! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogeniture and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place ?
Take but degree away—untune that string,
And hark what discord follows ! Each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy : the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe :
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead :
Force should be right, or rather right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too :
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite ;
And appetite an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself.

—*Troilus and Cressida.*

ADVICE.

BE thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape ; thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright ! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key : be checked for silence,
But never taxed for speech.

—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

CONSCIENCE.

WHAT stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

—*Henry VI. Part II.*

Give me another horse ! bind up my wounds !
Have mercy, Jesu ! Soft : I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !
The light burns blue—Is it not dead midnight ?
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear ! Myself—there's none else by.
Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here ? No. Yes, I am.
Then fly. What ! from myself ? Great reason—Why ?
Lest I revenge—What ? Myself on myself ?
I love myself. Wherefore ? For any good
That I myself have done unto myself ?
Oh no. Alas ! I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie ; I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well. Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale ;
And every tale condemns me for a villain !
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree—
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree—
All several sins—all used in each degree—
Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty ! guilty !
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me ;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me.

Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.

—*King Richard III.*

INGRATITUDE.

BLOW, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

—*As You Like It.*

Yet you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from you, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.

—*Henry VIII.*

Heavens! have I said the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon's—noble, worthy, royal Timon's?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast won—fast lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couched.

—*Timon of Athens.*

Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,

With poisonous spite and envy. Who lives that's not
Depraved or depraves? Who dies that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me. It has been done;
Men shut their doors against the setting sun.

—*Timon of Athens.*

KINGLY RESERVE.

HAD I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wondered at;
That men would tell their children, 'This is he;'
Others would say, 'Where? Which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from Heaven,
And dressed myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wondered at; and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burned; carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets;
Enfeoffed himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June—

Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes ;
But rather drowsed, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou ;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation ; not an eye
But is aweary of thy common sight.

—Henry IV. Part I.

BLESSING OF SLEEP.

SLEEP, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody ?
Oh, thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
Canst thou, oh, partial sleep ! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down !
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

—King Henry IV. Part II.

A PART FOR EVERY ONE.

TRUE : therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion ;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience : for so work the honey-bees ;
Creatures that, by rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts ;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they, with merry march, bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor,
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold ;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously ;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark ;
As many several ways meet in one town ;
As many fresh streams run in one self sea ;
As many lines close in the dial's centre ;
So many a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat.

—*King Henry V.*

CEREMONY.

AND what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
Oh, ceremony, shew me but thy worth!
What is the soul of adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being feared
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poisoned flattery? Oh, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world;
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
Who, with a body filled, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

—*King Henry V.*

VANITY OF HUMAN POWER.

Wolsey. FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new opened. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

—*King Henry VIII.*

EVILS OF WAR.

SINCE then my office hath so far prevailed,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted ; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled PEACE,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ?
Alas ! she hath from France too long been chased ;
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies : her hedges even-pleached,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disordered twigs : her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon ; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery :
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses, and ourselves and children,

Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffused attire,
And everything that seems unnatural.

—*King Henry V.*

SECRET OF POPULARITY.

ONE touch of nature makes the whole world kin—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and cómplete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

—*Troilus and Cressida.*

QUEEN MAB.

SHE comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long-spinners' legs;
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces of the smallest spider's web;
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film;
Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers.

And in this state she gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice;
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.

—*Romeo and Juliet.*

SUICIDE.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die—to sleep—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep;
To sleep!—perchance to dream!—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death
(That undiscovered country, from whose bourn

No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

—*Hamlet.*

SONG—MORNING.

HARK—hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

—*Cymbeline.*



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